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THE CLOSED SHOP

BY CHARLES J. BULLOCK

THE remarkable growth of labor organizations in recent years has brought into public discussion more prominently than ever before the question of the union *versus* the open shop. Refusals to submit to the indignity of working by the side of "scabs," violent upheavals caused by the desire to avoid contamination from "unfair" materials, and earnest demands that public employments shall be closed to all who cannot produce union cards, are some of the aspects which the problem assumes. As frequently as not the collective agreements which are thought to point the way to industrial peace call for the complete unionization of factories or workshops; while, through the agency of the union label, the consumer is invited to place the seal of his disapproval upon the employment of such unclean things as "rat" or "scab" labor.

Historians of the labor movement tell us that in poorly organized trades this dislike of working with outsiders has often seemed not to exist, and that usually an exclusive policy has not appeared until the unions have become large and powerful. This fact is not difficult to explain, because, other things being equal, it is obvious that the fighting strength of a labor union depends upon the comprehensiveness of its membership. While, therefore, it may be inexpedient for a weak union to press this claim, we must expect that every accession of strength will bring into the foreground the contention that only union men shall be employed. In England, according to Mr. Sidney Webb, a few of the strongest

organizations have succeeded in making it impossible for independent workmen to secure a livelihood; but in the United States such paradisiacal conditions are probably exceptional, although the demand for a closed shop has become one of the cardinal points of trade-union policy.

Even outside of the ranks of organized labor there seems to exist to-day a considerable body of opinion favorable to the demand. Sometimes this is merely the result of a vague feeling that labor is the under dog, and is asking for nothing more than the trusts have already secured. Not infrequently it is voiced by the socialist, whose passion for Humanity usually stops this side of the despised "scab." In other cases it is due to a failure to realize the precise nature and logical consequences of the policy now under consideration. It is, doubtless, upon this last ground that we can explain the conclusion reached by the late-lamented Industrial Commission, that there is, "beyond question, much force in the argument of the union men in defense of their attempt to exclude others from employment."

In considering the merits of this proposal our argument will proceed upon the full and frank recognition of the right of laborers to organize for the purpose of raising wages or improving in other lawful ways the conditions under which they work. Trade-unions become subject to just criticism only when they endeavor to accomplish illegal or uneconomic purposes, or when they employ improper

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means of attaining their ends. From this point of view, which at the present day is the only one worth discussing, the two questions to be determined concerning the closed shop are, whether it is in itself a proper object of trade-union policy, and whether it can be secured by proper means.

In defense of the demand for a closed shop it is usually argued that the individual laborer has the right to refuse to work with any person or class of persons who may be distasteful to him, and that what an individual may rightly do, a union, or combination of individuals, may properly undertake. When stated in such broad terms, the argument overlooks certain important qualifications which need to be considered carefully before a safe conclusion can be reached.

So far as the individual laborer is concerned, it is undoubtedly true that a simple refusal to work is a perfectly lawful act. But the mere termination of the employment contract is one thing, and the demand that a fellow workman be discharged is quite another. The former involves nothing but the control of one's own labor; the latter is an attempt to persuade an employer to have no dealings with a third person whose right to secure employment is thereby invaded. Such an interference with the rights of others is clearly unlawful, unless it can be shown that there is adequate justification for it. If, for instance, the obnoxious man be an incompetent engineer whose ignorance or inexperience endangers the lives of all who work in a mine or factory, a demand for his discharge would be morally and legally defensible. If, however, the demand is based upon the laborer's political or religious beliefs, no such justification can be shown to exist; and any one injured in such a manner would be entitled to recover damages from the person who had procured his discharge. Whether now a refusal to join a trade-union is to be deemed a satisfactory or an insufficient reason for interference with the contract rights of the non-union man will depend

upon the view that one holds concerning the desirability of permitting a laborer to enjoy freedom in the disposal of his labor. At present the theory of our law is that this freedom is a highly desirable and important thing, so that it is hard to justify the act of persuading an employer to discharge a non-union man.

But when a demand for a closed shop comes from a combination of laborers, the objections are still greater. In such a case the civil liability for damages continues, while there is the further possibility that the act may constitute a criminal conspiracy. In the eyes of the law there are important differences between an individual and a combination. These are based upon the principle that an individual is responsible only for his overt acts, while in a combination the mere agreement to unite for a certain purpose constitutes an act for which the members may be held accountable. "The number and the compact," as an eminent judge has put it, "give weight and cause danger;" and it is reasonable and inevitable that, since the power of a combination far exceeds that of an individual, a stricter accountability should be enforced in the one case than in the other. If now it be unlawful to procure the discharge of a fellow workman who refuses to join a union, the consequences of such an act are all the graver when a number of men conspire to bring it to pass.

The decisions of our courts disclose the fact that some difference of opinion exists among our judges. In most of the earlier cases it was held that the attempt of a union to prevent the employment of outsiders, and particularly to secure the discharge of men already employed, constituted an unlawful interference with the rights of others. More recently, however, under the influence of the well-known English case of *Allen v. Flood*, there have been a few American decisions that admit the right of a combination of laborers to refuse to work with persons who may for any reason be objectionable. But the decision in *Allen v. Flood* did not relate to

a case in which the existence of a combination was established, and, at the most, decided what it was lawful for an individual to do in the course of a labor dispute. In 1901, in the now leading English case of *Quinn v. Leatham*, the House of Lords made short work of a combination of laborers which attempted to bring about the discharge of a non-union man by establishing a boycott against his employer. While for the United States the question may not be finally adjudicated, it is safe to say that the decided weight of authority is against the legality of the position of the trade-unions in this matter.

Since the ultimate legal rule has not yet been established, the more interest attaches to the economic aspects of the subject, for these, obviously, must exercise considerable influence upon the final course of the law. From the economic point of view the fewest difficulties are encountered in the case of a union that is compelled to fight for the mere right to exist. When employers undertake to close their shops to members of labor organizations, a common device is to discriminate constantly against union men. If new hands are taken on, outsiders are certain to be given the preference; when the force is reduced, members of the union are selected for dismissal. Under such circumstances the organization is likely to disintegrate unless it resists the employment of non-union men. If we grant, as we have done, that laborers have a right to organize, it is hard to criticise a union for meeting discrimination with discrimination. A refusal to work with non-union men in a shop or factory where discrimination is practiced against the members of the union has neither the purpose nor the necessary effect of establishing a monopoly or infringing the rights of others; the only practicable alternative would seem to be the surrender of what is conceded to be a clear legal right. It may be difficult for the courts to find a difference between such a case as this and the others that constantly arise, but that there is an economic and a moral

distinction can hardly be doubted by one who believes that laborers have the right to organize. This has been recognized in the laws which some sixteen states have passed "prohibiting employers from discharging employees for belonging to or for joining labor unions, or from making it a condition of employment that they shall not be members of such unions." The constitutionality of such a statute has been denied in Missouri and upheld in Ohio, so that we here encounter another legal difficulty that it ill behooves a layman to attempt to settle. But if the right to organize exists and is deemed by the legislature to be important enough to require legal protection, it is hard to see why these laws differ materially from the statutes found in nearly all the states prohibiting employers from interfering with the political rights and privileges of their workmen. More important, however, than the constitutionality of these enactments is the fact that in practice they can be of comparatively little protection to the laborer. Most wage contracts are terminable at any time at the pleasure of either party, and it is not easy to establish by legal proof the precise reason for the discharge of a union workman. Unless, therefore, laborers are allowed to protect themselves under the circumstances now in view, it would seem that they suffer from grievous disabilities under our present law.

But the situation is radically altered when a union undertakes, in cases where no discrimination is practiced by employers, to insist upon the exclusion of all independent workmen from an entire craft or trade. The argument in favor of such a policy has recently been stated by Mr. John Mitchell in the following words: "The union workmen who refuse to work with non-unionists do not say in so many words that the employer shall not engage non-union workmen. The dictum of the trade-union is not equivalent to an act of Congress or of a state legislature prohibiting employers from engaging non-union men. What the unionists in such cases do is merely to stipulate as a condition

that they shall not be obliged to work with men who, as non-unionists, are obnoxious, just as they shall not be obliged to work in a dangerous or unsanitary factory, for unduly long hours, or at insufficient wages. Of course, when unions are strong and include all the best men in the industry, this condition amounts to a very real compulsion. The compulsion, however, is merely the result of the undoubted legal right of workmen to decide upon what terms they are willing to give their labor, and the employer is always theoretically and often practically in a position where he may make his choice between union and non-union labor." It will be observed that Mr. Mitchell candidly admits that the policy may result in "a very real compulsion" both upon employers and upon non-union men. Elsewhere he remarks: "With the rapid extension of trade-unions, the tendency is toward the growth of compulsory membership in them, and the time will doubtless come when this compulsion will be as general and will be considered as little of a grievance as the compulsory attendance of children at school."

Mr. Mitchell's honest admission that the demand for a closed shop may result in "a very real compulsion" carries us at once to the heart of the objections that can be urged against it. By this policy a combination of workmen undertakes to determine for all concerned in an entire trade the conditions under which employment must be offered and accepted. This mere statement of the case is sufficient to establish the difference between an individual's refusal to work and that of a combination. The trade-union undertakes to do a thing which no sane individual could expect to accomplish by his unaided effort, and the purpose of its demand is something that changes the whole character of the act.

The first objection that may be brought against such a policy is that a trade-union which attempts to exclude all outsiders from a craft or industry is seeking to establish a monopoly, and that a combina-

tion formed for such a purpose is both legally and economically indefensible. To this charge Mr. Mitchell and others have replied that the union is not a monopoly so long as it opens its doors to all persons who are desirous of entering its trade. Mr. Mitchell, indeed, frankly admits that if "a union is working not for the interest of all the men at the trade, but of the members who at that time are actually in the union, if it is unduly restrictive, prohibiting apprentices, charging exorbitant initiation fees, and excluding capable applicants for membership, then its refusal to work with non-unionists is monopolistic." Such a case is probably too clear to permit of serious dispute. *The Report of the Industrial Commission* makes the same qualification that Mr. Mitchell admits at this point.

It may be contended, however, that the policy of an exclusive and restrictive union in enforcing a closed shop does not differ from the regulations enforced by some of the trusts which refuse to sell their goods, or refuse to sell upon equitable terms, to merchants who buy from any possible competitor. In the factor's agreement these monopolistic tactics have been reduced to a fine art, without enlisting any apparent opposition from many of the people who declaim against the closed shop. That this comparison is well founded does not admit of a reasonable doubt. To refuse to sell sugar or tobacco to a dealer who will not agree to buy from no other source is precisely like the refusal of laborers to work for a person who will not buy all his labor from the trade-union. To refuse to sell upon equitable terms may be a refinement of the process, but it alters in no way the purpose or the effect of the policy. Professor Clark is right, beyond a peradventure, when he contends that such a contract should be taken as conclusive evidence of the existence of monopolistic power and monopolistic intent. Yet the recognition of this fact does not oblige us to approve of the closed shop: it is equally logical to condemn such tactics on

the part of either trade-union or trust, and it is to be hoped that the final view of our courts will recognize the similarity and the obnoxious character of both of these policies.

But what shall be said of the trade-union that is not exclusive in the matter of admitting all competent persons who may desire to enter its industry or craft? In order to avoid an argument about the proper definition of the word, it may be well to refrain from calling such a union as Mr. Mitchell leads a monopoly, and to describe the purpose and effect of the closed shop in other terms. The President of the United Mineworkers admits that the effect of this demand, when it is made by a strong union, is to exert "a very real compulsion" upon both employers and non-union men; and he is too candid to deny that this is one of the purposes that the organization has in view. Leaving the employer out of the reckoning, for the purpose of our argument, it is obvious that this compulsion affects the non-union man in a matter wherein his freedom of action is legally and, it is probable, economically a matter of as much concern to society as the freedom of the unionist to combine for proper purposes. Unless we are prepared to relegate all the laborers in a trade to a condition of status determined by a combination or association known as a trade-union, and to deny the advisability of permitting a worker to choose freely between an individual or a collective contract, we must insist that the compulsory unionization of industry is economically indefensible. Even if the union is not called a monopoly, it is evident that the demand for a union shop leads to the introduction of compulsion into a situation in which it is generally believed that freedom is beneficial.

The trade-unionist, however, will usually deny that freedom to make an individual contract with an employer is advantageous to the laborer. He will contend that the time has come when freedom of individual contract results in the systematic exploitation of the workers, so

that the welfare of the laboring classes and of society demands that collective bargaining shall be universally established, by persuasion if possible, by compulsion when necessary. It is argued, furthermore, that since the maintenance of tolerable conditions of employment depends upon the efforts and sacrifices of the trade-unionists, it is only just that the outsiders should be compelled to contribute to the support of the organization. Sometimes, indeed, assuming the attributes of political sovereignty, the unions denounce as "traitors" the recalcitrants who refuse to be gathered into the fold. Thus it appears that the philosophy of the closed shop is based upon the belief that the welfare of the laboring classes is bound up with the device of collective bargaining, that the success of this expedient depends upon its universal application, and that no individual workman can be conceded rights that are inconsistent with the welfare of his class. This, and nothing less, is the meaning of the closed shop.

It must be evident that if the theories of the trade-unionist are correct in this matter, we shall have to revolutionize our present views of economic policy and individual rights. Without, however, considering whether such a change is desirable or possible, it may be demonstrated that, even if the unionist is so far right, it does not follow that it is lawful or expedient for private combinations of laborers to undertake the compulsory organization of industry. Such compulsion is probably illegal in the present state of our law, and should proceed, in any case, from the government, and not from private associations of any character whatever.

For, in the first place, it is practically certain that a domineering and monopolistic spirit will manifest itself ultimately in any private organization that acquires such far-reaching and important powers. This is the inevitable result of human infirmities from which laborers are no more exempt than capitalists. The mere love of power, for one thing, is likely to lead to arbitrary and unwarranted acts of self-

aggrandizement; while the still stronger motive of monopoly—hunger—is always present, even if for the moment it may seem to slumber. We have had with us, to be sure, in recent years a considerable number of apologists for monopoly; but their arguments have not yet convinced many people that it is for the public interest to vest uncontrolled monopolistic powers in private hands. Without attempting to compare the possible evils of a monopoly of labor with those resulting from combinations of capital, we may safely conclude that it would be highly dangerous to allow a permanent and all-inclusive organization of laborers to control such matters as admission to a trade, the introduction of improved machinery, and the rate of wages. As a matter of fact it is highly desirable that a trade-union should always be kept upon its good behavior by the knowledge that an unreasonable or selfish policy will drive both employers and the public to seek relief by appealing to the non-union man. Not a few sincere friends of labor organizations are now hoping that the unions may be delivered from the consequences sure to follow the general establishment of the closed shop.

In the next place, even if the fear of monopoly be ill founded, it is reasonably clear that a trade-union is a most undesirable agent to employ in enforcing the compulsory organization of labor. To say nothing of other matters, such as the loss occasioned by strikes, it is certain that when the union goes forth to battle for the closed shop it can hardly avoid arousing some of the worst passions of human nature, even though its leaders studiously avoid all appeals to hatred or violence. When a body of men is told that a “scab” has no right to employment, that he is an enemy of the laboring class, and must be compelled to change his ways, the union is playing with edged tools that cannot be handled with safety in the excitement of a strike. From this source arise most of the serious evils that do so much to discredit the labor movement in the minds of law-abiding men and to furnish ammu-

nition to its enemies. If the desirability of compulsory membership is ever to be considered, the question should be decided in another forum, where the passions aroused by the strike will give place to the amenities of orderly political discussion. The plight in which several of our largest cities have recently found themselves should be sufficient proof of this contention.

This brings us to a final, and most important consideration. A little reflection should convince any one that the conditions under which a man shall dispose of his labor are of such exceeding importance to society that, if freedom is to be denied, the restrictions imposed should be determined by the government and not by any other agency. Such regulations should be just, uniform, and certain; they should not be subject to the possible caprice, selfishness, or special exigencies of a labor organization. Here, as elsewhere, we should apply the principle that, when it is necessary to restrict the freedom of labor or capital to enter any industry, the matter becomes the subject of public concern and public regulation. If membership in a labor organization is to be a condition precedent to the right of securing employment, it will be necessary for the government to control the constitution, policy, and management of such associations so far as may be requisite for the purpose in view. Only upon these terms would the compulsory unionization of industry be conceivable. Of course, before such legislation could be enacted, a change in the organic law of the states and the nation would need to be effected, for we now have numerous constitutional guarantees of the right of property in labor. These guarantees include the right to make lawful contracts, and the individual freedom so ordained can be restricted by the legislature only when the restraint can be justified as a proper exercise of the police power. Time and effort might be required for securing such constitutional amendments; but our instruments of government provide a lawful and reason-

able method of accomplishing this result.

The object of this article has been not so much to consider the merits or demerits of the closed shop as to explain its purpose and logical consequences. It should be tolerably evident that this demand of the trade-unions would lead to a revolution in our law and our economic policy; whether the prospect of a compulsory regimentation of labor is sufficiently attractive to make such a change desirable is a question into which we shall not now enter. The socialist, of course, would welcome this, or any other, limitation of the rights of the individual. He who wishes to form an opinion upon the subject would do well to study the history of the mediæval guilds, and to examine particularly the influence of these institutions upon individual opportunity and economic progress. This might not enable one to reach definitive conclusions concerning the proposal to organize mod-

ern labor upon the mediæval basis, but it would at least furnish a point of departure. It would be worth while, also, to inquire to what extent the guilds were able, even with the sanction of the law, to maintain their monopoly of industrial opportunity, and what methods were employed in dealing with interlopers. Finally, it would be necessary to consider whether modern conditions require mobility or fixity of economic relationships, and whether compulsory organization of labor would meet the demands of the present age. After these things had been determined it would be time enough to speculate about matters concerning which we cannot learn much from present or past experience. Meanwhile, no matter what the ultimate conclusion may have to be, something will be gained if we realize the far-reaching consequences of a decision to pronounce a sentence of economic outlawry upon the non-union man.

ISIDRO¹

BY MARY AUSTIN

VI

THE BRIAR

THE rain was over and gone when Isidro woke in the grapevine hut of Peter Lebecque. It was clear day overhead, and the sun coming up resplendent. Peter Lebecque was busy about the cooking pots; said he, —

“Well, señor, are you for the road?”

“Most assuredly, señor; the sooner the better.”

“It is so,” said Lebecque; “the Padre Presidente is not a man to be kept waiting.” They broke their fast in silence; the boy, Isidro judged, had been fed; the sheep jangled their bells for the start. El

Zarzo came up with Escobar’s horse and a kicking pinto saddled for himself. He gave no greeting, but his eyes were distinctly friendly. He was dressed more in the fashion of the time, and showed more slenderness. He wore no hat, but the kerchief on his head was black and new. Rid of the fantastic garnish of leaves, his brows showed under it a fine black line meeting across the thin high nose. Straight black locks clipped his face around and fell under the chin like a veil; so much of his skin as showed had a deep touch of the sun. He was to ride with Isidro and the sheep to find Mariana’s men, who would be by this time in the place called Pasteria.

There was no ceremony of parting

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other than this: the trapper called the lad aside and thrust a packet in his bosom: there passed some words between them in a strange tongue, — French, guessed Isidro, — but no farewell.

Escobar, who, now that he was fed and astride of a horse, felt the world to go very well with him, sang as they passed out of the cañon of the vines.

Rain still shook from the laden trees; it lay heavily on the slanting grass, heaviest on the folded poppy buds. Little runnels lined the gravelly slopes; the streams were over-full. Woolly patches of cloud clung about the shouldering hills and flocked in the cañons. Where their horses trod among the wild oats there was a sound of showers. It was a morning of deep, unmastered joy. They went slowly by dim, sweet trails, for the lambs made small progress in the wetness.

The sun warmed and dried them soon enough; warmed the blood of the lad, who played a thousand impish tricks, — scurried on steep hillsides, went needlessly about in the scrub to increase the way, chased the hill creatures, and gave them call for call. He rode one of the wild horses native to those hills, on a saddle of Indian make, lacking the high pommel of the Spaniard, and rode like an Indian, indifferently on one side or the other, on neck or rump. With all he watched Escobar with alert intentness.

At mid-morning they struck into a belt of chaparral in the wash of a sometime flood, very gaudy at this season with wild gourd and cactus flower. Rabbits herded here, scarcely fearful of men or dogs. In the clear vault above them eagles swooped and hung. Suddenly one dropped with a great spread of pinions on the cactus scrub. It struck and halted, sweeping forward slowly for the rise, and from its pierced quarry came a cry anguished and human. Isidro, startled out of a muse, clapped spurs to his horse. As the eagle rose to his level, he struck it sharply with his silver-handled quirt. The great bird, amazed, loosed his hold upon the rabbit, which made off in the chaparral, squeal-

ing pitifully. The eagle showed fight for a moment, thought better of it, sailed off to new depredations.

El Zarzo rode up astounded. "What!" he said.

"My faith," said Isidro, "but I can never hear one of them scream for pain and be quiet." He was ashamed of his weakness and ashamed of his shame.

"Rabbits were made to be eaten," said the shepherd lad, "and eagles to eat them."

Isidro recovered himself.

"It is not fitting that a priest should see killing done," he said.

The boy edged up his pony and slacked rein; clearly this fine gentleman was not to be feared, and might repay study.

"Are you a priest, señor?"

"I am about to be."

"What is he, a priest?"

"A priest, *Virgen Santisima*! A priest is a very holy man, in the service of God and our Saviour and St. Francis, or other of God's saints. Hast never seen one?"

"One. He was fat, and had small hair, and wore a dress like a woman's. You look not like such a one. When my mother lay a-dying she was all for a priest. 'A priest, a priest,' she would cry, but when one was fetched she was already gone."

"She was, no doubt, a very good Christian."

"She was a Cahuiallas," said the boy.

"A Cahuiallas! Thou?"

"Of that tribe."

Isidro looked at the fine, small face under the fall of hair. "Nevertheless, you are no Indian," was his thought.

"But what does he do, a priest?"

"My faith, the boy is a stark heathen!" cried Isidro. "A priest is for marrying and christening and burying. He doeth on earth the works of our Father Christ."

"My mother had a Christ," said El Zarzo, "silver, on a black cross. In the sickness it is a great comfort."

Isidro had a fine feeling for situations; he tuned himself to the boy's key. Their

talk was all of the wood and its ways, trapper's and shepherd's talk, suited to their present shift. For food the boy had brought jerke of venison, barley cakes, and dried figs. They took their nooning under an oak with great content.

El Zarzo pushed the sheep shrewdly; their way lay by high windy slopes, by shallow cañons under a sky of leaves. They worked up water courses reeking sweet with buckeye bloom; they forded streams swollen with the rain. So evening brought them to the place called Pastoria, — a long valley running north and south between broken ridges full of lairs. Spare branched pines spiked the upper rim of it; oaks stood up here and there; along the shallow groove that sometimes held a stream, a fringe of birches. The sheep passed down the shore of the valley, and the purple glow of evening lapped them like a tide; burrowing owls began to call; night hawks set their dusky barred wings above the scrub. Far across the pastures a rosy flame blossomed out against the dark, and settled to a glow. It was the camp-fire of Mariana's men.

"They come this way," said the boy. "Rest here, and by the third hour after sunrise they will come up with us." They lit a fire of sticks, and had a meal. Pastoria flooded with soft dusk, and the rim of it melted into the sky. Noé and Reina Maria kept their accustomed round.

"Señor," said the boy as he lay in his bright serape by the dying fire, "do you like it, being a priest?"

"It is a great honor, and greatly to the soul's salvation to serve God and Holy Church."

"But do you like it?"

"Yes," said Escobar, forced to deal simply in the face of such simplicity. As well put on airs with Noé or Reina Maria.

"Do women become priests ever?"

"Sacramento! Women! It is a man's work, being a priest, though there are many holy women who serve God and the saints in convents. Santa Barbara was such a one, and Santa Clara."

"What do they do?"

"They say prayers and do penance; also they do the work of the convent, and visit the sick."

"Is that all? Do they never go out?"

"There may be other matters requiring their attention, but I do not recall them. For the most part they pray."

"Do they never marry?"

"Santisima! They are the brides of the Church."

"Nor have children?"

"Never!"

El Zarzo brooded over these things for a space, and Isidro settled himself for sleep.

"It is stupid, I think," said the boy, "to get married."

"Ah, no doubt you will come to think differently."

"You are not for marrying?"

"I am to be a priest." Isidro said his prayers and crossed himself; El Zarzo did the same; it appeared he was a Christian, though somewhat lacking in instruction. The deep velvet void closed over them, blurred with stars; the coyotes were beginning their choruses.

Shepherds are a simple folk, slow of wit, little wondering, accustomed to mysteries. They have an affinity for sheep. Those who had the care of Mariana's flock came up with Isidro and the lad about mid-morning. It is doubtful if Nicolas and Ramon understood their part in the affair, but they made no objection. Here were sheep of Mariana's lacking a shepherd, and shepherds of Mariana's hiring. They met and mingled as of duty bound. Further than that the matter furnished them material for days' thought and night talks by many a coyote-scaring fire. The adventure of Noé and Reina Maria passed into the Iliad of the hills. By the week's end Nicolas and Ramon, who had traversed the length and breadth of the affair, concluded that they should go and look for Mariana.

Isidro and El Zarzo, once they had done with them, struck across the valley for the outposts of the Santa Lucia. On leaving Las Plumas it had been the pur-

pose of Escobar to drop into the public road at the Mission San Antonio de Padua de Los Robles. From there he could reach San Carlos in a day's riding. This business of Noé and Reina Maria had set all his plans awry. He was now out of his own riding and all at sea. El Zarzo, who knew the land like an Indian, led him a sharp pace. They rode hard, made a hunter's camp that night, and slept the clock around on stacked dried grass.

From that the directions for the way were plain enough; keep to the trail as long as it ran west, where it broke and wavered in stony ground cut straight over the hill crest. It did not matter greatly how; take the easiest going and keep a certain bulk of blue hill always to the left. So you came to a valley with a river; the ford was by the road house; the rest was open highway. Isidro rose early, slipped a silver piece under the shepherd lad's serape, and gave him a friendly pat. The boy breathed lightly in sleep.

The way was long, and Escobar struck out with a light heart. Lilac and laurel bloom brushed his saddle-bow and at times engulfed him. The Santa Lucia rose up, blue and wooded slopes; seaward on those high and lonely altars bloomed the tall spike of yucca, called the Candles of our Lord. He pricked forward singing. The wood was very still. It came upon him once or twice that something moved behind him in the trail. Twigs snapped; a stone rolled clattering to some leafy deep. His horse grew restless, cocked an ear back upon the path. It might be deer or bear. Too noisy for one Isidro judged, too still for the other. His horse whinnied and halted. Wild horses, no doubt, or an Indian riding at random in the scrub. He had come to the end of his trail and was forced to pick his way. Once in the pauses of this business he heard the clank of bridle bit, but nothing came up with him. By this he became sure he was followed. Little hints of sound, a pricking between his shoulders, the unease of his horse, kept him on the alert. Covering the rise of the

hill, he looked back to see the scrub moving where a horse, led by his rider, came after him. His own horse saw and whinnied; the led horse answered. Then began a conversation between those two; it seemed of friendly import, but conveyed no information to the rider. Isidro cleared an open space at a gallop, backed under a hanging rock, and waited.

It was by this time noon, hot and dim; a bank of white cloud hung low in the west above the sea; purple haze lay like a web along the scrub. No birds broke silence but the telltale jays. Isidro could hear the horse slowly breaking his way up the steep. Since the rider had dismounted Isidro could make nothing of him until he came full into the cleared space before him. It was El Zarzo. He must have expected to come up with Isidro hereabout, for he gave neither start nor sign when the other hailed him. Said he, —

"How goes the trail, señor?"

"My faith, lad, you gave me a turn. Where go you?"

"I, señor? I go to the Presidio of Monterey in your company." The lad was imperturbably impudent.

"Caramba! I cannot take you; it is ridiculous! What will the old man say?"

"That you are very discourteous, since I have guided you so far, and you refuse me the same."

"Eh, it can prick, this Briar," said Isidro. "Did he bid you follow me?"

El Zarzo looked calmly out across the lilac bloom. "It grows late," he said.

Isidro became grave.

"Think, lad, there is no friend there to do you a kindness. As for me, I know not how I shall fare where I go, nor how long remain."

"There have been few to do me kindness that I should look for it."

"Your father" —

"He is not my father."

"I refuse to take you."

"The trail is free, señor." The lad breathed deeply and his face was troubled, but he was not to be shaken.

"Peste!" cried Isidro. He wheeled his horse about, and made off at a keen pace; his mount was of good blood, and proved the mettle of his pasture, but the hill pony had the lighter load. He was never a full cry behind. On a stony slope, Isidro, doubling on his trail, came once face to face with him.

"Boy, boy!" he cried. "do you know what you do?"

"I go to Monterey, señor."

Isidro unbent suddenly with laughter.

"So," he said, "we will go better in company." They struck into the valley presently, and jogged on comfortably side by side.

VII

THE ROAD TO CARMELO

The riders were now upon the main ridge of the coastwise hills; from this vantage they saw the land slope, by terraces unevenly wooded, to the floor of the valley where the Salinas ran. Here was a sag in the ridge that gave easy passage. North and south the range showed brokenly; west, the valley rolled up into blunt rounded hills; beyond them lay the sea. They watched the shift and play of light above it all day long. Between the trees on the slope the scrub was thick and close; all the gullies were choked with the waste of years. There were deer here, but no antelope; even at this distance they could make out a number of bears feeding on mast under the wide oaks. The riders steered by the road house that made a white speck by the river; an hour later they heard the singing of the ford.

They had shrewd shift crossing, for the river ran full and swift; the horses had to swim for it. The Escobar finery was hardly so fine by now. They slept early at the road house, where the lad passed for a servant, and lay at Isidro's feet; dawn end saw them riding forward in a weeping fog, saddle weary, but very good company. Isidro turned questioner in his turn; the lad told him freely of him-

self and his way of life. That was not much; he stuck to it that his mother was an Indian, a Cahuiallas; Peter Lebecque no kin of his, — "my mother's man," he said. Their life was all of the hills, hunting and trapping, following the shifting of wild creatures for their food and housing. They had never gone into the settlements; it seemed there was some obscure reason for this. Isidro made a shrewd guess that the woman might have been enticed away from one of the Missions, and was wary of a forced return. The lad had seen only Indians, vaqueros, and some such wayfarer as Escobar. It had been a rough life, but he showed no roughness; he had been servilely bred, but used no servility.

Of his errand at the Presidio of Monterey, if errand he had, he would say nothing. He showed Isidro a package of coin, curious concerning the value and use of it, avowing that he had it from Peter Lebecque; upon which the young man made sure the trapper had sent him, but he gave over trying to probe that affair.

"Keep your own secret, lad," he said good-humoredly. "But you are young to be seeking your fortune in this fashion. Where will you go in Monterey?"

"Ah, with you, señor," breathed the lad, with something quick and wistful in his eyes. Isidro laughed. Priest or no priest, he had a good deal of the zest of life in him; the sense of companionship quickened it. If the lad took kindly to him it was no more than the kindness he showed to the lad. By Our Lady, they would see something of the world, even out of a cassock. Their blood sang to a pretty tune; they rode forward merrily. By noon they saw below them the chimneys in the east tower of Carmelo. They saw the sea, and that being new to them, stayed rein to snuff the wind of it like a strong wine of excitement. Riding into the mission grounds Isidro grew grave.

"Look now," he said, "here is the end of my going at my own will. I shall find the Padre Presidente here or at Monterey

and give myself into his hands. Whatever I am able to do for you that will I do, but you must be obedient in all things; so you will win the Padre's good will, and in any private concern I will bespeak you fairly. More I cannot promise. Here let us rest."

By a brook under an oak Isidro braided his hair and set his dress in order. They fell in with a band of neophytes going to dinner from a meadow where they had been marking calves. The Indians had stripped to the work, but they had each a shirt which they put on as they went. They wore little else, — a loin cloth and a strip of kerchief about the brows. Some of them had protected their legs with strips of hide wound about and about.

A great body of white cloud brooded over the land; the shadow of it dappled the hills. A wind came up from the sea and brought the breath of orchard bloom. The neophytes fell into lines two and two; another band came in from the fields and streamed alongside them. They raised a crooning chant, timing their feet as they went. The bell cried noon from the tower.

The Father President came out of the church, and Isidro knelt to receive his blessing. At the meal which followed he was made acquainted with the resident Padres, — Pablo Gomez and Ignacio Salazar, — and with Fray Demetrio.

It was a very comfortable meal: soup with force-meat balls, chicken, beef dressed with peppers, a dish of spiced pumpkin, another of fried beans, fine flour cakes, and light sour wine of the Mission's own making. An Indian servitor stood at the Father President's back: the napery was white and fine. Isidro gave the news of Las Plumas, the progress of his father's malady, the tale of the flocks, the growth of the vine cuttings Father Saavedra had sent the year before; but of his journey, of the incident of the Indian under the oak, of Noé and Reina Maria he said nothing; these were matters too small for the Father President's ear. Neither did Saavedra say any-

thing of his schemes, nor what he would advise for the young man; the time was not ripe.

They walked out afterward in the pleasant air. The neophytes were getting back to their work, children lay asleep, and women sat spinning and weaving in the sun. The Mission San Carlos Borromeo stands on an elevation, its buildings inclosing an imposing square. On the north side the church, which was built in a single aisle, reared its two towers, brooding above the first foundation of Junip'ero Serra, el Capella de los Dolores. Adjoining the church were the cloisters of the priests, opening into the long dining-room; beyond that the kitchen. The store-rooms, shops, smithy, the quarters of the major-domo, and the huts of the neophytes made up the four sides of the quadrangle, in the midst of which stood the whipping-post and stocks. All the walls were of adobe, whitewashed, shining in the sun; all the roofs of tile, brick red; all the floors, except that of the church, of stamped earth, swept daily. Two bells hung in the west tower, three in the east, reached by an outside stair. One was rung for meals, for rising, for beginning and quitting work. For the offices of Holy Church they rang the chimes. So Padre Vicente explained to young Escobar.

Very pleasantly, very much at ease in the golden afternoon, they went from storehouse to smithy, from chapel to orchard. They saw the rows of huts of the married neophytes, orderly and four square like a village street; saw the carved Christ above the high altar flanked by the patron of the Mission, and San Antonio with the Child. They said a prayer by the bones of Serra, and bowed before the Stations of the Cross. Then they went out into the quadrangle to see a man flogged for stealing a hen.

The fellow had fifteen lashes, and bore them stolidly, putting on his shirt again with the greatest good-humor; doubtless he thought the dinner worth it. Isidro looked out to sea; he felt a little queasily at the sound of blows, and so missed the

point of the Padre's observation on the Church's duty of rendering spiritual relief according to the fault. At Las Plumas they had Indian servants who did about as pleased them, except when the old Don was in a passion, and threw things at them. If the women misbehaved, their husbands dealt with them in a homely fashion, but they never called it spiritual relief. Isidro had a moment of doubting if he should really make a good priest.

He walked after that for a space with Saavedra in the mission garden, where young fruit was setting on the trees, and the vines blossoming. The Padre showed him some experiments in horticulture newly under way, — grafting of delicate fruits on wild stock. They flourished hardily. "So," said the Father President, "is the vine of Christian grace engrafted on this root of savagery, fruitful unto salvation."

Isidro was not thinking of souls just then. He was suddenly smit with a sense of the material competency of the Brotherhood of St. Francis. He remembered his life in old Mexico with his mother, where all his thoughts of the priesthood had gathered about the cathedral and the altar services. Now it occurred to him that to be a good priest in this new land one must first be a better man. It was not by blinking the works that men do that the Padres had established themselves among the heathen, but by doing them; making themselves masons, builders, artists, horticulturists; dealing with sheep-scab, weeds, alkaline soil, and evil beasts. It appeared that God was also served by these things. This prompted him to put some question to the Father President concerning the disposition of himself. Saavedra responded with an invitation to Isidro to make with him the round of the Missions of Alta California, which progress should begin within a fortnight. The proposal fell in with the young man's mood of adventure. The Father President and Escobar began to be well pleased with each other.

Returned to the mission buildings the

Padre found work cut out for him: a poor soul wanting the mercy of the Church. Padre Salazar was at a bedside in Monterey, Padre Gomez in the meadow of oaks overseeing the counting of calves; the Father President himself went into the confessional. Outside they heard the evening bustle of the Mission as of a very considerable town, — children crying, dogs barking, and the laughter of young girls. Men gathered in from the farthest fields; the smell of cooking rose and mixed with the smell of the orchard and the sea. It was the hour for evening service, and an altar ministrant crept up to snuff the tall candles that burned before San Antonio with the Child. The ringers in the belfry shook the climes; a veil of fog came up and hid the sea.

The poor soul at the confessional rocked sidewise uneasily upon his knees; not much account to look at, a shepherd by his dress, young, low-browed, dark, with dirty, fidgeting fingers, a fresh cut upon his face running into the unshaven jaw. Most plainly of all he was in the grip of grief or terror too large for his shallow holding, that marred his smartness as the bubbling of pitch fouls the pot. The penitent's tale ran on, numbed, eager, with many a missed word painfully recovered: "I accuse myself of the sin of envy — of drunkenness, of neglect of holy ordinances" — various sins of omission and commission. All this was merely perfunctory; counter to it ran the deep mutter of the priest, "What more, my son, what more?" At last it was all out, — envy and drunkenness and hate, ending in a slain man lying out on a pleasant heath with his mouth to the earth and blue flies drinking his blood.

All judgments are mixed. Padre Saavedra might have bidden the man surrender to the civil authorities, but he thought perhaps the civil authorities claimed too much, and there are better uses to put a man to than execution. Besides, here was a reasonable doubt as to the degree of criminality; both men were drunken, one of them had suffered griev-

ance, — without conscious fraud Ruiz had put that forward, — and no knowing whose had been the first provocation. Whatever Mariana's share in it, and the confessor judged it must have been considerable, he was now gone out of the Padre's jurisdiction. Perhaps he had known the Portuguese without finding in the knowledge any warrant for holding him blameless. Was it fair, then, that the other should bear the brunt of punishment?

"Is there any circumstance known to you," he had asked Ruiz, "by which it is possible that any other should come to suffer for the evil you have done?"

"None, none," protested the poor herder.

"But should any arise" —

"Ah, Padre, Padre," interrupted the penitent, "I am a poor man, and of but small account. Give me ease for my conscience, and if it should come to pass that any be falsely accused or suffer because of me, I am in your hands. Do you but come after me, Padre, and I shall make all things plain."

Ruiz had not much imagination. This was a safe promise he thought, for once freed of blood-guiltiness he could not conceive how it should come up to trouble him again.

There was an art once of making cups so that if but clearest water was poured in them it became medicated, turgid, or hurtful, with the properties of the vessel; so, often, the saintliest soul takes a color from its human holding. Did the Padre, flinching a little at the abasement of his divinely derived authority before the encroachments of the state, and leaning always toward mercy for the sake of this simple people from whom he might yet be torn, appease himself with the secret exercise of priestly powers? At any rate, he made the shepherd an obligation of prayers and alms, masses said for the murdered man, no more drunkenness. This was hard, and, moreover, he should go back and bury the dead decently out of sight. This was harder, but here was

no family to compensate, no restitution of stolen goods to make. What else? Then he made inquiry where the place of the unblest grave might be found, for he had it in mind to pass by it in his itinerary and do what lay within his holy office for the sake of the murdered man. And having concluded these things he gave Ruiz release.

"Go in peace, my son, and may the God of Peace go with thee. *Absolvo te.*" The penitent crept out into the dark with a mingled expression of cunning and relief.

Indians gathered in to the evening service; the candles glowed on the high altar. Isidro went in with the others. He had not attended service in a church since he had been a child in old Mexico; the recollection came back dimly, and with it a memory of his mother. He remembered why he was here and what it purported. The smell of incense and candle smoke, the rising and falling of the bent worshippers as they followed the ritual, the mellow droning voices lifted his soul above the sense of time and things. He saw the saints in Paradise and souls in Purgatory; sweat broke out upon him; a great panting shook his heart; he was taken with the hunger of souls. There was no doubt about it that Isidro would make an excellent priest. Toward the end of the service, a little wearied of his own fervor and the hardness of the floor, his eyes strayed to the lad Zarzo, who watched him from his station under the choir. He met two great eyes of burning and amazement, a hint of wonder, and along with it something of the dumb brute's envy of the man. A wave of kindness overtook the young man. It occurred to him that although the lad was plainly a Christian there remained much that might be done for his soul's good.

VIII

MASCADO

Isidro judged himself done with the business of Juan Ruiz and his sheep, but,

in fact, he was not yet to see the end. The night that Escobar supped with the Father President at San Carlos, Peter Lebecque had also a guest. He came at dusk, lighting down from his horse,—a newly caught wild bronco of the hills in a rawhide halter. He came as one accustomed to that hostel, and gave no greeting. The old trapper silently made additions to his evening meal; the dogs came one by one and put their noses to the newcomer in recognition. He was, no doubt, an Indian, but owning a lighter strain, a skin less swart, a mould less stocky, a hint of hotter, swifter thought. Except for the loin cloth he was naked; his blanket, folded, served him for a saddle; around his neck in a deerskin sheath hung a knife; around his brows the inevitable bright bandeau of woven stuff, the knotted ends, fringed with abalone shell, hung down and mingled with his hair. His breast was black with bruises and scars of half-healed cuts.

"Where from, Mascado?" said Lebecque.

"Los Tulares; the elk shift their feeding-ground from the lake to the river; the young are dropped early this year." So he gave the news of the road,—three hundred calves branded at Las Plumas, Red Baptiste slain by a bear, a feud between the Obehebes and Chio's following. Lebecque answered with the tale of his traps and pelts. All this was made talk, while the renegade's eyes kept a-roving, up the swale, along the creek, in the alleys of shade under the grapevines; his ears appeared to prick a little like a dog's at noises. Lebecque leered at his cooking pots with his back to his guest, his mouth screwed in a fit of obscene mirth.

"Eat," he said at last, when all was done; but no talk interfered with that business. After food, drink. Lebecque fished up a bottle from some crypt under the vines; with drink, talking.

"Eh, Mascado, wine is good!" cried the trapper; "drink, Mascado, drink deep. Another cup?" The old rascal's tongue had got wagging at last. "Drink,

Mascado; El Zarzo will not come. You are looking for him? You have something to say to him? Well, you will have to say it to me, Mascado; it will be long before you see him again. Drink, Mascado."

The Indian took another cup to beat down the embarrassment that threatened to rise and flood him.

"Where is she?" he said.

"Where? How should I know? Who keeps the trail of a flown bird? Ah, Mascado, you are too late; the Briar has bloomed in your absence, and another man has plucked the rose."

The Indian's lids narrowed.

"Speak straight, Lebecque."

The old trapper began to sigh and wag his head prodigiously.

"Ah, the women, Mascado; they are all of a piece; you think you have known them all your life, you think you have them; comes a fine sprig of a caballero and gives them the tail of his eye, off they go."

The Indian struck the table with his hand until the bottle jumped.

"Where is she?" he said again.

"Where? At Monterey, I think. It is a very pleasant town I have heard, a gay town. Eh, Mascado? If you should go there, Mascado, you could tell me how my Briar blooms in the sea air." He leaned his arms on the table and shook with chuckling. The Indian was a renegade from the Mission San Carlos; if he so much as put his nose in that direction he smelt the whipping-post.

"Have you let her go, Lebecque, have you let her go?"

"Ah, what is an old fellow like me to a fine young gentleman in velvet? Velvet smallclothes, Mascado, with silver trimmings. You see, Mascado, I am old; my face is not good to me; I have no fine garments, no silver, no lace, no manners. Ah, ah, what could I do?" The old villain's allusions were pointed each with a leer; his shoulders shook. "Why now, Mascado, you take it hard. My word, you are quite excited over it. So am I; see

how my hand shakes." (So it did with indecent mirth.) "Take a drink, Mascado; it will do you good."

Said Mascado, "When?"

"Ah, a matter of two or three days ago, quite three days ago. They will be in Monterey by now. More wine, Mascado? Wine is good against grief, and you are plainly grieved, Mascado. So am I."

There was something keen in the old man's feeling of the situation, something earnest in the dry sobs of laughter, something hidden that stung, something open that was meant to soothe; the Indian sat fuming, but uncertain.

"I have watched, Mascado; the old man has eyes. I have seen the thought grow in you; you would have set my Briar to grow in your own door, Mascado, and now she has gone. He was a very fine gentleman, a very good family, and rich, Mascado, very rich."

The Indian sprang to his feet. "A fine gentleman, say you? Was he smooth and young? Had he an eye like a bird's? Had he a bay horse with one white fore foot and a long scar on his belly? Ah, ah!" The man twisted and shook like an eel in a spit; his eyes stood out; his words choked him. He shook his knife; he was plainly in a great fume, and something warred with his rage to beat it down.

"A fine gentleman, ha! All in black with silver, and a way with him that said, 'You are the dust under my feet, therefore expect no harm of me.' Ah, I know him."

Lebecque pricked up his ears.

"If you know him I doubt you know nothing good." Again the Indian shook like a candle in a gust. "And if you know him, Mascado, you can perhaps tell me how he came by the flock and the dogs of Juan Ruiz."

"This day week," said Mascado, "Juan Ruiz fed the flock at the Mesa Buena Vista; he had with him Noé and Reina Maria. I have not seen him since." It was plain he had no notion how this should concern him.

"Three days ago," said Lebecque, "this caballero came to my house, here

at the Grapevine, at sundown. He rode a bay horse with a white fore foot; I did not notice the scar. He was driving the flock of Mariana the Portuguese. I knew the brand, and by the dogs that were with him I knew the flock for that one kept by Juan Ruiz. The dogs were plainly fagged; Noé had the marks of teeth on him."

"Said he anything for himself?"

"Why, that he had found them at the head of Oak Creek by the ford, and no sign of the shepherd. A likely tale think you, Mascado? For look now, the flock had not been frightened,—that was plain,—nor diminished since I saw it, and that in a land where the coyotes are like cattle for numbers, and the bears carry off the sheep from under the shepherd's eyes. And look you again,—this young man washed before meat, and there was blood on his hands and on his ruffles. I saw it; blood, Mascado."

The half-breed's lips curled backward from his teeth, his breath came whistling.

"Which way came he?"

"By Deer Spring, where we killed the big buck. He came on Zarzito suddenly in mid-afternoon, and professed not to know whose sheep he had."

"Which way went he?"

"Toward Pasteria, to bring the flock to Mariana's men. Maybe; maybe not. What should an Escobar care for a stray flock? Foul work, Mascado."

"Ay, foul." The mestizo ran over with curses that made the flesh creep. Lebecque pushed over the bottle.

"Cursing is dry work," he said; "what would you do?"

"That!" Mascado whipped his knife into the table until the tempered blade rapped the handle on the boards.

"They are not your sheep, Mascado, nor your shepherd."

"There is Zarzito," said the Indian.

Lebecque sniggered. "Neither is that yours, oh, my friend."

For all answer Mascado struck his blade into the table again.

"Ah, put up your knife; he has pistols,

big and silver-handled; he is a fine gentleman, I tell you."

"Fine gentlemen have throats."

"Put up your knife, I say. He is in Monterey; the rose is plucked. Drink, Mascado."

The night wore, the fire dropped flickering on the hearth, the candle guttered; Lebecque drained the bottle, drained himself dry of rascally wit, and stumbled off to drunken slumber. The Indian sat at the table ever of two minds, blown hot and cold. He sheathed his blade and unsheathed it; his muscles flexed and heaved; rage shuddered in him, and went out. The dying fire touched the high glistening curves of his body, and made moving shadows on his face. The fire snapped and went out. Dark lapped up about him; the little candle made an island of light for his face to shine in; it lit his high cheek bones, glimmered on the shell fringes of his kerchief, on the whetted blade. The candle guttered and went out.

Waking late, Lebecque found himself alone. "Eh, eh," he grunted, "let him go. It will not be to Monterey, I warrant. The good Padres have a rod in pickle. The swine! He would have the Briar to bloom by his wickiup, would he? The wild hawk would mate with the dove. And he thought Lebecque would give him his blessing? Eh, let him go; I have served him well." So he grumbled over his morning meal.

Mascado had not gone to Monterey. He had done what would serve his purpose better for that turn. He went about to pick up the trail of Isidro and the sheep. The rain that had fallen between times made it slow going, but he knew in the main where the trail should be. In the course of the morning he came to the ford of Oak Creek. Here the storm had fringed out to a passing shower that had scarcely penetrated the thick roof of leaves. He found the bones of the sheep that Isidro had killed, and the remains of the fire. From there the trail was sufficiently plain. He noted the vagueness and indecision of the sheep, the absence of

night fires; saw the broken flower tops and the bent grass where Noé and Reina Maria had settled their duty to the flock. But one thing he missed,—that was the trail of Juan Ruiz, for it lay in thick grass, and was a week old. He knew where the flock should have been, and judging from his encounter with Escobar under the oaks, knew where he should have passed it. He pressed on after the trail of the sheep. This brought him in time to the Mesa Buena Vista, and the body of Mariana.

One must believe here that the mestizo's rage had put him at fault, since the truth, if he had known it, would have served his purpose quite as well. He knew Juan Ruiz very little, and Mariana not at all. The body had lain out a week of warm wet weather, and, besides, the coyotes had been at it. He made out a knife wound or two, and the evidences of a struggle. Some prompting of humanity or superstition, a remnant of his mission training, led him to gouge out a shallow grave with a knife and a stick. When he had pressed the earth upon it he started forthwith for the Presidio of Monterey. He reached there the third day, looked about, failed to find what he sought. Then he went to San Carlos.

Once a neophyte always a neophyte, was the rule of the Padres. It had been two years since Mascado had left the Mission without leave, and for the second time. The corporal of the guard had brought him back the first time. Mascado and the whipping-post kept a remembrance between them of that return. But now he chose his time. It was Sunday, at the hour of morning service. There was no one left outside the church. Mascado went and stood in the nave with unbent and unrepentant head; he stood still and heard the blessed mutter of the mass for the space of a Pater Noster. By that time he had seen all that he wished; but he had also been seen and recognized by Padre Pablo, by half-a-dozen neophytes, and by the servant of Isidro Escobar.

IX

IN WHICH NOTHING IN PARTICULAR HAPPENS

The time neared when the Father President should begin his annual progress through the Missions of Alta California; the rainy season drew to a close; the planted fields were flourishing, the cattle fat. Upon this journey he was to discover to Escobar the true glory of the Franciscan foundations, to send him off to Mexico primed with ghostly enthusiasm for the work which God in His wisdom permitted to be threatened by the temporal powers. But before that there were some lesser matters.

There was this affair of the Commandante's, concerning which he must be better informed. Castro would be sending for him at all hours to consult upon some new conjecture which he had formed. There was, also, the affair of the renegade Mascado, who had been recognized at church the Sunday before. Such contumacy, such slighting of authority, must indubitably provoke a spirit of irreverence in the neophytes if not promptly brought to punishment. They should have Mascado back and flogged within a week, even though Saavedra must ask for a detail from the Presidio to fetch him. To be frank, the forcible detention of neophytes by the Padres met with scant countenance from the civil authorities, and at this time less than ever. The Father President felt he could ill afford to strain the relations between himself and the state, still less to let the offense of Mascado go unnoticed.

In the end he got a corporal and two men to go with the privates attached to the Mission; the Commandante's own need of help made him kindly disposed. The expedition was dispatched to the south since Mascado was reported to have been seen in that direction. For that reason they should have gone in almost any other. At the moment of the

soldiers' departing Mascado lay within sound of the sea, in cover of a spaley oak wedged in a pit of dunes, known and comforted by several of the neophytes.

Isidro had a private matter which could be best attended to at this time. Out of the bowels of great mercy, and for the greater ease of souls, His Holiness Pope Pius VII had endowed the Church of the Holy Cross at Santa Cruz with this exceeding grace,—that every mass said there for the space of one hundred years would loose the soul in whose interest it was said from the pains of Purgatory. Isidro was to assist at masses there for his mother's sake, and if so be she did not need them they were to go to the credit of Don Antonio, who had doubtless the longer account. To Santa Cruz, therefore, went Escobar, and with him went the lad Zarzito, who would answer to no Christian name, to the great scandal of Padres Gomez and Salazar. He had attached himself to Escobar in the character of a privileged dependent, and as such, largely for his soul's sake, had won the promise of accompanying him on the pilgrimage. The two had become great friends by now. What a youth needs to smack the full savor of new times and adventures is the company of another youth. It had been seven years since Isidro had seen a larger town than Monterey, and Zarzito never at all. There was not enough difference of schooling between them to render one unsuited to the other's mind, just enough difference of caste to leave no question who should lead.

It was very pleasant weather to take the road in; the way led between the burnt splendor of the poppies and the freshness of the sea,—and made one day's riding from Monterey. The last mass celebrated at the Church of the Holy Cross, so the Padre had told them, had been said for the soul of a murdered man. Isidro heard the masses very devoutly, and in the interim watched the slaughter of a thousand cattle, the hides and tallow of which had been bargained for by a Yankee trading schooner lying

off-shore. It was Monday when they set out, and Friday found them back at Carmelo. Still the Father President lingered over his preparations, waiting for tardy instructions from his college, fencing with the civil powers over small matters of privilege. Isidro found time to look about him, and put in motion the work of kindness which he purposed toward Peter Lebecque's wild lad.

He had had occasion to begin it on the first night of their stay at the Mission. The retiring bell had rung, and of the night bustle remained only the shuffle of feet across the quadrangle. Isidro lingered in the corridor in late courtesy with the Father President, watching the neophytes to their quarters. It was a general rule of all Missions that the unmarried men and unmarried women should sleep each in separate buildings — *monojeros* — provided for that purpose, to which only an upper servant had the key. Doubtless the good Padres had reason. The married people slept in their huts and the young children with them. On this evening, about the time when there should have been a cessation of all noises, there came a sound of struggle and protestation. It edged across the patio from the direction of the *monojero*, and involved the voices of Padre Pablo, Fray Demetrio, and the Briar. Fages had the latter by the collar, but the lad contrived to keep an arm's length between them.

"O abandoned! O apostate! Despiser of holy persons," began the secretary, pushing the lad before him. Isidro cut him short. It seemed that the slight figure of the boy swayed a little in the direction of Escobar, as they came up, but the eyes were turned away. There was a kind of appeal that touched the young man in the very abnegation of all claim. Saavedra got the gist of the matter in a question or two. The boy had objected to being locked up for the night with the rest of the youths, and had registered his objections on the person of Fray Demetrio.

"Let him lie at my door," said Escobar, "he is a good lad."

"Who is he?" asked Saavedra.

"I had him from Peter Lebecque in the Cañada de las Uvas. His mother was a Calhuallas, so he says. He is not of the Missions."

"Is he a Christian?"

"That I'll warrant he is not," cried Fages, thinking of his bruises. But the boy protested; his mother had always said — "And, besides, there was a token." He wrenched himself free of the secretary, and fumbling at his neck, drew out something on a cord, which he held toward them in a manner indicating that he would not have it touched. Padre Vicente came forward to peer at it in the candle flare; at sight of it he crossed himself devoutly; so did the others.

"A most holy token," said the Father President. "How came you by it?"

"My mother said it was a token of my baptism."

"The medal of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows," said Saavedra. "I doubt there is another such in Alta California. Let him go with Señor Escobar; after all, he is but a lad, and, without doubt, a Christian, though somewhat ill instructed." It occurred to Isidro that he could not begin better than by remedying that matter. Zarzo put back his treasure in his bosom; it was plain to see his own respect for it had risen, observing the respect it won from the others. For that night, then, he slept in the corridor at Isidro Escobar's door. For the rest, he settled himself very well. It seemed he had come to an excellent understanding with a motherly soul among the Indian women, who had none of her own kin, and had quartered himself in her house.

"A most commendable woman," Padre Ignacio told Escobar; "one who has known great sorrows, and digested them to her soul's good. Ordinarily we do not expect the treasures of spiritual experience from these poor children of the wilderness, but Marta is something more than ordinary. Her father, in fact, was captain of the tribe, — a man of great influence in Serra's time, — and Marta has

the gift of testimony. I myself have been often lifted up to hear her descant upon the mercies of God. She has a son, born out of wedlock, though I cannot think it due to her fault, but a most rebellious youth. Twice has he left the Mission without leave, to consort with the Children of Darkness; it is, in fact, he whom the Father President has dispatched the guard to seek. I doubt they find him, but Marta is a submissive soul. Mary grant that this lad prove a comfort to her."

He was a comfort, at least, to Isidro, who practiced upon him all the priestly airs which most people found to become him vastly. He also undertook the lad's instruction in the foundations of Christian faith and the lives of the saints, much of which he had gathered directly from books of Saavedra's. The lad heard him with that sidelong look of the eye which questions the tale but not the faith of the teller; but when they touched upon the visible workings of the Church they came to lively issue. Saavedra never entered upon any justification of the Missions; said, "Behold!" and considered the argument concluded. It was a manner not without weight upon the generality; so many Indians clothed, housed, and fed; such prodigious labors; so many baptized, instructed, ripe for the garner of Paradise. Isidro was disposed to give the fact its due. Said Zarzito:—

"But why do they lock them up? Is God glorified because there is a roof between me and the sky? To the citizens of Monterey they do not so, and there is much goes on there that is not of the Church. And what have they got by serving God? Food in their bellies? Even so. I have seen wild Indians in the mountains. In the hills there is not always food enough, but often there is more and the pleasure of feasting. And look you, señor, here is a whipping-post, so if a man works not he is flogged; but in the forest if a man works not he goes empty, and that is the greater pain. They serve God, say you, for their souls' salvation. But my mother served God in the hills,

and the priest who came after she died, — we would have had him before but the sickness was too quick, — the priest said she had of a surety seen salvation. And again, what is this talk that the Missions will be taken away from the Padres? If that be so you will see what you will see; for now they are as the water of streams which are dammed, quiet as a pond, but when the dam is taken away they go roaring all abroad. One I have seen, Mascado, bred in this place, him whom the Padres hunt; fifteen years he lived in this place, and is now in the hills more wild and cunning than any other. So will all these be."

It seemed that Isidro was likely to get other views of the policy of the Franciscans than Saavedra intended.

In Monterey, also, where he met Delgado, and felt for him that anticipatory thrill by which nature warns men that they are about to be pitted against each other, he heard talk of another sort that set his wits stirring. Here the speech of young men was all of Liberty and the Republic. Liberty in the figure of a female finds easy worship among a people who count a woman chief among the Holy Family, and the new cult bred plots thicker than flies in August. There were clamors against the Governor because he was thought to favor the priestly power, counter clamors that he favored it not at all; people who contended that the removal of the Missions from the cure of the Franciscans would put the community at the mercy of savage hordes; cross contentions that the Padres held their charges in a condition more ignoble than they might achieve for themselves. Copious reasons were not wanting for naming the Padres both saints and sinners, all of which Escobar heard. He had a way with him which made men always anxious to explain themselves, quite sure of his countenance once they had delivered the facts. First and last there was a good deal of light thrown on the situation of the Missions of Alta California; some time later Isidro found that it

stood him in good stead. At this present the only use he made of it was to try the case over again with Zarzito. Isidro was one who, in order to get the pith of any subject, needed to express himself, and for full expression required an audience. The lad's part in it was chiefly to help the young man find out his own thought.

The pair had often much the same sort of companionship together that Isidro had at Las Plumas with his dog. Often, as he sat against the wall smoking in the sun, looking out over the hyacinthine slope when the smell of blossoming wild vines was sweet in the warm abundant spring, the dog would come and lay his head upon his knees, and Isidro would stroke the silky ears and sense the joy of life deliciously, more poignant for the companionable touch. So he got a double portion of zest in his new surroundings, — his own and the boy's; but the Briar was not to be stroked, as became evident. Once, walking on the beach when a calling wind was on the sea and a tearing tide came in, for sheer delight of its wildness Isidro clapped him on the shoulder, and the shoulder slipped from under his hand as the wave under foot.

"No offense, lad," laughed Isidro.

"No offense taken, señor, but I like not to be clapped."

"Now by that token I know you for a true Indian; I am like to forget it else. You are as wary of touching as a wolf."

They trod with joy on the fringe of the incoming waves, and sniffed the wet, bracing wind.

"Oh, to be gone upon it!" cried Isidro.

"South and south into Mexico. Shall you not miss me, lad, when I am gone?"

All the boy's spirit rushed into his eyes.

"No," he said.

"What?" cried Escobar.

El Zarzo looked flushed and mutinous.

"No," he said, "for I shall be upon the sea with you there."

"Why, what will you do?" said Escobar.

"What will you do, señor, there in Mexico?"

"I will serve God," said Isidro; and being an honest youth, he added, "I will also see the world."

"I also serve God and see the world," said El Zarzo; but the words were bolder than his eyes, — "serve God and you, señor." He had at times a certain quick and wistful air of depreciation, very engaging.

"Well spoken for an adventurous youth," laughed Isidro, and but for his late warning would have clapped him on the shoulder again.

X

THE ARREST

If Padre Saavedra had been as wise in the ways of sinners as of saints he would never have sent his search party groping so far afield for the renegade neophyte, Mascado, who, having nothing to hope for from the clemency of the Padres, had not exposed himself at San Carlos without reason. The business that led him to brave the whipping-post would hold him in that neighborhood until it should be accomplished. His appearance in any quarter meant mischief; since nothing had happened it was safe to conclude him still within reach, as, in fact, he was, made comfortable by several of the Padre's flock. Neither had Peter Lebecque, who had a hand in that business, anticipated so much hardihood. As much as in him lay, the old trapper wished good to the wild Briar that had grown up beside his door, but his love of provoking led him farther than he knew. Mascado, misled by the old Frenchman's ribaldry, believed that Escobar had done dishonorably what he, as much as he was able, meant to do openly, and with credit, as, indeed, the temper of gallantry at that time gave him warrant for believing. He was ignorant of Isidro's ignorance, and Lebecque thought it a point of humor to

let him remain so. But Lebecque supposed by this time that Zarzito would be under the protection of the Father President, and in such case as to put an end to the Indian's coveting. Also he thought Mascado very much of a coward, and expected no such good joke as that he would really go up to Monterey to find where the truth of the matter lay. The young man's passion, though he sensed the fact of it, seemed to the trapper wholly ridiculous. But Mascado was minded to sift the affair, and this is what he found: first, the body of a slain man lying not far from the path of Escobar; then this fine gentleman with blood specks on his linen, giving himself priestly airs at San Carlos, where Zarzito passed for a servant and slept at his door. Mascado made very sure of these things; he went into the church and saw the great eyes of El Zarzo, wistful and amazed, watching Escobar while he prayed, and wished for no further proof. After that he made his lair in the pitted oak, meditating vengeance. By night he sought food in his own fashion, and by day he sat among the dunes, and whetted his knife and his heart, wishing Isidro injury, but not able to compass it.

Escobar had done him a kindness, you will remember, under an oak in a certain open glade, but he had also done him a wrong. He had killed Juan Ruiz indubitably, and he had stolen Zarzito.

"Eh, he would have a Briar, would he? Well, here was one that would prick;" he stuck his knife furiously into the tree. His rage was great, but his passion overrode it; but still — Zarzito — to have her — to hold, to keep — rifled, despoiled, — but still to have her! Dimly it grew in his mind that when he had become a little less afraid of her, when use had dulled a little the edge of his desire, he might take it out of her, — might repay himself in her pangs for this keen tooth of injury. Perhaps in time he might beat her, but now he knew if she so much as noticed him it sent his wits all abroad. Body of her he would have though Escobar had her soul, — and Escobar had

unquestionably saved his life; so he sat and fumed.

Meanwhile, Isidro and Zarzito had been to Santa Cruz and back, Father Saavedra had dispatched his search party on the renegade's trail, — for that purpose Mascado had openly left a trail, — and Don Valentin had come to an understanding with the Commandante. He had gone south by the coasting schooner, *Jesus Maria*, at Castro's cost, to find Padre Bonaventura, and bring back the heir of the Ramirez; to marry her if she proved marriageable. Delgado admitted to himself that the condition allowed a good deal of latitude. Finally, the day was set for the departure of the Father President.

About this time, Ramon, shepherd to Mariana the Portuguese, came fumbling up from Pasteria with a great tale for the Alcalde of Monterey. Mascado, threading catlike between the pine boles behind the town, came upon him camped over a tiny winking fire at the end of his day's trudge, and gave him a wayfarer's hail. They two had supped by the same fire before now. Ramon, who was full of his tale, and, barring the gift of speech, more simple than his own dogs, unburdened himself. It was well that he had found stuff to practice his maunderings upon, otherwise the alcalde would have gotten a sorry tangle. Under Mascado's guidance he got it fairly into shape.

It seemed that while he, Ramon, and Nicolas kept Mariana's sheep in the northern end of Pasteria, sometimes called Angustora, a fortnight since, there had come riding a fine caballero, and that thin lad of Lebecque's, him with the married brows and pricking tongue, having in charge the flock and the dogs of Juan Ruiz. And the caballero — yes, an Escobar — so the lad named him — had told a most strange story of finding the sheep of Ruiz, but no Ruiz, at the ford of Oak Creek. The flock was whole, but the dogs looked to have been at each other's throats. The Señor Escobar had passed on toward Monterey. "And af-

ter," said Ramon, "we went with the sheep to look for Ruiz; it was slow going, for the trail was cold." Here Mascado might have helped him, but he chose rather to hear the end. "But this was most strange; Señor Escobar told that he found the flock at Oak Creek, but *we* found Ruiz at the Mesa Buena Vista in a new dug grave. Yes, we uncovered enough to see that it was a man; the coyotes had been at it. And look you, Mascado, whatever was done evilly was done at that place; so thinks Nicolas, so think I; for Noé here," — he touched the dog at his feet, — "Noé, when we came towards that place, when we were no more than at the borders of the Mesa Buena Vista, made so great a howling that the hair of our flesh stood up. And Nicolas thinks, and so think I, that whatever was done there the dogs were witness of it." The man's voice fell off to a whisper; he edged a little away from Noé, making the sign of the cross surreptitiously. "And when we came to the grave, — it was but poorly dug with a knife, as if one had come back hastily with fear upon him to cover it up, — when we came to that place, I say, Noé here left minding the flock, and went whining in his throat, so that we fell a-praying just to hear it. And there is more. When we went about with the flock to bring them towards the place of The Reed, at the edge of the mesa we came upon a track of a horseman riding, such a track as might have been made by the caballero who brought us the sheep at Pasteria; and the dogs, when they had found it, made as if to be pleased. Eh, what make you of that, Mascado?"

Mascado made murder of it, and smacked the word as if it had a fine savor. Still there was more. The shepherds, it appeared, had taken thought to carry their news to Mariana, but when they came by the place of The Reed they found the door of the house open, and rabbits running in and out. Worse, they found the box at the bed's head broken open and not a real left in it, not a real. Mascado shrugged away a suspicion of

denial that lingered in the other's voice; — that Mariana had been robbed was very much to his purpose; by whom, not so much.

"To the alcalde!" he cried, shaking with an evil joy; "to the alcalde; the caballero shall swing for it! These will be witnesses, you and Nicolas, Peter Lebecque and I."

"And the boy," said Ramon.

Mascado thought not. "We are four men," he said. "What do we want of the boy?"

The morning of the day that was to see the Father President started on his journey there was high mass at the Mission San Carlos. Within the church was a flare of color like a trumpet burst. Sheaves of poppies, last of the spring splendor, burned under the Stations of the Cross; el Capella de los Dolores glowed like a forge; wisps of incense smoke floated before the high altar like fog across the sun. All San Carlos huddled in the aisle. The candle lights of the high altar glimmered on the bare bronze skin of the worshipers. The eyes of most burned with a sombre fire. Isidro was beginning the practice of his priestly vocation by serving at mass. Saavedra himself officiated, glowing, like the Host, with a fervor of devotion. It passed over the kneeling horde, reached the acolyte and wrapt him as a flame. El Zarzo stood in the bell tower with the ringers, who made the sign of the cross with the ropes as they rang the chimes.

There went a little flicker of curiosity over the congregation toward the middle of the Introit, when the Alcalde of Monterey, with two officers of the constabulary, came well forward into the body of the church and knelt among the neophytes. Isidro felt their presence a check upon his devotion; the Father President made a motion of unease, but it passed; he was too full of his holy office. His voice streamed upward in a ghostly triumph, wavered into tenderness, turned upon the note of fatherliness into the deep

wrack of a purely human concern, rose again through faith, and carried the hearts of his people to the barred door of Heaven itself.

"Lord have mercy on us!"

"Christ have mercy on us!"

The wail of the people beat upon it in an agony of entreatment; almost the door gave back. The naked souls of his cure, accustomed to the self-hypnotism of their own wild immemorial chants, missed no point of the spiritual exaltation. The people bowed, rose, and bowed again at the Elevation of the Host; the chimes rang in the tower. The smoke of incense passed, the murmur of devotion fell off into the rustle of departing, the people came blinking out into the sun, last of all Isidro and Saavedra stripped of their vestments and spent with spiritual passion. The alcalde, lingering by the great oaken doors, came up to them; there was bowing and a display of manners. But the alcalde had a taste for dramatics, the moment was propitious. He waved up his deputies and disposed them on either side of the young man with a gesture.

"Señor Escobar," said he, "I have the exceeding regret to inform you that you are arrested for the murder of Juan Ruiz." He might have managed differently, but, in fact, the alcalde was a little big man and a stickler for the Republic; he suspected the Padre Presidente of an intention to cry down his authority. To come into the Padre's own jurisdiction and carry away his acolyte almost from the steps of the altar was a vindication of the civil right.

The blow was a shrewd one; you could see horror and amazement widening in the faces of the bystanders as a circle widens on the surface of a smitten pool. Isidro was simply puzzled and dumb. Saavedra rallied first. He fetched up a tolerable smile.

"A mistake, Señor Alcalde," he said, "most annoying and yet almost laughable, but wholly a mistake. Juan Ruiz is not dead." And then his smile slipped

from him and left his mouth stretched and gray. The pallor reached his eyes, his tongue curled dryly in his open mouth, for he remembered what he knew of Juan Ruiz and how he knew it, and the inviolable seal of the confessional was over it all.

"You will have ample space to prove it, Padre," the alcalde was saying; "I hope it may be so. There is also a charge of robbery."

"Señor Alcalde," said Saavedra, "there is much here that wants explaining." The good Padre must be forgiven for regarding this as a new onset of the temporal powers against the spiritual business of the Brothers of St. Francis. Almost as if they guessed his purpose with Escobar, here was a plot to snatch him away out of the Padre's power. As for the charge, he believed nothing of it; he had confessed Isidro as well as Juan Ruiz, and rejoiced to find him as clean as a maid.

"No doubt the Señor Escobar will be happy to explain upon all proper occasion," said the alcalde. "In the meantime I must ask him to go with these gentlemen."

"By whom is the charge preferred?" asked Saavedra; his wits were all abroad after Juan Ruiz,—how to come at him, how to shoulder the crime upon him and remain within his priestly prerogative.

"By his companions, Nicolas and Ramon, shepherds to Mariana, who have found the body." The alcalde threw out his hands, "Forward, gentlemen." The deputies took Escobar each by an elbow.

"Fear nothing, my son," said Saavedra. "I have that in mind which shall loose all bonds."

"And I," said the alcalde, "have a duty to perform; we will go at once, if you please."

"I go," said the Padre, "to bring that which shall clear you. Go in peace my son, and may the God of Peace go with you."

Isidro said nothing at all. Ten minutes later El Zarzo came out of Marta's hut and dogged them unseen to Monterey.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCESS

BY ARTHUR KETCHUM

WHEN I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this — the Princess said :

Once a year when the land grows green,
And the pulse of the world beats strong once more,
Come to the place of my frozen sleep,
Lift the latch of my silent door.

Carry me forth to the world I loved,
The bright warm world that I left behind ;
Give me the glimpse of the sun again,
The open sky and the touch of the wind.

Take me back to the streets I knew,
The noise and the clamor, the gay unrest ;
The laughter and cries and the broken songs
Of the old glad life I loved the best.

Let me go brave in a silken pomp
Of purple vesture and gold attire ;
Heap roses till I be fair once more,
Make me warm with my jewel's fire.

Let slim brown slave-girls dance before,
And well-skilled flute-players pipe my mirth ;
So let me go in the springtime sun
Back to the life of the lovely earth !

When ye come to a place that my women know,
Where the tall palms crowd in the temple square
And a rose vine swings like a pendent flame, —
Let me rest for a moment there !

Be sure that my sightless eyes will see,
And my silent heart with a gladness leap
At the touch and the sound of it all again,
Ere you bring me back to my House of Sleep.

Carry me forth as befits my state,
Slave-girls and flute-players on before :
Just one day in the happy world,
Then turn in peace from my silent door.

When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this — the Princess said.

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

[This paper, the first in a series in which competent authorities will deal with the most urgent problems of household service, contains the results of the author's elaborate investigations as Fellow of the College Settlements Association, and as Secretary of the Inter-Municipal Committee on Household Study. — THE EDITORS.]

ACCORDING to various prophets, the "servant problem" is in process of solution; according to skeptics, it is in a hopeless muddle. In some periodicals appear elaborate statements of the employers' attitude and ideas of solution; in others, the employees' experiences and demands, and in still others, the opinions of theorists and students. But no one thinks it worth while to study, at first hand, all sides of the problem, with a view to ascertaining the possible points of adjustment. This is proved by the fact, that the intelligence office — that great medium of exchange to which more than three fifths of the employers look for help, and which holds the balance of power, if not the key to the situation — has been utterly ignored. These offices as they exist to-day are the places where every phase of the servant problem is presented, and oftentimes threshed out; where hundreds of thousands of employers and employees meet one another for the first time; where conditions of work are discussed and arrangements made. This gives them a special opportunity, as educational centres, and as starting points to remove some of the difficulties. But employers, unconscious of these conditions and possibilities, do not insist upon standards; and the offices, in their greed for gain, and in the face of this ignorance or indifference, pursue a policy which makes improvements from other sources difficult. This policy is a very definite one, and influences the homes in at least three vital ways, — through the supply, competency, and wages of employees.

The intelligence office, as distinguished from the employment bureau, is one

which furnishes household help exclusively. Such offices are of great number and variety. New York has more than three hundred, and other cities proportionately; while many more combine domestic with other kinds of employment. They range from well-furnished, adequately equipped houses or suites of rooms in desirable localities, with good business methods and systems, down to a single room in a tenement, which is the kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and office by day, and by night the sleeping quarters, not only of the family, but of any unplaced girls. It is not unusual in such a room to find at night from five to ten people. The office with brownstone front frequently does less business than the saloon or underground offices. The former secures its clients by attractive advertisements, keeps records, gives receipts; the latter have runners with pockets full of cards, who accost girls on the streets, steal their pocketbooks, until they agree to go to the address furnished, and fight with one another over girls they claim to have discovered, until the police interfere to save the girls' clothing. All grades of honesty are found, from the offices which refuse fees, knowing they cannot furnish servants, to those which make no attempts whatever and laugh insolently when the return of fees is demanded.

The intelligence office affects the peace and happiness of homes by the kind of servants which it sends into them; the health and morals of employees, by the locations and conditions in which it compels them to wait; and the character and competency, upon which so much depends, by the training afforded while they

wait. Where good and bad, young and old, green girls and old rounders, uncleanly and disorderly, tidy and neat, and drunk and sober, are crowded together in dark, unsanitary rooms, without supervision, girls learn every form of vice, and all the tricks "old hands" consider essential to "getting on in service." The best offices, aware of these conditions, refuse to let the girls wait, drive out the rounders, and have attendants, or provide reading; but these are few compared with the whole number.

I am the more sure of the truth of the extent and nature of these conditions because of the methods used in my investigation. For two years I have visited as a patron the offices in the chief cities, to the extent of many hundreds, and my observation has been corroborated by visits from one or more of the ten people associated in the study. They have gone as employers and interviewed girls, or they have donned the rough, oftentimes conspicuous garb of the applicant for work, and waited their turn in the office; they have been called by their first names, have answered all sorts of personal questions, have submitted references, and been many times unceremoniously turned down as "green," "incompetent," "too high priced," or "unattractive." I have taken positions to find out the truth of the representations made in the office, and have found that an ironing-board over a bath-tub offered for a bed, the dining-room table "made up as a bed for two," general housework for a family of ten, wages \$12 per month, and work from 5.30 to 8.30 A. M. before any breakfast was permitted, were not unusual conditions. But in contrast with this I have had comfortable rooms, a sitting-room, not enough work to furnish proper exercise, and have had employers equal in consideration and fairness with any in the factory or store. But this is not all. As an employee I have been turned out for refusing to pay fees, have been sworn at or cajoled as the occasion seemed to demand, or have been assisted by a sympathetic proprietor, who

thought me "playing in hard luck." I am convinced that if these proprietors are oftentimes the worst enemies of the employee, they are also oftentimes her only friends. Did they not offer her shelter, crowded and unsanitary as it often is (for many run lodging-houses), she would be homeless upon the city streets.

The supply of applicants for household service depends upon some things which offices cannot control, such as immigration, conditions in homes, social stigma of household work, and competition of stores and factories, but it is unquestionably true that they do divert some of the available supply. In a large percentage of offices, fortunately not in all, it was found that saloons, places of amusement, questionable houses and resorts were given the preference. Such places not only pay any fee asked, but make gifts, and the honest householder cannot compete with them. It was also found that many such offices were the places where inmates for disorderly houses were secured. Some employees are sent to these houses without a knowledge of their character; others are bribed or forced; and from others consent is won through misrepresentations. Some offices have monthly contracts to furnish a specified number of inmates, and thirty out of fifty offices, marked suspicious and visited, took such orders as a matter of course. The supply of honest workers for homes is thus very materially decreased, for there are never enough girls who are willing to accept these offers, and bribes and force must be used. In other offices, disreputable characters are permitted to loiter, and it is impossible to estimate how many girls who are looking for honest work in households are thus led astray.

Some intelligence offices encourage even the greenest girls to abandon general housework and try for the place of cook, parlormaid, etc., for this increases the fee, which in many offices is based upon the amount of wages paid. This is one explanation of the decreasing number of general housework girls. The offices are also

responsible for some of the restlessness of servants. Girls are placed in positions and removed when they are needed for others. Some use employers as training schools. They send green foreigners who, when they have learned enough English and housework, are sent to other places for higher wages, the office not neglecting to collect the extra fees. Then they inform the long-suffering employer that they understand her girl has left, and that they can supply her need. One girl said that her business was to take positions in large households, and to make all the other employees dissatisfied by tales of privileges and high wages which the office offered. She was paid a liberal commission for each one who came. Another girl said an office had placed her ten times in one year. There are a few offices which are fences. A girl is sent into a home where she remains long enough to collect the small valuables. These she takes to the office, which disposes of them, and then gets her another place. This great influence of offices may also be used for good. One said that in less than three months she had induced one hundred and eight girls to remain in positions they wished to leave for trivial reasons, and had frankly told them she could not get them positions as good or wages as high elsewhere. But of course she lost all the fees from both employers and employees.

There are so many ideas of what competency means that in many instances the offices cannot be held responsible. Two employers in an office stated their requirements thus: "I want just an ordinary waitress." After various questions it was found in one case that she must be "honest, neat, strong, quick, capable, earnest, willing, trained, good-tempered, nice-looking, not impertinent, sober, willing to renounce all attentions from men, religious, and willing to wear a uniform." The second wanted a sanctimonious-looking waitress for a family of ten, who would be willing to quote Scripture if clerical guests were entertained, and who would sit on the back porch Sunday even-

ings, Bible in hand, and turn her eyes heavenward when the mistress and her devout guests passed by. All other defects would be overlooked. Another employer wanted a maid, no matter how incompetent, who smoked cigarettes, so that she herself would not be suspected. The office only learned this after several girls had been dismissed as unsatisfactory.

Offices with high standards certainly prevent questionable characters from getting into homes, and keep the failures in life from using housework as a last resort. But when they forge, alter, trade, steal, and buy references, and then sell or give them to girls who have none, or whom they do not know, they make it possible for any kind of an employee to get into the best houses. I have seen girls turned out when they refused to lend their references for a few minutes to a girl who was called in for an interview with a "particular employer." I have been recommended as "all right and known to the office for years;" and when I showed a reference which I had purposely made bad, they offered a new one, or to "fix" the old one.

Employers complain that applicants are impertinent, deceitful, dishonest, and lazy. If they are not so by nature what can they be when they come from some offices? When they are herded in rooms, often held by force until they pay their fees, treated with familiarity, and sworn or jeered at for refusing "good places" in questionable resorts, there is little inducement to polite address. When girls are coached to lie about their ages, qualifications, last places of employment, wages, etc., they are started on a series of falsehoods which they must continue. When they are encouraged to wait daily from nine A. M. to four P. M., with only gossip for a pastime, or to work a week and then "spend their money on a good time," the intelligence offices can be looked upon as nothing but training-schools for certain forms of incompetency. A few permit drinking, especially in their lodging-houses, which are

often in, or adjoining, the offices. Broken contracts and other deceptions are frequently encouraged. A few will have no further dealings with girls who break contracts, but only one or two apply this rule to employers. With one or two exceptions separate interview rooms are not provided. This means that an employer engages a servant in public, — a thing not permitted in any other line of work. The employer is tempted to make big promises and offer high wages, and the employee insists upon privileges, because both wish to impress their hearers. This leads later to hard feelings and broken agreements.

Of course these conditions exist only because employers patronize such offices, and it is a question if the methods of offices can be much improved until employers collaborate with them. Employers write false references out of pique, or sympathy, or refuse them because they want to keep a good girl. They neglect to return reference blanks sent to them by mail from honest offices, and every one is kept waiting for days; or they tell but half the truth when they do answer. They misrepresent conditions; then the girls upbraid the office when they find there are three children instead of none; that they must share their room with three or four others, when they were told they would have a room to themselves; and that they must help with work other than that for which they were engaged. Employers think nothing of ordering girls from half-a-dozen places, and never notifying the offices when they have secured some one. The sense of honor and obligation of contract between employers and employees, with the office as the middle man, seems hardly to exist. To "all is fair in love and war" must be added "and in servant hunting." So disloyal are employers to one another that offices which have tried to raise their standards have been abused roundly by employers and employees.

The best offices leave the question of wages entirely to the employer and em-

ployee; but where ten per cent of the first month's wages is the fee charged, they are more directly interested in high wages. Some refused to place me until I had increased my demands; and they will not introduce employers and employees when the wages offered are too low, saying they have no one. When employers offer good wages they announce to a roomful, "I want a \$30 cook." Of course all become \$30 cooks unless they demand more. So common is this dictation by the offices that some employees prefer to state no wages, knowing they will get more than they dare ask. But employers sometimes interfere with an honest office. I have seen a girl engaged at a certain wage rate, which was overheard by another employer, who, before the girl could depart, offered her more. The girl was of course dissatisfied and wanted to break her word. Then, again, a few employers pay wages which are disproportionate, or which others cannot afford. Then if an employee loses such a position she refuses all others for less; and usually she advertises the office as a place to get high wages.

Nevertheless, the case of the intelligence office is not altogether hopeless. Wherever employers intelligently insist upon certain requirements the tone of the offices is immediately improved. This raising of standards depends primarily upon the employer. Yet there are various other ways of improving these conditions, as New York has demonstrated. Induced thereto by this investigation, it has passed a model employment agency law, and established a commission, with many inspectors, to enforce its rulings. A system of model employment agencies, with improved lodging-houses, is in operation. These will aim to become educational centres as well as mediums of exchange. The best agencies have formed associations to raise the standard of the whole business. Philadelphia and Chicago have started model agencies, and Boston has one of long standing whose work is distinctly educational, as well as a good working law.

But there are conditions in household work which no law or association can remedy. So close is the relation between offices and homes that the improvement of one is for the good of the other. The intelligence office cannot completely solve the problem of household work, and the public should not be misled by those which so advertise. They are the places at which unknown employers and employees gather, some for too brief a space to receive any lasting influence, others for a long enough time to spoil them; they are training-schools for many employees; they are the places where questions of contract are decided and where opinions and preferences are expressed. But they are at best a medium of exchange. Employers and employees have a relation to one another in the home, which offices cannot control; and both have a relation to others and to the economic and social world which offices can no more influence than a store can govern the conditions of trade. Offices do indicate the extent and complexity of the problem, and they do offer the opportunity for educational work and more perfect adjustments. But do we know as much of the other two factors in the problem,—the home and the independent life of the employee? I do not believe that a first-hand study of these by an impartial body, free from the prejudices of employers, the class resentment of the employees, the greed for gain of the offices, and the fads of the theorist, has been made. Employers have not been asked to contribute of their knowledge, skill, and experience for the good of all, and employees have not cooperated for the good of one another.

So deep is this conviction, and so fragmentary is the available information about these conditions in modern cities, that a plan has been formulated for such a study and its attending educational work. The attempt is not so much to solve the problem as to examine and relate the various elements. The use of this knowledge by employers and em-

ployees may aid in a more rapid adjustment, or may at least indicate more clearly the lines where it is possible.

An Inter-Municipal Committee on Household Study, representing the three cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, will have charge of this study. Three organizations, one in each city, will support it until its usefulness can be determined. In Boston, the organization is the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union; in New York, the League for Home Economics; and in Philadelphia, the Housekeepers' Alliance. The presidents of the New York and Boston organizations, the vice president of the Philadelphia organization, a representative of the College Settlements Association and Association of Collegiate Alumnae (which grant a fellowship for the study), and the elected fellow constitute this committee, which determines the plan of study, subjects to be investigated, publications, distribution of information, and the general policy. In addition each city has its own local committee, consisting of several members, which carries out the details and has charge of the bureau of information. The Secretary of the Central Committee, who is the Fellow of the College Settlements Association and Association of Collegiate Alumnae, has direct charge of the work in the three cities for each local committee.

The bureau of information is conducted separately as in New York and Philadelphia, or in connection with the Association which supports it, as in Boston. The function of these bureaus is to gather and distribute information. Employers and employees are requested to answer questions, grant interviews, and send in any criticisms, suggestions, opinions, or experiences, and to help in other ways in gathering the needed material. Other parts of the work will be the collection and evaluation of published information, and a classification of the first-hand material gathered by the experienced field workers.

The distribution of information will

be through publications. The committee will issue its own bulletin, which will contain whatever is new, helpful, and suggestive from all parts of the country. Newspapers and magazines will be furnished with articles and stories, the object being to create a reliable source of information upon which periodicals can draw, and from which they can secure coöperation if they wish to conduct special lines of investigation. There will be directories and lists, of value to householders, such as those of reliable employment agencies, lists of daily service workers, information upon advertising, etc. Statistics, papers, carefully edited references, and lecturers will be furnished to individuals, clubs, associations, and other organizations. Lecturers will be registered, and the data of the committee placed at their disposal. Papers will be prepared and writers assisted. Coöperative work, such as furthering conferences, arranging club programmes and meetings, stimulating or assisting in various other related lines of research, legislation, and educational work, will be undertaken.

The field of study has not been fully outlined, but it will cover the phases necessary to make it complete. Of first importance is the source of supply. Immigration is the important factor here, and there are changes in the proportionate nationality of arriving immigrants, in methods of finding them work, in their distribution after reaching this country, and in the effect of restriction, which vitally affect the household. The characteristics, occupations, and preferences of American girls, and the districts from which they come, must be considered, and there are some nice questions in the use and adaptation of negroes to service in Northern homes. The Japanese and Chinese are also becoming factors of importance. A further study of the methods by which positions and help are obtained is essential, and includes employment agencies, advertising, the relation of employers to one another, and the coöperation of employees with one another.

Some of the most vital conditions of household service are quite unexplored. These may be divided into three groups, — sanitary, economic, and social, and will include the study of hotels, restaurants, and boarding-houses as well as private houses. This will prove a difficult part of the investigation, for employees will be suspicious, and many employers will not see that it is not individual homes, or publicity of names, which are required, but a large number, composing the various groups, which make the results valuable. In the sanitary group fall the various questions of housing, food and its service, exercise, bathing facilities, and the general effect of various kinds of household work upon health. Many years ago, when conditions of work in cities were radically different, housework was the most healthful occupation. Recent studies in tuberculosis, and along other lines, at least open this subject to question.

Most of the study already made has been upon the economic and social conditions. Economic conditions include such subjects as hours, wages, kinds and methods of work, standards of competency, and rewards; while the social group involves such matters as privileges, customs, rights, opportunities, vacations, supervision of free time by employers, etc. It is very desirable that the attitude of various classes of employers and employees toward certain questions should be known, and attempts will be made to secure these through letters and interviews.

The status of the employer must be known in order to understand other factors, and, for the employee, such facts as associates, standards of honesty, training, protection in homes, etc., are very essential. The life of the employee when outside the employer's home, as it concerns clothing, luxuries, organizations, recreations, savings, and housing when unemployed, is a field of importance. Other subjects which seem essential are legislation and organizations affecting both classes; experiments, such as coöperative housekeeping, daily service employees,

etc., and solutions which have been proposed or attempted. In addition there are some special subjects which must be included, as nurse girls, masseuses, hair-dressers, etc., and laundries, public kitchens, prepared foods, etc. Where comparisons are desirable or possible the facts for household workers will be compared with those of employees in stores, factories, and offices. As outlined at present the study includes twelve main groups and more than fifty distinct lines of study, — all a part of the whole, but requiring different methods.

This brief outline gives some idea of the scope of such a study, — one which depends primarily upon coöperation. The

committee and the investigators start out with no theories which they wish to prove, and there are no salaried officers who might have interests other than the impartial gathering of facts. It is a simple attempt to gather the information necessary to understand the situation, by students trained in the field of research and under the direction of capable, earnest, and unprejudiced employers and employees. The object is purely educational, and not in the interest of any one class or reform. Reforms there may be, but these should be at the initiative of employers and employees if, in their judgment, the conditions found, and honestly and fairly presented warrant them.

MACHINERY AND ENGLISH STYLE

BY ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN

IN every age since written language began, rhetorical forms have been to a considerable extent influenced by the writing materials and implements which were available for man's use. This is a familiar observation in studies of the past. Is it not, then, time that somebody inquired into the effects upon the form and substance of our present-day language of the veritable maze of devices which have come into widely extended use in recent years, such as the typewriter, with its invitation to the dictation practice; shorthand, and, most important of all, the telegraph? Certainly these agencies of expression cannot be without their marked and significant influences upon English style.

Were the effects of these appliances limited to the persons actually using them such an inquiry would not be worth making. Commemoration odes will never be composed by dictation, — *Paradise Lost* to the contrary, — nor will the great pulpit orator prepare his anniversary sermons, having in view their transmis-

sion by submarine cable. However generally modern novelists and playwrights may avail themselves of the assistance of a stenographer, it seems certain that the saner and nobler literature of the world will always be written in more deliberate, and perhaps old-fashioned ways, by mechanical methods in which there has been little change from Chaucer to Kipling.

But, unfortunately, no man writes to himself alone. The makers of the popular vocabulary decree to a great extent the words which the recluse of the cloister must select. If the typewriter and the telegraph, for mechanical reasons purely, are encouraging certain words, certain arrangements of phrases, and a different dependence on punctuation, such an influence is a stone whose ripples, once set in motion, wash every shore of the sea of literature. Every rhetorician hastens to acknowledge that the most he can hope to do by his art is to reflect the best usage of the day, of which he is little more than an observer.

Granting, then, that the only effects of these mechanical agencies worth noticing come from their reflex relation to popular habits of expression, I purpose to trace some of the influences which the telegraph exercises in the choice of words and in rhetorical forms. A similar study of the various schemes of abbreviated writing derives an added importance from the fact that a universal shorthand has long been one of the dreams of orthographic reformers. While the immediate realization of this need not be feared, who can safely assert that some system may not suddenly be flashed before the public so simple and complete as to compel the attention of an utilitarian age? The effects upon literary style of all existing shorthands permit of accurate analysis. I shall also advert to some of the effects of the dictation habit which the typewriting machines have brought into vogue, to the inevitable failure of the graphophone as an agency of composition; and, incidently, chiefly as an illustration of how mechanical trifles are modifying modern English, I shall allude to some of the not inconsiderable effects of the newspaper headline.

Let us turn to shorthand first, because it is a possible agency of composition, rather than of transmission. For purposes of illustration, take the Phillips Code, which is the shorthand of the telegraphers:—

ak	acknowledge
akd	acknowledged
akg	acknowledging
akm	acknowledgment

iw	it was
ix	it is
iwr	it was reported
ixr	it is reported
iwx	it was expected
ixx	it is expected

At this second appearance to take the oath
At ts second aprc to tk t oath
 of the presidential office
f prl ofs
 there is less occasion for an extended address
tr is les oca fo an xtd-ed ads

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than there was at the
tan tr ws at t
 first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail,
fs. In a statement smw in detail,
 of the course to be pursued
f course to b pursued
 seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the
sem fitting & prp. Now, at t
 expiration of four years, during
expiration o fr yrs, dur
 which public declarations have been
wh pu declarations hbn
 constantly called forth on every
constantly cld fh on ey
 point and phase of the great contest which
pnt & phase f gt contest wh
 still absorbs the attention
still asbs t atn
 and engrosses the energies of the nation,
& engrosses t energies f nation,
 little that is new could be
lit tt is nu cd b
 presented.
ptd.

Here is a system of natural shorthand, based on the English alphabet and, therefore, very easy to learn. Many hurried writers, in their own memoranda, or in rough-draft composition, and especially college students taking notes, make “wh” for “which” and “t” for “the.” This system is merely a codification of such abbreviations. By it they are put into a strait-jacket. Its followers learn from the code book what short cuts are safe, and where complications would ensue. It thus standardizes natural abbreviations.

This, and every scheme of shorthand ever devised, offers to carry a long phrase, provided it is in frequent use, more cheaply, or with fewer strokes, than the short phrase which is unfamiliar.

To illustrate: S-c-o-t-u-s stands for the “Supreme Court of the United States,” a sign obviously made from the initials of the words represented, just as “Potus,” makes “President of the United States.” While Scotus thus stands for six words, it is impossible to have “s. c.,” its first two letters, stand alone for “Supreme Court,” because those letters are wanted for South Carolina. “Supreme Court” by itself is not abbreviated. The

"Supreme Court of the United States" is. Hence it comes to pass that the reporter who writes in code can truthfully say, as one did to me recently, "When I am in a great hurry to rush off a dispatch I always write 'the Supreme Court of the United States,' but if I have plenty of time I say simply 'the Supreme Court.'"

Fancy a system of universal shorthand in which a little effort made many words, and a greater effort fewer. This would be analogous to the long and the short haul clause of our Interstate Commerce Law. It is deemed contrary to public policy to let the railroads carry freight cheaper from Albany to Buffalo than from Albany to Syracuse; it would be equally adverse to literary policy to have any system of written expression in popular use which so discriminated in favor of the long haul. And yet every system of shorthand virtually does this. And shorthand is about as old as the art of writing. Words of most frequent use get the shortest signs. The others are not much abbreviated, but in regular systems of shorthand are "written out," as stenographers say when every sound is expressed in phonographic terms. A single stroke in Ben Pitman's stenography will make "in the first place." Similarly, t-nr-t, made without lifting the finger, is "at any rate;" t-nr-t contains all the consonant sounds of "at any rate." The vowels, of course, are of no consequence. Any less conventional phrase which might be needed to introduce a sentence could only be expressed by much greater effort. Such an arrangement puts a tremendous premium upon the inordinate use of the already overworked phrases.

There are cases in the code where the effort, or the charge, is the same for the long as for the short haul, a condition not quite so unfavorable to literary felicity. With the same number of letters, for example, written as a single word, we may say Secretary, or Secretary of State. One is "s-e-y" and the other "s-o-s," — Sey Hay or Sos Hay. Similarly, it makes no difference in effort whether we write

Sey Shaw or Sot Shaw, although Sot Shaw conveys the full official title of our nation's finance minister.

It may, perhaps, be of interest to know that while ours is a growing language, this is not a growing code. The telegraph companies forbid their operators to extemporize code words, or to use any which are not in the standard list. This rule has grown out of sad experience. Some years ago, when diplomatic complications with Italy were uppermost in the public mind, a press association sent out along its wires one night the notice of a newly coined code sign. The instructions said that the five words, "Baron Fava, the Italian Ambassador," would henceforth be written "d-a-g-o." This was rather easy to remember! But the one pupil who was absent from school the day the concert exercises were given out made himself felt in this instance. He allowed the untranslated code to slip into a prominent newspaper the next morning which announced that "a dago" had done certain things which other equally reputable newspapers were at the same time attributing to the personal representative of the august sovereign of Italy. No more emergency measures have been permitted.

In another way this premium which every scheme of shorthand puts upon the conventional forms of speech may be represented. Popular manuals of architecture tell us that in building houses there is great difference in cost between the use of stock sizes of door and window frames and of those which have to be cut out on special order. So it is with shorthand in cutting out literary forms. To be original is very wasteful of effort. An observant New England clergyman once told me that an extremely bright man in his Divinity School class, who always composed his sermons in shorthand, had in later years attracted attention because of his painful use of conventional terms and phrases. This took away much of the charm from what might otherwise have been an agreeable style. While this

experience may not be that of all who compose in this medium, that it would be the natural tendency of a universal shorthand can hardly be doubted.

While nobody would look for Addisonian passages in the stock market reports which are telegraphed over the country, the dreary monotony of their phrases furnishes something of a foretaste of the reign of abbreviated writing. In the market code the word "Hume" means "Holders unwilling to make concession." What mortal man would ever write "holders *disinclined* to make concessions," when so slight a change would involve such an amount of extra work? In short, the five pages of the market code contain about all the forms of expression and varieties of language ever seen in these market reports.

Shah, for example, means "shade higher," and *sog* means "the stock of grain on hand."

Among the many "apostrophes to labor," the all-conqueror, there should be reserved some little recognition of what we owe in our English style to the fact that the efforts involved in written and in spoken expression run along side by side at so even a ratio. Such exceptions as "through" with one syllable, and "deify" with three syllables, and fewer letters, are rare. In the main, product in writing corresponds with effort, and before we give favoring ear to any new system of abbreviated writing we should assure ourselves that this condition is retained.

The effects of the telegraph upon present-day literary forms are much more direct than those of shorthand, for, while only a few persons compose in the latter medium, a large share of the reading matter of the modern world is written by persons who necessarily have in view at the time its transmission over electric wires. The limitations of the telegraph thus vitally affect what the present age is reading. Nor are their relations to literary form less distinct than those of shorthand.

Textbooks in rhetoric discuss learnedly the principles which should govern our

choice as between the rugged old Saxon words, made familiar in earliest childhood, and the longer ones of classic origin. Rhetoricians explain that, while in general the simplest words are the best, we should be chiefly governed by the effect which we aim to produce. But so far as I have been able to see, they pay no heed, as a practical agency affecting choice in the modern world, to the greater adaptability of the long word for telegraphic transmission, and hence of its liability to encroach upon the field of the simpler Saxon in popular usage, and so in the mental habits of the time.

There are two reasons for preferring the big word in telegraphing,—its greater accuracy and its economy from a pecuniary point of view. The latter consideration does not amount to much, since wires are often leased by the hour, and publications which are willing to pay for an extensive telegraphic service would not bother with petty differences of cost any more than any reader would think, in sending a message to New York, of the more specific information which could be conveyed for a quarter through the medium of ten long words.

But errors in transmission are the constant dread of the extensive user of the telegraph. Half-unconsciously he comes to prefer those words which experience teaches him go through safely. He may not be aware that this influence is operative, when he decides to write "superintendent" instead of "head," or "overseer" instead of "chief," because of the fewer chances that either of these long words will be confused at any point in the journey with something varying in perhaps a single letter. The long word throws out more life-lines. A slight mistake in its transmission does not vitiate its meaning.

The story is familiar of the New York commission merchant who telegraphed his factor: "Cranberries rising. Send at once 50 barrels, per Simmons," meaning by way of a certain Mr. Simmons who was the New Orleans agent. In a few

days a consignment arrived from the Southern factor, but with the plaintive suggestion that not another barrel of persimmons could be had for love or money in the entire state. The courts were not in this instance asked to decide whether the cost of an attempt to corner the market could be charged to the telegraph company for failing to take note of the "constructive recess" between per and Simmons.

Most jurymen would have said that the New York merchant was little less than idiotic to use a word so clearly open to error. So would the journalist be guilty of contributory negligence if he failed, after long experience, to make some selections in recognition of so obvious a danger. He will not, for example, send the word "previson," because somebody who handles the word on its journey would be almost sure to change it to the more familiar "provision." Whenever two words are thus closely alike, one in common use and the other rare, only the former can with thorough safety be sent by telegraph. The wires are thus constantly shrinking the popular vocabulary, hastening the retirement of words of the less useful sort. Of all the pres and pros and ins and uns, the word of less familiar use is the one liable to be transformed to its already overworked rival. To the word that hath uses shall be given is a principle of the wires, applied with a vengeance. The writer who tried to be so fastidious as to describe a person by wire as "unmoral," would have as the reward of his pains at the other end of the line the ordinary term "immoral." Subjunctive moods, implying something contrary to reality, drop out in the same way. The writer who desires to convey this notion must do it in some less delicate way.

Only one operator among a considerable number needs to change from a less to a more familiar word, and it never gets back. Moreover, a word need fail but one time in ten to become objectionable to careful writers. So important is this

subject that the latest editions of Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary* contain a section on the most common telegraphic errors. The author cites the importance of unraveling this class of mistakes as one of the greatest uses of a classification of words by the groups of letters with which they end rather than by their initials.

The noun "cant," this book shows, may be made "tenant" without any change whatever except in the spaces between the dots and dashes of the first letter. How much safer the longer word "jargon," or, better still, "hypocritical speech," would in these circumstances be! It is not important to discuss these errors here, more than to allude to this recognition by the dictionary-makers of the important place in modern life of the telegrapher's eccentricities.

This agency, then, encourages big words and the overworked words. Its tendency is thus against the widening of the popular vocabulary, a misfortune too patent to need comment. It is an axiom of the rhetoricians that the power to express many and various shades of thought and feeling rests on the possession of a large and well-managed vocabulary. Many of our words already have so many meanings as to be subject to constant misinterpretation. It has been argued that half of the petty disputes of mankind may be traced in the last analysis to a different understanding of the language involved in the issue between the disputants. Examples of this are familiar.

But a greater effect of the telegraph on rhetorical forms arises from its relation to punctuation. Only the most obvious stops can be depended on; hence, one accustomed to this method of transmission learns to put sentences into such shape that they punctuate themselves, avoiding forms which could be completely overturned in sense by neglect of a period or by its conversion into a comma. The adverbial phrase at the beginning of a sentence is especially dangerous, because it so readily adapts itself to the end of the sentence before, with results that may be

amusing or amazing. It is always safer to have sentences begin directly, and even abruptly, with the noun which is their subject. Much of the graceful elision of one sentence into the next is lost by this requirement. Where each sentence stands out as distinct as a brick the literary passage will have the aspect of a brick wall.

Lest these should seem plausible but unsupported theories I will compare some actual narration which has gone over the telegraph lines or the cables, with prose composed when no such requirement was in view. *Collier's Weekly*, for February 6, 1904, presented the first cable message from Mr. Frederick Palmer, its correspondent in Japan, and a writer of more than ordinary grace and polish. His dispatch consisted of fifteen sentences.

These begin as follows:—

The Nation is
It seems
There is
If troops are being moved
It is not
Their movements do
The government is
All these preparations are
There was never
If transports or troops are being
All partisanship has been
No word is obtainable
War preparations proceed
Such unity of preparation and control is un-
exampled
It is as if.

Not a single sentence here begins with an adverbial or adjective phrase. The only two sentences that begin with anything but the subject plain and direct are those having an adverbial clause, "if troops are being moved" in one, and "if transports or troops are being concentrated" in the other. In neither of these could the adverbial phrase be attached to the preceding sentence. If it could have been Mr. Palmer would not have sent it.

In George Bancroft's account of the battle of Lexington nearly half of the sentences, by actual count, begin with a

qualifying phrase of some sort. Here are a few of them:—

On the afternoon of the day
In the following night
A little beyond Charlestown Neck Revere was
At two in the morning, under the eye of
the minister and of Hancock and Adams,
Lexington common was.

I have before me an Associated Press dispatch from Seoul consisting of three hundred words compressed into eleven sentences. Every one, except the last, begins squarely with its subject. Let us contrast this abrupt, uniform, monotonous method of narration with some exceedingly familiar sentences of another sort, and think what the telegrapher's objection to them would be.

"With all his faults — and they were neither few nor small — only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation" —

An adverbial phrase which you will notice could grammatically be attached to the preceding sentence just as well.

"Where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey, which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place, etc. — This was not to be.

"Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen.

"Behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones" —

Please notice how the conversion of the comma after Daylesford into a full stop would make two entirely grammatical sentences, as follows:—

"Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford.

"In earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely extended name."

It is clear that Macaulay's prose would be badly twisted on the wires. He sometimes, to be sure, writes a considerable

passage in crisp, short, periodic sentences. This is a part of his art, to show the rapid movement of events. But he would have dreaded to be tied down to such a style always.

So marked a difference in the manner of stringing sentences together between that employed by Macaulay and Bancroft, on the one hand, and by two present-day correspondents on the other, I maintain, is not altogether due to the varying literary standards of these writers, but is in part accounted for by the conditions under which they severally write. In the lines which I have quoted Bancroft and Macaulay could trust their punctuation absolutely; their obscurest comma had the strength of Gibraltar. Mr. Palmer and the Seoul correspondent, in their painful loneliness on the other side of the globe, were deprived of all those consolations which faith in punctuation marks can give.

It seems clear that, as our language has progressed, more and more dependence has been placed on the punctuation. It has done more work; delicate shades of meaning have been conveyed by the visual image which the punctuation itself makes. This tendency, then, is in process of checking, so far as the telegraph operates to affect present-day usage.

When the wires slight punctuation they do rhetorical form an injury for which nothing can atone. From earliest childhood catch phrases have been familiar in which the meaning depended wholly on the location of a comma. Important cases have gone to the courts hanging on the punctuation of a tariff bill. The most discussed regulation of liquor traffic in Massachusetts to-day is known as the "Semi-colon" Law.

The English language is peculiarly rich in its connective parts of speech. These give the skillful writer an opportunity for the widest play of his art, in expressing the most delicate shades of conjunctive and disjunctive relation. Much of this is endangered by the wires. For example, the use of "and" and "but" as

the first words of sentences, while ordinarily not desirable, on occasions suggests a relation for which there is no ready substitute.

It is rather hard to give specific illustrations where the meaning of an "And" which begins with a capital does not approximate to that of an "and" in the middle of a sentence, and separated from what precedes it by a comma. The most that we can say in these cases is that one form is better than the other.

"Your fathers, where are they? And do they live forever?"

How much better it is to have this second question stand off from the first as it does when made a new sentence and not a coordinate part of the preceding one. Of the thirty-one verses of the first chapter of Genesis, King James Version, twenty-nine begin with "And," following a period. Such illustrations show that "and" and "but," usually interior words, may be needed at the beginning of a sentence, a practice which the wires discourage. A writer dependent on them would feel safer to convey this conjunctive relation in some other form, necessarily by more blunt methods. Because the usual place of "and" and "but" is in the middle of a sentence the telegraph inclines to keep them there. It would thus send language into ruts which are already too deep.

The telegraph, it should be remembered, performs some good services for English style. The periodic sentence, the clean-cut sentence, the readily understood sentence are at a premium on the telegraph. It thus serves clearness and force rather than elegance.

The invention of the typewriter has given a tremendous impetus to the dictating habit, especially among business men. The more ephemeral literary productions of the day are dictated, sometimes to a stenographer for transcription, and often directly to the machine. In either case the literary effects of the dictating habit are too manifest to need elaboration. The standards of spoken

language, which in the days of the past stood out in marked contrast with the terseness and precision of written composition, giving rise to the saying that no good speech ever read well, have crossed over to the printed page. This means not only greater diffuseness, inevitable with any lessening of the tax on words which the labor of writing imposes, but it also brings forward the point of view of the one who speaks. There is the disposition on the part of the talker to explain, as if watching the facial expression of his hearers to see how far they are following. This attitude is not lost when his audience becomes merely a clicking typewriter. It is no uncommon thing in the typewriting booths at the Capitol in Washington to see Congressmen in dictating letters use the most vigorous gestures as if the oratorical methods of persuasion could be transmitted to the printed page.

The graphophone has been long enough before the public to make very clear its limitations. It is useful in transcription, but worthless in composition, and unless radically amended will always be useless. In its present form it is used at the National House of Representatives and among the court reporters, who read their stenographic notes into it; girls, with sounders over their ears, and playing the keys of the typewriter, turn the records into printed form. They regulate the speed exactly as they wish to write. In this respect it is ideal.

But the failure of the graphophone for composition arises from the unwillingness of a human being to be left behind in a race. The waxen wheel begins to spin; the person dictating must either keep pace with its rapid rotations, or bring it to a standstill. Such a race is not an invitation to careful thought or accurate utterance. Of all the devices to encourage verbosity and carelessness, this is without doubt the worst that has ever been invented. The graphophone is, therefore, not one of the present-day agencies modifying English style; but the rea-

son for this is that it does not have the chance.

One other agency shows how trifles in mechanism may still have an influence on English usage. My attention was called to this not long ago by a serious editorial in the literary supplement of a substantial newspaper, discussing whether the word "tie-up" had obtained a sufficient footing in the language to be permissible. It was at the time of the coal strike, and some purist had objected to the prevalent use of the word. This editorial took the other view, giving as a weighty reason that the word was indispensable in making headlines, and so had earned a place for itself in English usage.

The headline writer enjoys in effect a form of poetic license. His constant study is to present the most salient and attractive feature of a dispatch in a series of words which may be spelled in perhaps twenty-two letters. It is letters, rather than words, that count with him, and he also has to give a special rating to M's and W's. When a leading newspaper recently changed its type, cutting its number of headline letters down to twenty, its veteran employees in this department narrowly escaped becoming maniacs; their whole mental machinery was completely disarranged; they were compelled to look at everything in the world at an angle of twenty twenty-seconds.

The chase for a great deal of meaning with a few letters has led to the revival of some words which would otherwise have gone into complete disuse. Dr. Hornaday tried vainly to get the New York newspapers to say Zoölogical Park instead of "Zoo" when he began to give them material about it. They said that "Zoo" was essential in headlines, and by implication what was useful there could not be wholly tabooed elsewhere. It was the old story of the camel's head under the tent, to use a figure suggested by zoological parks. "Sans" as a preposition is doubtless gaining some headway because of this need. "Wed" is a great headline word.

"Jap," just now, for a Japanese seems destined in this way to be pushed toward general use. And the public reads the headlines; their influence is contagious. So is that of most of the mechanical agencies of the present day.

If I seem to exaggerate the effect of these agencies, or to overrate the part which they play in the development of present-day usage, I can only plead in extenuation the priceless heritage of English speech which it is ours to conserve. It is not the vanguards of the on-coming forces, but the richness of the treasures behind the citadels that give importance

to such a survey. Wider than Britain's Empire and our great stretches of territory is the dominion of the English tongue, rich with the spoils of its honorable conquest. Its words and forms have been gathered, alike from the patois of savages and the languages of every civilization, old and new. Certainly there can be no such thing as trifles and no considerations deserving to be called unimportant among the influences which affect in any degree the growth and permanency of our English, with its comprehensive and elastic vocabulary, and the splendid richness of its rhetorical forms.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED

BY WILL PAYNE

COURT was already in session when the Eldons returned from Europe; but the judge, while at once taking his place on the bench, preferred to spend a month at the north shore cottage, going in to the city in the morning and returning to the cottage at night. He was fond of the north shore, which still kept its summer green.

Dinner over, he laid his wife's hand on his arm and led her to the veranda with a kind of familiar chivalry. She stood by as a matter of course while he pushed her chair to a better view of the lake and touched up the pillows.

He put his own chair on the other side of the door, lifted his neatly booted foot to the porch pillar, lit a cigar, and took in the smoke in calm luxury. The view included the neat lawn with its shrubbery, the white band of shore road, a bit of sand, and the expanse of lake, still as glass, and giving a pearly glow in the dying daylight. Lulling twilight smells of the woods and water spread up to them. The scene was full of a rich repose, and this suited the judge's mood very well.

His fortune had reached a flood as full

and rich as the hour. His affairs were in prosperous order. The six months abroad had greatly benefited his wife. She was now better than for ten years, and with good conditions a complete recovery was promised. His daughter's engagement was in every way satisfactory. And the day before Hanford had telegraphed to her the single word, "Success." This meant that the President had agreed to appoint Judge Eldon to the vacant place in the Supreme Court of the United States.

He was then fifty-two, hardly of medium height, and lean, with slightly stooping shoulders. His long face was smooth-shaven, high-colored, and deeply wrinkled for one of his age. His nose was large, arched, and almost red,—a nose of power and dignity, which, with his bright blue eyes and large, half-bald head, gave the character of an urbane distinction that was one's first impression of him. He smoked with deliberate luxury, and was content to let his mind swim with a happy idleness on the full tide of his fortune.

In a moment Anne came out, vigor-

ously floating in her beruffled linen dress. She was a little taller than her father, and gracefully energetic. Her hair was sandy, and in a better light there were traces of freckles on her fair cheeks. She moved a rug briskly with her foot and sat down at the top of the wide stairs that led to the veranda, leaning against the pillar on which her father's foot rested. The judge glanced down at her, his mellow and idling mind smiling approvingly.

She spoke as one who suddenly remembers something.

"Father, do you know of the case of a young man arrested, or indicted for some connection with a lottery,—a young man named Edward Bunner?"

At the name a shadow fell upon the judge's smiling fortune. "No," he said quickly and interrogatively.

"I thought perhaps it would be in your court," she explained,—some way he wished she would look at him, but she kept her eyes to the view. "I understand the indictment was for using the mails for the lottery, or whatever it was."

The silence seemed long to the judge. He nervously flicked the ash from his cigar. "What do you know about it?" he demanded, almost irritably, so that she did look around, turning her graceful neck, with a mild surprise.

"Of course I've lost the run of the court business," he added apologetically.

"Why, Laura Daniels told me about it yesterday morning," she said; "and then Mitty's telegram came and I forgot about it. I met this Mr. Bunner last fall, a year ago, at the Wayside. Some of the men had him out. It seems he's a Yale man,—or was until there was a scrape over cards and he had to leave. I sat beside him at dinner and danced with him. I remembered it so well because afterwards there was a good deal of talk about his having been there. Some thought him not fit,—on account of the card scrape, partly, although I know some nice men stand up for him in that, and, partly, I fancy, on account of his people. It seems his father has a good deal of money, but

is in something rather shady,—a bucket-shop, is n't it?"

Judge Eldon nodded.

"So it was said he should n't have been asked. But I'm sure I thought him nice. I remember his jolly brown eyes and white teeth under a little mustache, for he was laughing all the time. Others of the girls thought him nice, too. So when Laura told me this, it interested me."

Mrs. Eldon spoke in her soft, even voice. "Bunner, Arthur? Was n't that the name of the odd couple that used to come out to see us, or you, rather, of a Sunday,—the fat man you'd known in the boarding-house?"

"It was the name," said the judge. "I fancy this is their son."

"I judge they are getting rather promiscuous at the Wayside then," was Mrs. Eldon's comment.

"Are n't we all more or less promiscuous, mamma?" the girl asked.

"Possibly, but not that promiscuous, my dear," said Mrs. Eldon.

The women seemed to have completely dropped the subject, and, again, Anne was mildly surprised when her father prompted: "Laura told you, you say"—

"Why, Laura's account was that he had backed some gambling men in starting this lottery arrangement, whatever it was,—had given them the money to start it and shared the profits. It seems it was an awful swindle and a great many people lost money through it, and the two gambling men ran away, and some clerk told about Mr. Bunner being a partner, and he was caught. I thought it would be in your court."

Judge Eldon cleared his throat. "I suppose it will be in my court if it's a mails case," he said.

The subject was dropped. The judge looked out at the lake, smoking quite mechanically. It darkened within his mind faster than without. Out of the gray flood of his fortune something arose, took form, presented itself to him sombrely. This feeling of the incursion of the ominous thing was so acute that when the shabby

cab from the station rattled up in the dusk he knew whom it would bring. He was even faintly surprised when only one figure — a woman's — alighted and came up the lawn, instead of the two he had expected. He awaited her with helplessness.

She made out his figure as she approached, and came straight up the steps to him, ignoring the mother and daughter. He arose and bowed.

"I wish to speak to you," she said, her back to the women.

He bowed again, conducted her through the invitingly roomy hall to the library, where he shut the door and turned on the light.

He noted, mechanically, that she had grown somewhat stout, but kept her rather fine, full-blown figure. Her black hair was peppered with gray under the large hat. Her bold black eyes under their heavy brows glowed at him with a large passion. The many jet ornaments on her silk cape jingled slightly as she moved, and he saw — some way it seemed very pathetic — that she wore big diamonds in her ears. She ignored the courteous suggestion of his hand to a seat.

"What are you going to do with my boy?" she demanded. He felt the settled passion in her controlled voice as he had seen it in her eyes.

"Perhaps it hardly remains with me to do anything, Mrs. Bunner." He threw up the first little defense that came to him. He saw the muscles of her jaw harden with the effort at self-control, and her eyes snapped.

"You mean you will let it alone?"

He considered a moment, and spoke frankly. "I am infinitely sorry. But you should not come to me — the court — with a suggestion. Don't you see?"

It took her an instant to get the point. Then her lips drew in a wintry smile. "It would be a little crooked, eh — if you said beforehand what you were going to do? It would n't be up to your fine character?"

Her sarcasm was plain enough. He answered mildly, "I have nothing to say

to you in defense of the character of Arthur Eldon. But I am the court. To pledge myself beforehand" — The vexatiousness of the situation came to him. He threw up his hand. "Oh, why did you come here, Mrs. Bunner?"

"Because I am mad." She flung down the statement with a superb pride. "What would you have done if I had left it to you? What have you always done before? You took the money and my husband went to jail. After he got out you could have helped him. You had a fine wife and a fine position. It is n't so easy for a man out of jail. He had a wife, too, you know. You turned your fine backs on us. Never mind that" — for she saw he was about to interrupt. "If we weren't up to your class that was our fault, of course. But I wanted my boy started right. He would have plenty of money and an education. A little help would have got him all the start he needed. I swallowed my pride and tried again. You know how well I succeeded."

The judge was looking down, but he said quietly, "I dare say no one knows better than you that one's wife does n't always take the view one recommends."

"It's true enough that I don't take Adam's view," she replied. "There is n't an atom of resentment in his body. You know that, Arthur Eldon. No doubt your wife was to blame, not you. But it's you now. My boy stands just where you stood twenty-seven years ago. Only his friends did n't keep their mouths shut and take the punishment, as Adam did. They ran away. It's you, now. You can save him as his father saved you, only without its costing you anything. I know how you can turn your fine back. I'm not on my knees begging anything from you, Arthur Eldon" —

Her controlled voice choked for a moment. She trembled all over so that her jet ornaments tinkled and the pathetic diamonds shook in her ears.

"I want justice for my boy. I want you to pay what you owe, and save him from" — She lost her voice an instant.

"My God! his father was in jail, too. Do you understand that? I want justice, and I will have it. I've kept the old memoranda. I can prove everything."

Her eyes burned and her bosom moved with her quick breathing as she confronted him, struggling to keep herself in hand.

"I am not good-natured Adam Bunner," she added in a steadier voice. "I am mad."

Judge Eldon raised his eyes. It was very painful for him to look at her; but his face was firm, his bright blue eyes met her impassioned gaze with an inflexible steadiness. He spoke very quietly. "Mrs. Bunner, I will make you no promise tonight. It was unfortunate that you came here. I assure you it will do no good to pursue this subject further at this time. You must leave it with me."

She seemed ready to strike him, and bit her lip hard.

"Yes, I must leave it with you," she said, after a moment. "I will leave it with you. But I'm going to have justice. You can save my boy or go down with him." She turned to the door, but added, over her shoulder, "I have the papers, not Adam." With that she went out rapidly, never looking at the two women on the porch.

After a few minutes Judge Eldon went to the sideboard, took a small drink of whiskey, and walked out on the porch.

The two women were looking at him inquiringly, so he explained at once: —

"That was the young man's mother, — Mrs. Bunner. I knew her and her husband long ago. It was very painful."

They understood a mother's impossible plea and sympathized with the judge.

"I remembered her at once," said Mrs. Eldon in her soft voice. "But she gave me no opportunity to show it. Her manners seem not to improve with age."

After a moment the girl spoke up musingly: "To face a sentence to jail, — how dreadful that must be."

The judge made no comment, and they understood that he did not wish to speak

of it further, so they fell silent. Judge Eldon mechanically resumed his cigar.

Anne was the first to see the yellow dragon-eyes of the automobile advancing through the wood, and when the machine did not turn off at the corner, but held on toward their cottage, she sprang up.

"It's Mitty," she said, and no one would have needed an interpreter of the joy in her voice.

She ran down the steps and was at the gate by the time Mitchell Hanford reached it from the other side. He looked even bigger than common in his broad-brimmed, low-crowned, stiff straw hat and light, baggy suit. He took her hands.

"You got my wire?" he asked.

Not answering, she looked up at him with fond eyes, smiling a little. "It was fine, Mitty. I'm very glad — and very glad to see you."

"Oh! But if I had failed?" His joyous laugh rang out as he teased her.

She took his arm and brushed her cheek against his shoulder, as if to say that he could joke as much as he pleased but he knew better.

She was twenty-four. Mitchell Hanford, editor of the *Daily Republican*, was eleven years older. He had an assured manner, the air of coming from among men, and his attitude toward the girl was in keeping. They were jolly friends together, without much love-making. A pressure of the hands, a kiss for good-night was all, as though they trusted each other so fully that pledges were unnecessary. The girl told herself that this was partly why she adored him.

They came up to the porch together. Hanford went at once to Mrs. Eldon. His hand rested on the back of her chair and he stooped a little as he spoke to her, laughing. There was something indefinitely protecting in this, like a good son. As she looked up into his handsome, laughing face, full of strength and good-humor, she felt that she was to have a good son and was glad.

Even Judge Eldon, as Hanford shook

his hand, laughing, felt vaguely comforted amid his trouble. The other man's warm and powerful current lightened his chill.

"It was managed very handsomely, Mitty," he said in acknowledgment.

Mrs. Eldon drew the shawl up on her shoulders with a gesture simple but oddly proud. "It was his due," she said. "There could have been no real competitors."

Hanford laughed. "That's true. It took only a little time to convince the President that the other fellows were mere imitations, — especially as Illinois is going to be very important in the fall elections."

The girl walked down the veranda, waiting for him, and when he joined her she asked at once, "Did you really have much trouble?" She had an eager woman's interest in these men's affairs of his. It seemed to her that it would be impossible to have an unplaced, unimportant youth for a lover.

"Oh, not much," he answered lightly, "except that Aguinaldo bobbed up as usual." Aguinaldo was his name for Hargass, the junior Senator from Illinois, who was always at outs with the party organization. "He was very modest — for him. He would agree to Judge Eldon's appointment provided the vacant district court judgeship be handed over to his hopeful brother-in-law Durkin. Otherwise he would raise a row and hang up the confirmation in the Senate."

"The President would n't like that," she said.

"Naturally the President would n't like to have his nominee for the Supreme Court openly opposed by the junior Senator from the nominee's own state. So Dick took Aguinaldo up into a high mountain — and pushed him off. That is, he agreed to get Durkin the nomination for West Town Collector next year. You see, Dick has already agreed to let the professional reformers pass their perennial bill to abolish the office this winter, — so next year there won't be any collec-

torship." He tilted back his head and laughed again.

She smiled a little over his free-handed zest for the game.

"So it all came out beautifully, you see," he added. He was sitting on the veranda rail and had taken off his hat.

She leaned against him, slipped her arm over his shoulder, and kissed his cheek lightly. "But it is n't nice to have to do those things, is it, Mitty?"

He understood that she was coaxing him to be good, and he was rather surprised at her view of it.

"Well, you see, I needed that Supreme Court appointment — to bring home to you," he answered, half in earnest.

Two days later as Judge Eldon sat alone in his chambers, Smoot came in.

The famous criminal lawyer was of a large and heavy figure. One noticed at once his thick lips and blunt nose. His ears, under the mane of dust-colored hair, were small and odd-shaped. His entrance impressed the judge disagreeably, as the approach of a dirty object impresses a fastidious man. He did not speak or rise, but looked impassively at the lawyer, as if to ask his business. Judge Eldon was one of those who had never paid an amiable deference to Smoot's enormous success. He knew the man for a black-guard, and did not, like most of the others, act as though he thought him a gentleman because he was rich and powerful.

He knew that Smoot was too acute to overlook the coolness of his manner, but the big lawyer hitched a chair over, sat down at the judge's elbow, tossed his light felt hat to the table, and crossed his legs as comfortably as though he had been solicitously invited.

"I came to tell the court my troubles," Smoot began calmly. "You know I'm defending young Bunner in this lottery case."

A shock of apprehension went through the judge's heart. Smoot's eyes, of a light gray color, were upon his with a look indescribably impudent and alert, and there was an odd, angry struggle in the judge's

mind against the startled question that leaped into his own eyes and which he knew Smoot to be watching for.

"I want to arrange with you for a hearing in chambers of an argument to quash the indictment," said Smoot coolly as before.

"Why in chambers?" the judge demanded with sternness.

"There's a woman in the case," said the lawyer. "She's a holy terror, too. It's the boy's mother. Unless you'll give me an order to gag her, I can't keep her from making a scene in court if the case should go against her son."

"I dare say the court will be able to preserve order," said Judge Eldon dryly. His bright blue eyes now met the lawyer's impudent look firmly. He saw it plainly enough. Smoot knew — and was stirring him around with a dirty finger preparatory to pushing him into a hole. He felt a nausea over this nasty intrusion upon the innermost part of his life, — the smutty-handed Smoot playing at toss and catch with his conscience and honor. He was sick, but his eyes were firm.

"I suppose the trusty bailiff will be on hand," the lawyer replied composedly. He picked a thread from his coat. "The fact is, it's something personal. She wants to pitch into the court and unbosom herself to the newspapers to the extent of a front page or so — with pictures and a diagram marked with a cross to show the spot. Nobody wants anything of that sort, except this crazy woman — and the newspapers, of course. I can't avoid a certain responsibility. At a hearing in chambers" —

"Why not a hearing in open court if it's to be agreed beforehand that the indictment is to be quashed? That's what you mean, is n't it?"

The insolent light gray eyes examined the judge's face, and with a manner which for perfect impudence could not have been bettered, Smoot replied, "Well, you know, judge, that earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons judgment."

"As an attorney you put yourself in an extraordinary position."

"Oh, my position now is friend of the court, you see."

"Any suggestion as to the disposition of the case must be made in court. I think there is nothing further to say, Mr. Smoot."

Smoot looked at the judge, believed he had him limned, and let the twinkle of a hidden smile show in his eyes. "I suppose there is nothing more to say — until a motion is made to take the case from the jury," he answered cheerfully, and picked up his hat.

Judge Eldon watched the large figure out of the door. He was thinking bitterly: "It was like a mad woman first to come to me, then to bring in this blackguard."

That night at the dinner-table he was absent-minded, a thing most unusual with him. Once or twice he noticed Anne looking at him questioningly. After dinner he stepped to the veranda, but at once went inside and to the library. After a moment he came into the hall and sat alone, without smoking, staring at the door. Several times Anne's figure, on the veranda, came into view and he looked at her with a strange, increasing interest. He tried the library again, and came back into the hall, standing by the library door. When Anne came tripping in for a shawl she saw him standing there, looking at her.

It was in his usual voice that he said, "I should like to see you, Anne."

He closed the library door after her, and motioned to a seat. As she was taking the seat he said abruptly, "Do you suppose you could get your mother to go to California with you, this week, for the winter?"

She understood that some strange upheaval threatened; but she forbore to ask a question, replying simply, "I will try if you wish, father. You know how it taxes her to travel, and she has just come home."

Her steadiness pleased him. He paced across the room, his head down, came

back to the fireplace, and looked at her earnestly.

"You spoke of the case of Edward Bunner. His mother came here to see me, you remember."

"Yes," she said, every fibre attention. She saw how he passed his hand nervously over his chin,—her urbane, composed father,—and her heart beat fast.

He put both hands behind him and took his wrist in custody as was his custom when making a speech that required fixed thinking, and faced her squarely.

"I once lived in the same boarding-house with Adam Bunner, this boy's father. I was a young man then, just admitted to the bar and trying to get a foothold here in the city. It was pretty slow work. Bunner was a good-natured, careless, sporty young man. I found him interesting. He was running some sort of game where he sold a magic hair restorer or something like that by putting advertisements in the country papers and getting people to send him a dollar for a sample package. Of course it was the merest swindle. That was part of the joke to Bunner. I suppose this swindle and Bunner's attitude more or less amused me, too. I had something of an outlook in very good society, thanks to a letter I had brought, and I had a taste for that. I had met your mother and fallen very much in love with her at the first. I was then earning about a hod-carrier's wages in the law office, and it was a pretty desperate fight to keep up the front that seemed necessary if I was to go on with your mother and her friends. I had a little money from my mother. By the time I got through school and came in here there was a thousand dollars left for the campaign, and by the time I am telling you of half that was gone and I was getting blue. Remember I was a youth then, about your age, much in love, and with all a youth's impatience. In short, I was ripe for a reckless stroke. Well, Bunner had talked with me several times. He had a brand-new scheme. He was around the race tracks more or less and knew a good many sporty

men. He proposed to get up a sort of blind pool to bet on the races. His magic hair restorer was keeping him going, but he had no ready money at the time. I lent him my five hundred dollars to start his scheme."

His eyes had not left hers. So far her face had shown only a kind of wonder. It did not change now. The judge moistened his lips and went on firmly:—

"I cannot say now that I gave myself much concern over it. I believe I was more anxious lest I lose my money than over anything else. I did not go much into the details of the scheme; but I knew perfectly that it was going to be more or less a swindle, for Bunner was that sort. I believed that he would win, for he was that sort, too. We called it simply a loan of money. I refused to have it any other way. Bunner laughed and let it go at that, for shouldering moral responsibilities was quite in his line. Yet I knew well enough that he proposed to return me my money at least several fold out of his winnings.

"Well, Bunner extended his patronage of the country newspapers, only instead of selling people hair restorer he sold them shares in his pool. The scheme was remarkably successful. At intervals Bunner handed me over various sums of money,—interest on the loan, he said, although the interest amounted to many times the principal. With the money that Bunner thus handed over I maintained myself and pursued such social advantages as I had. This was a great help to me professionally. Most of all I was able to keep my place as suitor to your mother, and less than two years after the loan to Bunner I married her. She had a considerable property, as you know, and with the connections of her family I was very well on my feet. Even before that, from time to time, I had promised myself that I would formally end the connection with Bunner by telling him the loan was canceled. Bunner, however, was busy preparing another and larger scheme and giving less attention to the pool. In short, for six months before my marriage I

scarcely saw him or heard from him. I was taken up with other matters, as you may suppose, and I had a light-hearted disposition that easily absolved itself from care. He sent me a sum of money just before the wedding. I was much too busy to return it. Besides, it came in handily for the wedding journey to Europe. While we were on that journey Bunner was indicted for a fraudulent use of the mails. His whole pool swindle was exposed. I got back and found him under bonds and about to stand trial."

The judge's eye had been growing harder as the girl's eyes quailed, as though her shrinking nerved him to cut steadily and to the bone.

"It was worse than I had ever suspected. I had supposed all along that it was a more or less dubious game played by a superior gambler upon inferior ones, — the sort of merry dog-eat-dog affair that one would expect of Bunner. But there is no doubt that many poor, foolish people were caught in the net. No one can tell who, for such records as existed were destroyed at the first sign of trouble. So the undiscoverable losses of many poor people whose money I had spent still stand in the account. Of course I saw Bunner. He had acted toward me with that loyalty which is part of his character. He had never mentioned my name. He said, 'It won't do any good to drag you into this.' I did all I could to get him ably defended, but it was a clear enough case. He was fined five thousand dollars and given a year in jail. I tried to get him a pardon, but failed. When he came out of jail he married the young woman who had been his secretary, and who knew all about our relations. I made an attempt — half-heartedly, perhaps — to interest your mother in Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bunner. You can guess how they struck her, especially with the jail mark. Bunner and his wife are intelligent. After a trial or two they came no more. Bunner went into several things, all dubious but within the law, and finally into this bucket-shop. He has made a lot of money.

Their son grew up. If the mother then wanted the social recognition which she thought due to her income, I believe it was more on her son's account than her own. I would, honestly, have done much to help her. But you can understand your mother's attitude. Mrs. Bunner thinks I turned my back on them. Perhaps when all is said and done I did. But one can't socially turn his back on his wife. Well, the son, it seems, rather takes after his father. At any rate, he went into this lottery scheme with some gambling friends, young Bunner furnishing the money. They ran away and left him to face the charge. So Edward Bunner now stands just where I stood almost thirty years ago, except that he has been found out and is coming up for trial next week — before me. Mrs. Bunner demands that I discharge the young man and pay my debt. She threatens, otherwise, to disclose the old connection. She has some documentary evidence of it, too."

He saw the pale girl at the table, her lips slightly apart, a line of pain down the centre of her forehead, staring in bewilderment at a strange man, a man she had never seen before, who had somehow slipped into her father's skin. As the first quailing in his daughter's eyes prompted him to strip the ugly truth more resolutely, so now her complete alienation from him moved him to walk over and sit on the table near her.

"I would have helped the Bunnors in this," he went on. "Yes, I would have used my office to pay my debt if she had let it be a matter between my honor and myself. But she made an irretrievable mistake. Of course she was wild. She thought I had turned my back on them before when I might have helped for the son's sake, and this other peril of his made her lose her head. All her passion seems to have centred in giving him a footing on a higher social plane than her own. So she came here and threatened me. That was bad enough. But that was not the greatest mistake. She went to Smoot, retained him to defend her son, and told

him this story. You do not know Smoot. He is a blackguard to the middle of his soul. He prospers by entangling judges. His dirty fingers are always reaching toward them. So I will not quash the indictment, and she will publish her story."

For the first time she spoke, lifting her hands to the arms of the chair. "Would that — the consequences of that — be very important?"

"Naturally it would upset the Supreme Court appointment, and then I should no doubt resign from the bench. You can guess what a find it would be for the newspapers, — 'Judge Eldon a partner in a swindle; his fortunes founded on a crime.' And what I chiefly dread now — is your mother."

The girl looked as though she might cry out from sheer pain. Her face was drawn. "But — is n't there some way — something that can be done — some way out of it?" she asked.

He had seen her staring at the strange man, the swindler who had some way slipped into her father's likeness; and he understood that now, struggling with repulsion and fear, it was as though she cried out, "Oh, you who have cheated us all our lives, can't you save us from this?" He had prepared himself. Nevertheless it was a bitter moment. His heart smarted.

"Of course, I could quash the indictment," he said very dryly.

She looked a perplexed question, a little touched with hope.

"I shall not, however, though they ruin me," he added quietly. "I did that bit of dirty work that I have been telling you about in my youth. You can imagine that what followed was a profound shock to me. It changed me. I have never forgotten that shock. I know what it is to have something to hide. There are nearly thirty years since then without a spot on them, as open, before the Lord, as the day. Do you imagine that I am going back of the thirty years now — to renew my thing to hide? It's true I owe the Bunnerts something. But I don't owe them

the honor of all my later life. I belong to what I have made myself now, not to what I was then, and I'm going to act according to what I am now, not according to what I was then. I might have quashed the indictment of my own notion; but not for a bribe of their silence. Do you imagine I'll let that scoundrel Smoot bribe me — take him into my life? Oh no, my dear. Whatever I once was, I now am the Judge Eldon that you and your mother know. Could Smoot's dirty finger touch him? Never! I'll stand or fall by that, my dear."

The girl leaned swiftly forward. Her hand covered his. "Father! It's fine!" her voice trembled. A mist of gracious tears came into her eyes. She leaned her head to his knee, saying, "You are my father! Daddy, you are my father!"

The judge touched her hair and was silent a moment. Then he took her head in his hands and had her look up. "You make it worth while, dear," he said. "But the main point is — your mother. She has almost lived out of the world these ten years. She has not the vital hold on life that you have. It would be dreadful for her. That is what I fear now. Yet I am rather helpless alone. You and I can understand each other. But we must not forget that this thing exists. This act was done, irretrievable, and it seems minded to return now and ask payment. I am as ready as a man can be, — only I don't want your mother to pay."

"No — she must not — if any one can prevent it," she said. "About her going away — I don't know, father. I'm afraid she will not. If there were some other way" — She puzzled painfully over it a moment, but could see no way. "I will talk to her in the morning and see how she is disposed." She puzzled over it again a moment and looked up at him with a kind of mournful fondness, her hand on his shoulder. "It seems that one should be permitted to take one little day in the past and bury it, does n't it, daddy?"

"They're not so easily buried," said the judge.

As they had feared, Mrs. Eldon laughed away all their schemes for a journey. The last days of the week slipped by and Sunday came. The trial was set for Tuesday morning.

Anne had been sleeping badly. She questioned the night as well as the day for an answer to her riddle. Sunday she passed another restless night. She looked from her window at the dim, sleeping wood, dozed a little and started wide awake with a great quake of fear, for fate had stolen up in the doze. It was dawn — of the only day before the trial.

They kept up appearances at breakfast. Her father went to the train without speaking to her. There was no need of speech.

Mrs. Eldon was uncommonly well. She moved freely about the house, very happy to be able to exercise a housekeeping interest. Various domestic arrangements occurred to her, and she discussed them with Anne, often gayly.

Strange schemes started up in Anne's brain, — fantastic lies to lure her mother out of town, bogus telegrams calling them away. These poor, mirage breastworks which her imagination threw up faded as soon as formed. Nothing of that sort would do. The girl's vision had become clairvoyant. She perceived truth in her mother's beautiful, soft dark eyes and knew there must be no lying. That was one of the stakes to which they were tied.

Her mother was so happy — and this one day of grace was passing.

Among the fantastic schemes there was one, hardly more substantial or promising than the others, that had come to her twice in the night. She had thought of Edward Bunner, seeing again his merry, youthful brown eyes, ruddy, good-humored face, and smiling lips with a jaunty mustache over them.

Now as she and her mother were sitting at lunch, while she pretended to eat, and her mind wandered, this fantastic scheme drifted back again from its limbo. She happened to glance up at her mother. Mrs. Eldon, too, had ceased eating. She

was looking up, smiling a little, her worn face soft with the look of a fond woman.

"I just remembered," she said, "that he will wear a silk gown when he is a justice."

Her eyes were upon her husband's portrait, and she gave a little laugh.

"Yes," said Anne, and arose. In the second her purpose had settled.

She went into the library where the telephone was and looked up the number she wished. While she was waiting for a connection with the city she consulted her watch and calculated that by quick work she could catch the 1.48 train. A few minutes later when Mrs. Eldon inquired for her the maid said she had gone for a walk.

She was at home when the judge arrived for dinner, but at the table, for the first time, she failed to keep up appearances. She was pale and noticeably indisposed. Her mother thought she had walked too far.

Directly after dinner the judge made an opportunity for her to find him alone in the library. She came in at once.

"Anything — happened?" she asked.

"No," said the judge. He looked at her questioningly. "Have you been to the city?" It was understood between them that she was not to go to Mrs. Bunner, for the judge knew that would only humiliate her needlessly.

"I went to the city," she said. She came up to him and put her hand on his arm. "Dear daddy, I think I've failed all around."

The term of babyhood, the forlorn note in her voice, her weary face, cut to the man's heart. He took her in his arms.

"Dear girl! I never meant to make it so hard for you. I was thinking of her. I should be sorry I told you, only you would have to know in the end anyway. As for your having failed, no matter. I have failed abundantly enough. I have lived a day too long, my daughter. I wish to God it were not so; but we can only take what's coming. There's one thing, Anne, we've known each other better."

She kissed his cheek. "I'm afraid," she said; "but I'm coming to court to-morrow. I could not bear to be any place else."

There were some motions to be heard in the morning, and it was after eleven o'clock when the case against Edward Bunner was called.

The case proceeded with the usual tedious decorum of a federal court. Judge Eldon leaned back in his large chair, sideways to the desk, listening with an air of rather bored judicial dignity, and having little to do, for there were few objections, and those were not pressed. The court habitués noted with surprise that Smoot was not fighting his case, and they surmised that he had something up his sleeve. The newspapers had made a feature of this trial of a rich man's son, but to people who go to court for a show the case promised indifferent amusement, neither a murder nor a woman being involved, so the benches allotted to the public were only half filled. Now and then a spectator got up and tiptoed out in search of livelier diversion. Now and then one tiptoed in, slid into a seat, and tried to interest himself.

Miss Eldon declined the seat beside the judge which would have been at her disposal, and took one in the front row of spectators on the left. The young defendant sat at a table inside the rail. Smoot sat on the other side of the table, his long legs comfortably crossed, his hands in his lap, a slight, attentive frown on his face. Mrs. Bunner sat behind her son at the end of the table, very erect, her powerful dark eyes oftener upon the judge than upon the witness or attorney. Judge Eldon had given one quick glance in that direction as he took his seat, and noticed that Adam Bunner was not present, — also, that a black silk bag lay on the table in front of Mrs. Bunner. Then he had turned his back.

Several times during the forenoon the young defendant looked over at the girl in the front row of spectators. If her face

was averted he looked at her for some time as though powerless to look away. Once her eye met his and he smiled a little. Again when her eye met his he looked away quickly and moved nervously in his seat.

The tedious formalities of the trial proceeded. At half-past twelve court adjourned until two. Judge Eldon stood up and waited for his daughter to join him. Mrs. Bunner leaned forward and plucked Smoot's sleeve. They whispered together a moment. Then Smoot arose, walked rapidly and confidently forward and up the steps to the bench and spoke to the judge, Mrs. Bunner's eyes following him. Anne was at the gate in the rail which divided bench and bar from the public. As Smoot went ahead of her, she hesitated there a moment, looking up at her father and the lawyer, the latter talking and frowning. Young Bunner's eyes were fixed upon her upturned face. He turned a little pale and was about to rise and go to her when Smoot stepped away and she hastened forward to join her father.

They went into the chambers. The judge looked at her with a painful dryness in his eyes. It seemed to her that he had grown much older.

"When the testimony for the prosecution is in," he said, "Smoot will move to take the case from the jury and discharge the prisoner. If I overrule the motion Mrs. Bunner will make a scene in court that will give her an opportunity to tell her story to the reporters. She has her documents with her. I have ordered some lunch sent in here."

"I supposed it would be something like that," said Anne.

Sub-consciously both understood their state. In that pause before the crisis all their powers went to sustaining the nerves and keeping up the physical form of life, leaving the brain dull. They had nothing to say to each other.

"I think I will go out and get something to eat," said Anne dully. "I shall feel better for walking a little."

"Yes," said the judge sympathetically.

"Anne! I would n't come back if I were you. There's no need."

"I should go mad waiting," she said, as though she were making a commonplace statement.

He stared after her helplessly as she went out. Lunch was placed before him. Mechanically he ate a bit of the repugnant food and sipped the tea, the while looking fixedly out of the broad window at the sign-littered store fronts across the way, but hardly seeing them. After all, he might be able to grant Smoot's motion. Smoot was a good lawyer, and he might present some strong warrant for the court's interference. Perhaps he had discovered a fatal flaw in the prosecution's case. In a way the judge was aware that this was mere weakness, but his mind dragged helplessly around it. The first thing from the outside that really penetrated him was the cry of a newsboy, faintly heard from the street:—

"'Nextra pa-por. . . . Big robbery! Get 'nextra papor!'"

And it came to him with a mighty shock that in a few hours they would be crying the extra papers with all about Judge Eldon accused. It seemed to him that he knew how those felt who had waited to be thrown to wild beasts. The minute hand of the clock moved on. He sat in his chair, dulled with pain, waiting helplessly for the stroke of two.

Mrs. Bunner came in early and took her place at the table, on which she placed the silk bag. Smoot and the young man stepped out of the elevator at three minutes before two, still smoking their cigars. The young man was preoccupied and slightly pale. Glancing down the corridor he saw Anne Eldon standing by the small door that gave to the judge's chambers.

Smoot touched his hat carelessly to the young woman, for she was looking at them, and turned in at the courtroom door. Young Bunner went swiftly by and came up to Anne, his hat in his hand.

"I'm afraid what you told me is true — about my mother," he said. "It is

true, Miss Eldon; but I can't change her purpose."

"No," she said, with an odd gentleness. Her candid eyes held his with a kind of sad sympathy.

"What you've done — did yesterday, you know," he stammered. "I think it was fine and I appreciate it. I'm sorry — for all. But it's my mother."

"Yes," she said. "It was for my mother, too, — it is for her. We cannot help it." Again there was that oddly humble despair.

He stared at her an instant, was aware of Smoot standing in the courtroom door, frowning. "Well, never mind," he muttered. He turned away, and when he joined Smoot he was smiling, so that the lawyer suspected a bit of youthful gallantry.

The court sat. The trial was resumed. Presentation of the testimony for the prosecution, while dry enough, involved many details. It was nearly four when the district attorney rested. Smoot arose deliberately, almost lazily, and gave notice of his motion to discharge the prisoner.

When Smoot began the argument on his motion the district attorney leaned forward, all attention, well knowing the acute and resourceful mind opposed to him, and somewhat nervous, half fearing that, after all, he had left some fatal flaw in his case which Smoot had discovered and was about to expose. As the argument proceeded his attentive attitude relaxed. He straightened up, then leaned back in his chair, staring around at the court in blank astonishment. For, as a piece of legal reasoning, this argument of Smoot's was beneath contempt. If it had come from an unknown man that man would have been set down for a block-head. Coming from Smoot it could only be regarded as a piece of amazing impudence, the purpose of which was beyond the district attorney's comprehension. So he stared at the court.

But the court's head was bowed. Judge Eldon understood perfectly. Smoot thought he had the judge limned, and he

proposed not to leave him a rag of defense. He proposed to make him discharge the prisoner on this ridiculous plea so that between them thereafter there could be no doubt of the motive.

Smoot's drawling voice ceased and he sat down, complacently crossing his legs. The district attorney stood up and spoke a dozen contemptuous words in reply, for mere form's sake.

A hush fell. Mrs. Bunner drew a parcel of papers from the silk bag and held them in her hands. They awaited the court's judgment.

Judge Eldon, still looking down at the desk, put his hands on the arms of his chair and softly cleared his throat to speak the words which would overrule Smoot's motion. But before his lips formed the first word another voice spoke:—

"If the court please."

He looked up quickly and saw that the young prisoner was standing, his eyes on the floor. Smoot had started forward a little, a scowl on his face.

"I wish to change my plea. I wish to take back the plea of not guilty and make a plea of guilty." The young man looked steadily up at the judge. "I am guilty, your honor. I knew this was a crooked scheme, and that the men were using my money to go into it. I am guilty. I wish to take my punishment."

In a perfect silence the young man sat down, and the whole scene seemed hung in mid-air.

Judge Eldon felt himself, too, in mid-air, and it was from that strange suspense that his dry, judicial voice spoke quite mechanically:—

"The clerk will change the plea to guilty."

These words, in the judicial voice, seemed to bring the scene to earth, and unalterably fix the act. Smoot dropped back helplessly. Mrs. Bunner sat with starting eyes; all the breath seemed to have left her body.

Then Judge Eldon spoke again, almost mechanically:—

"Nothing remains but for the court

to pass sentence. The statute prescribes that the punishment shall consist of a fine of not less than five hundred or more than five thousand dollars, or imprisonment for not less than thirty days or more than one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. It is clear to the court that this defendant had no settled criminal intention. He was light-hearted and careless as many of us who have grown gray and sober were in our youth. He has acknowledged his fault, and in that he is fortunate and entitled to honor. I cannot discharge him under his plea, but I can impose the lightest penalty, a fine of five hundred dollars, and suspend the fine. That I will do. Court is adjourned."

He arose and entered his chambers. Mrs. Bunner sat with her head leaning on her hand. Anne Eldon passed through the gate in the rail. The young man looked at her. She came up to him and held out her hand. As he stood, holding her hand, he perceived that she was profoundly shaken, and that she honored him, and his heart was uplifted. They said nothing, for Smoot was there. There was no need to say anything. She passed on.

When she entered the chambers she saw the judge standing in the middle of the floor like one amazed. She went swiftly up to him, herself much shaken, for young Bunner's act stood above both of them and overpowered their hearts.

She touched her cheek against his shoulder and whispered, "We've buried it, daddy."

"Oh no! Not 'we,' Anne; not 'we!' but you two young people! It was you two young people! You had been to see him."

"Yes. I went to see him yesterday. I had met him. It was only the matter of some casual talk and a dance, yet I felt toward him that he would be my friend. I suppose I thought him nice. You know. And yesterday I went to him — to try to show him how useless his mother's act would be. He could not change her, it seems. But he thought of this other way — to plead guilty — which I had not

mentioned or thought of. My going to him in that way — it touched his chivalry, you see. It was very fine, father.”

“So fine, my dear, that I never quite felt it before — how fine it is to be fine. I think I never really repented before.” He looked hesitatingly at her and she knew that his contrite heart was contemplating a sacrifice.

She slipped her arm over his shoulder. “You must n’t make it useless, father — what he did. That was his gift. You cannot throw it away. You cannot go back of the thirty years now any more than you could the other day when Smoot approached you. You are Judge Eldon — Justice Eldon.”

“Well, — you are right there, Anne,” he said. “Yet it is a strange thing, — his father would have been capable of something like that, done out of generosity. No, that one day in the past is not buried, Anne. One can never really bury it. And now I do not wish it buried. I wish to keep it by me for repentance and humbleness and charity. That is the most and

the least I can do. Let me never forget it.”

Hanford came out that evening. Anne walked to the gate with him. He was in his jolliest mood.

“The announcement will be made next week,” he told her, “so you must get ready to have your picture taken for the newspapers to publish as ‘The Beautiful Daughter of the New Justice.’”

She brushed her cheek against his shoulder. He had noticed that she was unusually silent to-night.

“Mitty!” She stopped, and, to his astonishment, her voice trembled. “What are you going to do with Senator Hargass?”

His blank surprise continued. Out of it he answered, “Why, throw him in the air.”

“You must n’t do it! Mitty, you must n’t do it!” Her voice was trembling. “Oh no! No! No!” she cried out and threw herself upon his breast.

Amid his sheer bewilderment Hanford vaguely perceived that his niece girl had suddenly become an impassioned woman.

THE ART OF MISS JEWETT

BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON

THE difficulty in reviewing a book is that one is really reviewing the writer. So true is it that the book expresses the author that, like the gentleman in the play, the man who writes one leaves his character behind him. So, reviewing in the hands of people of sufficient insight and ill-nature might easily become as malicious as any gossip that ever delighted the Candours, the Sncerwells, and the Backbites of this world. Is it not true that when the critic declares the style of a writer to be slovenly, his thought confused, and his tone that of shallow cynicism, he utters, if right in his judgment, the unpalatable truth that the author is

a sloven, an undisciplined thinker, and a shallow cynic? And yet wonder is felt at the sensitiveness of authors! For my part, I am more inclined to wonder that critics so seldom seem to shrink from an undertaking so personal; for, in this view of the matter, criticism becomes so intimate a probing of the heart of its victim that it appears a little impertinent. When the reviewer comes fully to realize that the challenge of the author is not “What kind of a book have I written?” but “What manner of man am I?” — then he may well feel inclined to change the embarrassing subject. Still, it is, after all, the author who raises the question, and,

moreover, since he is a candidate for the important position of entertainer and instructor of the public, he is not the only one interested in the answer: the world has a right to the best and frankest opinion which it can obtain on his qualifications. If we have it on high authority that it is as well almost to kill a man as to kill a good book, is it not common sense to draw the obvious inference that it is as well (in this case I omit the "almost") to save a malefactor from the gallows as to save a bad book from its just fate? However, this is not an essay on the ethics of reviewing; these few trite words are said only because, my subject being a woman, my task seemed unusually delicate, and I wished, before plunging into it, to indicate, however roughly, on what grounds it might be justified. But if any one thinks from this preface that terrible things are about to be said, I must dispel the expectation, no matter how delightful. There is to be nothing unpleasant: no one could better sustain the search for the author within the book than Miss Sarah Orne Jewett.

She was born in 1849 in South Berwick, Maine, the daughter of Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, a country practitioner. There she spent her childhood, and there, at the South Berwick Academy, she received all her formal schooling. As a woman she has traveled widely, not only in her own country and Canada, but in Europe; and, while holding fast to her home in Berwick as a summer residence, has spent the winters in Boston among friends who are of the intellectually elect. Her literary life she began at the age of nineteen as a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and she has ever since been engaged in steady but admirably unhurried production. *Deephaven*, her first published work, appeared in 1877. For six years thereafter volumes came every second year: *Old Friends and New* in 1879; *Country By-Ways* in 1881; *The Mate of the Daylight* in 1883. The next seven years, the period of her greatest literary activity, each saw a book completed: *A*

Country Doctor in 1884; *A Marsh Island* in 1885; *A White Heron* in 1886; *The Story of the Normans* in 1887; *The King of Folly Island* in 1888; *Betty Leicester* in 1889; *Strangers and Wayfarers* in 1890. Then for two years she rested, but in the four years following she again wrote an annual volume: *A Native of Winby* in 1893; *Betty Leicester's Christmas* in 1894; *The Life of Nancy* in 1895; *The Country of the Pointed Firs* in 1896. *The Queen's Twin* was published in 1899, and in 1901 came *The Tory Lover*. These seventeen volumes complete for the present the list of her published works.

If it is true that nothing can come from a writer except, first, the knowledge derived from his experience of life and from his studies, and, second, an expression of his character as formed thereby, these meagre facts, amplified where possible, will repay somewhat close examination.

To begin at the beginning, it meant more, perhaps, to be born in South Berwick than in other New England villages of its size, for the place has not only a pleasant historical atmosphere, but, since its origin is neither Pilgrim nor Puritan, a rich tradition of generous and elegant living. For confirmation of this, the suspicious reader, if he distrusts the account of Berwick in *The Tory Lover* because it appears in a novel, even historical, can refer either to the charming essay *River Driftwood* which opens *Country By-Ways*, or, if that may be considered sentimental, to an historical paper on the town which Miss Jewett contributed some years ago to the *New England Magazine*. As for the historical associations, aside from those clustering about the name of Sullivan, the one which has the greatest popular appeal is that here John Paul Jones, "a little wasp of a fellow with a temper like a blaze of the gunpowder whose smoke he loved," gathered the ship's company for that wasp's nest, the *Ranger*. There were, of course, also provincial celebrities, men who had two cloaks and everything handsome about them, whose fame it is not worth while to try to revive

here, but whom it is useful to mention in aid of the impression which I desire to convey, that the neighborhood was one inhabited by the "quality." It seems that it possessed rather more, perhaps, than its share of those great houses full of handsome furniture, old silver, and beautiful women in French silks, which were, one suspects, not nearly so general in Colonial fact as they have since become in Colonial fiction. There has been, by the way, an odd change in our historical stories from praise of "sturdy yeomanry," "homespun heroes," and "embattled farmers" to celebration of fine ladies and gentlemen moving in the minuet, which reflects a growing niceness of the public taste in ancestors, but which, perhaps, swerves from the truth of our democratic history. However that may be, the mansions of historical romance were actually built in aristocratic Berwick. "There were many fine houses," says Miss Jewett, "in this region in old times." Of the one still remaining she gives a description from which we may form an idea of the others. The Hamilton House "seems to me," she writes, "unrivalled for the beauty of its situation, and for a certain grand air which I have found it hard to match in any house I have ever seen. It is square and gray, with four great chimneys, and many dormer windows in its high peaked roof; it stands on a point below which the river is at its widest. The rows of poplars and its terraced garden have fallen and been spoiled by time, but a company of great elms stand guard over it, and the sunset reddens its windows. . . . Inside there are great halls and square rooms with carved woodwork, and arched windows and mahogany window seats, and fireplaces that are wide enough almost for a seat in the chimney corner." This quotation from *River Driftwood* makes it easy to guess what sort of people lived in such houses; or, if it is not, the reader may stimulate his imagination with the *Tory Lover*, or, turning to *Decephaven*, with the chapter entitled "Miss Chauncey." Certainly, after reading these, no

one will be surprised that Miss Jewett has heard "many a tradition of the way" Hamilton House "was kept; of the fine ladies and gentlemen, and the great dinner-parties, and the guests who used to come up the river from Portsmouth, and go home late in the moonlight evening at the turn of the tide." These gayeties are of small enough consequence now: the use I wish to make of them — since the tradition of race is no small part of character — is to indicate the kind of tradition which the village supplied. In this tradition Miss Jewett is entitled to share by birth. Witnesses to the truth of the statement may be called from frankly autobiographical passages in her early work. Thus, from references in *River Driftwood*, it appears that one of her grandmothers, being of those gay moonlight parties, inspired a romantic attachment in the heart of one of the French prisoners at Portsmouth. It appears, also, that the grandfather who ultimately became the husband of this fascinating lady was then at sea, as was the custom in those days of young fellows of good family who expected to take up mercantile pursuits. In *A Mournful Villager*, in the same volume, she gives her childish recollections of another grandmother, "a proud and solemn woman," who was obviously a delightful exemplar of old-time gentility. And somewhere — unfortunately I cannot now find the passage — she refers to an ancestor who was a minister. That is quite as it should be, for the ministers were the custodians of scholarship in the early days, and wholly to account for this author we need to add to the strain of gentility that of ancient scholarship. For thus she falls unquestionably into Dr. Holmes's Brahmin class. I have mentioned the sketch of Miss Chauncey: those who remember the first chapter of *Elsie Venner* will perhaps recall the Chaunceys as one of the families referred to by the author to illustrate his meaning, and perhaps they will not need to be reminded that Mr. Bernard Langdon, his typical Brahmin, came — Dr. Holmes de-

clines to be explicit — either from Portland, or Newburyport, or Portsmouth. Now, Portsmouth is very near Berwick.

A recent writer on American literature seems to have aroused more or less ill feeling by somewhat closely defining the social position of our principal writers: this man was, that man was not, a gentleman. I cannot see that there is any cause for serious complaint. If there is any truth in the remarks with which this paper opens, a complete understanding of the work of an author cannot be reached without considering the question of his birth and breeding. It seems plain that a gentleman, whether by position or by character, will write differently from one to whom the title cannot be given. To make a comparison between authors safely remote from the present, it seems enlightening to say that Montaigne was a gentleman and that Rousseau was not.

At any rate, I have insisted upon Miss Jewett's being a gentlewoman because it seems to me to explain much about her work. To it I believe are due both her evident delight in her gentlefolk and the sympathy, grace, and delicate precision with which she draws them. They are far more abundant in her work than the general reader, who associates her with sketches of rustic, not to say bucolic life, begins to realize. Miss Lancaster and Miss Denis in *Deephaven* are aristocratic in every thought and feeling; *A Country Doctor*, *A Marsh Island*, and, still more, *The Tory Lover* are dominated by gentlefolk; many short stories both early and late — *Lady Ferry*, *The Dulham Ladies*, *The Two Browns*, *The Landscape Chamber*, *A Village Shop* — are given almost exclusively to them. Two delightful stories of the South, *The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation* and *A War Debt*, could have been written only by one made clairvoyant by as perfect a gentility as any in the proud South. And, finally, there is no more undoubted little lady in children's literature than Betty Leicester. Indeed, New England gentlefolk are presented in her work as skillfully and almost,

if not quite, as fully as farmer and fisher folk.

All this, of course, raises the question why a woman of such strongly aristocratic sympathies should have made the principal work of her life the portraiture of homely and humble people. In order to answer it, we may turn again to the biographical sketch, and there pick out two items.

One of these is Berwick itself, but in the different aspect of a simple country village. In such places, although there used to be (and perhaps still is) a clearly defined aristocratic group, there was also, within certain limits, the most democratic freedom of intercourse. If, for example, one belonged to the aristocratic circle, he knew many people not sharing the distinction, who, although they never expected to be invited to his table, yet claimed and exercised the right to call him by his given name. This situation did not seem anomalous to those to the manner born, and it is plain that, by not separating classes, it offered a favorable opportunity for reciprocal sympathy and understanding.

So, simply by living in such a community, Miss Jewett would infallibly learn much about people of a social grade lower than her own. This was, of course, the common portion of every child born in such surroundings, — and incidentally a reason for our wide enjoyment of rural tales; — but in Miss Jewett's case it was enriched far beyond the ordinary measure by various contributory circumstances. Important among them was an inborn love of nature. "First cousin to the caterpillar if they called me to come in," she describes herself, and "own sister to a giddy-minded bobolink when I ran across the fields as I used to do very often." Important, also, was her delicate health; for it led her parents to encourage to the utmost her taste for out-of-door pursuits. These probably included many not ordinarily enjoyed by young ladies. There is, for example, a paragraph in *A Dunnet Shepherdess* in which she shows

herself a good fisherman. Of course a girl much out of doors would have a better chance than one confined at home to make democratic acquaintances.

But the advantage in this regard of her freedom of life is small by comparison with that of the second item, — a real miracle of good luck for one with her mission, — the fact, namely, that her father was a country doctor. Miss Jewett has recorded her debt to him in the dedication of her third book, *Country By-Ways*. "To T. H. J.," the inscription runs, "my dear father; my dear friend; the best and wisest man I ever knew; who taught me many lessons and showed me many things as we went together along the country by-ways." What lessons he taught and what things he showed may, I think, be easily guessed from what we know of him. He was, for example, learned in ornithology, a study second to none in training the powers of observation, and in instilling a love and knowledge of nature; and, as I never knew an ornithologist who did not also know something of animals and flowers, I think I may infer, without fear of mistake, that the delicate little girl, riding in the carriage beside the doctor, was not allowed to miss whatever instruction there might be in any of the pleasant sights along the way, whether bird or beast, flower or tree. In these constant drives throughout the changing seasons into the country or along the tidal rivers to the sea she also learned by heart all the varying aspects of the Maine country, which she has described with such affectionate accuracy and fullness. Instances of the minuteness of her observation abound in all of her stories in which nature plays a part: I will give but one, a reference to a raw spring day, which has long clung in my memory as containing one peculiarly eloquent detail. It was a day, she says, when "now and then a scurry of snow came flying through the air in tiny round flakes that hardly gathered fast enough to mark the wheeltruts." What New Englander does not know those days when the snow only marks the

wheeltruts, or requires any further detail to identify them? The astonishing knowledge of herbs and simples, moreover, which makes possible such a portrait as that of delectable Mrs. Todd in *The Country of the Pointed Firs* may also be safely counted as among the results of these drives in a doctor's buggy. The finest and deepest lessons, however, must have dealt with human beings. For Dr. Jewett was one to appreciate them. The skillful but anonymous Introduction to a selection of Miss Jewett's more characteristic stories in the Riverside School Library, which may, I suppose, be regarded as official, says that he was "a country doctor in the best sense of those words, which may mean so much or so little. With him they meant that his patients were very real and human people, whose thoughts he knew as well as he knew their ailments, whose farms and gardens were always passing before his observant eyes, whose very lives, for joy or sorrow, were a part of his own life." The talk of such a man as this, kindly and humane, with a memory full of country histories grave or gay, must have been much of his patients, and must have tended to awaken in his daughter curiosity and its nobler offspring, understanding and sympathy. While he saw his patient, whether farmer or fisherman, she doubtless "visited," as country people say, with the well members of the family, and thus learned in the most easy and direct manner not only the trick of their speech, but the characteristic tone of their thought and feeling. Father and daughter, when they drove away, doubtless spoke of the family they had left, its sorrows and perplexities if the case were severe, its humors if the case were only little Johnny with a trivial attack of mumps. In other words, the people were interpreted to the young author, and her young powers of observation, feeling, and reflection were helped and guided by a man of the widest and most intimate experience of his people, and of great humanity.

Such was the experience of life which

gave the young gentlewoman her exceptionally accurate and minute knowledge of country scenes and country manners; but before we can understand the motive which led her to use it as literary material we must know something of the personal character which was to give force and direction to her literary gift. Here, also, I suspect Dr. Jewett of having had a powerful influence. For he was more even than a wise and kindly country practitioner. He was eminent enough in his profession to be a professor in the Medical Department of Bowdoin College. Moreover, as the Introduction reminds us in a hint which I think is as good as a statement, he sat for the portrait of Dr. Leslie in *A Country Doctor*. Dr. Leslie is represented as a religious man, as one not only learned in medicine and having a natural gift for healing, but as "a scholar and thinker in other than medical philosophies."

Under the training of such a man, Miss Jewett, as any one may guess, would grow into a serious and thoughtful woman. Although at the age of twenty she could let her keen sense of humor play over solemn matters, as when she speaks either of a countryman's immaculate best room as suggesting "an invisible funeral," or of being in doubt "whether if the Bible had been written wholly in inland countries, it would have been much valued in Deeplaven," she could also declare — alas, with a split infinitive! — that "to heartily enjoy the every-day life one must care to study life and character, and must find pleasure in thought and observation of simple things, and have an instinctive delicious interest in what to other eyes is unflavored dullness." The seriousness of this sentiment — unusual in a young girl — sorts finely with the religious cast of her nature. That deserves emphasis. Doctors have a reputation for skepticism, but apparently Dr. Jewett did not share this characteristic, if it be one. At any rate, his daughter grew up with deep religious feeling, — present everywhere in her work as an invisible force, and in her earliest writings often

frankly, sometimes inartistically, expressed, but always with a winning simplicity and lack of pose. It finds this open expression in one or two passages in *Deeplaven*, but is at its frankest in her second book, *Old Friends and New*. I call attention to it partly because it colors her view of life, but mainly because it would give the attitude of a child toward rough country people, of her superiority to whom she would soon become conscious, an especial grace and seriousness. She would wish, that is to say, to do them good.

The creative impulse which was to have such thoughtful guidance was of course a gift of the gods: it is acquired in no other way. But for certain Gallic qualities of her art, its neatness, clearness, and measure, those who believe in heredity may find a partial explanation in the fact, not as yet mentioned, that her New England blood is touched with that of clever, artistic France. However explanatory that may be, it is certain that she began to exercise her admirable gift while still a very young girl. In a preface to a holiday edition of *Deeplaven* published in 1893 she speaks of the first chapters of Mrs. Stowe's *Pearl of Orr's Island* as having opened her eyes to the literary value of the country folk she knew so well. This work appeared in 1862, when Miss Jewett was thirteen years old. It does not follow, of course, that she resolved upon using the abundant material at this tender age, but she could not have been older by many years, since she began to write for the *Atlantic Monthly* when only nineteen. I for one should be glad to know how this girl came to possess a literary style so simple and correct and a diction so pure. So far as technical excellence goes, it seems to have been born perfected: I can see little difference in it from the day of *Deeplaven* to the day of *The Tory Lover*. It has an informality which is admirable for her purpose, — the periodic sentence is extremely rare, — and which, if it has a certain monotony of cadence when read in long stretches, has

in her shorter stories the agreeable ease and grace which one associates with the best letters of cultivated women. An occasional error like the confusion, common with her, of "aggravating" with "provoking" simply disarms that dislike which we have of the literary Aristides as of others. The clue to the secret probably lies in part in native gift; in part in the special quality of her education. That, in the formal sense, was scanty. What there was of it was obtained at the South Berwick Academy, but the ill-health which has been referred to as keeping her out of doors also kept her out of school, so that, as the Introduction says, her "reading and study received most of its direction at home." Although what she studied is hid from us, what she read is revealed, — at any rate in part. There is evidence enough in her writings, not only that she early had access to literature of a solid and sustaining kind, — a man like her father was certain to have not much of any other in his library, — but also that she early learned to love it. On this point, the list of books which Miss Lancaster and Miss Denis read at Deephaven is instructive: it includes works by Thackeray, Sir Thomas Browne, Fénelon, Thomas Fuller, Addison, and Emerson. And these young women were not terrified by old-fashioned stories and essays, or even by old sermons, and — behold the true book-lover! — they used to read them "with much more pleasure because they had such quaint old brown leather bindings."

Among the books of the two girls some volume by Hawthorne ought, perhaps, also to appear. The *Scarlet Letter* was published as early as 1850, and in Miss Jewett's writings are many traces of his influence. It may be fanciful to detect a resemblance to Hawthorne in Miss Chauncey in *Deephaven* or in Lady Ferry in *Old Friends and New*, but the likeness is plain in such stories as *The Gray Man* and *The Landscape Chamber*. This accusation (I should like to say in parenthesis) of undergoing the influence of

Hawthorne is made against almost every New England writer of gloomy stories, and I sometimes wonder if it is entirely just. I have thought that the similarities on which it is founded may rather be evidence of the representative character of Hawthorne's mind; that other stories resemble his, not because they are written with a borrowed inspiration, but because they are written by men of the same gloomy stock. Although Miss Jewett, so far as I know, is not Puritan, her imagination, her seriousness, and her religious nature, taken with her close observation of a people in whom Calvinism had strangely wrought, may be held enough to account for an uncanny bit of symbolism, or story of pursuing fate. However it may be with her, I am ready in general to believe that we should have stories of the sort which we are accustomed to call Hawthornesque had Hawthorne never existed. But I can return from this long digression by averring with some confidence that this writer of exquisite English had a share in showing Miss Jewett how to write. And the moral of it all seems to be the old one that the reading of good books is the best preparation for the writing of them.

If the technique of her style is good, its moral qualities reflect the character which I have been trying to describe, and are no less remarkable in a girl not yet quite out of her teens. It has restraint: there is a conspicuous absence alike of girlish smartness and of girlish gush. It is kind: the humor has no youthful blend of cruelty. It has simplicity: there is no studied phrase-making or fine writing. It shows education in the best sense, and a culture that is real and considerable, if still susceptible of increment in her later years. The tone of it all, indeed, is valuable testimony to the mature poise of her mind, to the strength of her character, to the refinement of her taste, and to the wisdom and skill of her father's training. The whole point which I am trying to make is that, behind such a gift for graceful writing as is possessed by many empty-headed and

empty-hearted people, there was in Miss Jewett's case a very real and valuable force,—that of a strong and generous character and a cultivated mind.

If the point has been made successfully, the time has come to speak of the motive which led the young gentlewoman to put to literary use her knowledge of her humble neighbors. I do not believe that one less sordid or more charming ever prompted an author. In the early seventies the summer boarder, so soon to develop into the summer cottager, was born, and with him a new audience for any writer who could describe the scenes in which he found so great a pleasure. Miss Jewett seized the opportunity, but the rough analysis which has been made of her character has failed abjectly if any one is surprised to hear that it was not her head, but her heart, which saw its profit in the obvious chance. In a recent preface to *Deephaven* she records with a characteristic touch of gentle humor her early terror lest her beloved country-folk be misunderstood. "It seemed not altogether reasonable," she writes, "when timid ladies mistook a selectman for a tramp, because he happened to be crossing a field in his shirt-sleeves." And so, in obedience to that serious and generous side of her character which I have been at pains to note, she set herself to the benevolent task of clearing up all such misapprehensions as this. In a larger view, she undertook to interpret what is best in the countryman to what is best in his city brother. The task presented itself to her as a public duty, and in that spirit she has carried it out. "There is a noble saying of Plato," she writes in the preface already mentioned, "that the best thing that can be done for the people of a state is to make them acquainted with one another." That is high ground for a girl to take. I hope I am not cynical in thinking that, in the majority of cases, the first use to which a clever boy or girl, born in the country of the more favored classes, would put literary talent would be smartly to recount the ludicrous aspects of rural

character. If I am right, we can judge by that what unusual thoughtfulness and kindness of heart Miss Jewett displayed.

This motive reflected her goodness: a secondary one reflects her scholarly instincts. It is the motive of the Chronicler. She hoped her careful observations of rural speech and customs might have historical value. "Le paysan est donc," she quotes George Sand, "si l'on peut ainsi dire, le seul historien qui nous reste des temps antehistoriques." The historical point of view is not only attractive but familiar to her, for she has herself played the historian. *The Story of the Normans*—a subject perhaps made especially alluring to her by that interest in the French which her kinship would cause, and which scattered references throughout her stories make very evident—shows how strong is the historical bent of her mind.

Prompted by these motives, she began her first published book, *Deephaven*. This work, although for some reason it did not appear in book form until 1877, when she was twenty-eight years old, was written when she was "just past her twentieth birthday." It is an interesting and complete illustration of all that has been said about her here. Two charming girls, aristocratic to their finger-tips,— "types," as Miss Jewett herself calls them, "of those pioneers who were already on the eager quest for rural pleasures,"—go to spend their summer in a fine old country house which belongs to the family of one of them, and which stands in rural grandeur in a sleepy, decaying seaport village on the northern New England coast. There they make the acquaintance of all the village characters, and are unaffectedly surprised and charmed to find them, in their way, such delightful people. The histories of these racy and individual folk form the real stuff of the book. The reader will perceive that Miss Jewett's experience of life as an aristocrat in close touch with humbler country-folk, her personal character, and her literary purpose are all

given, by a book of this plan, perfect expression. Her art, as is natural, does not do itself so thorough justice. Still, her character-drawing, although it shows like a faint pencil sketch beside the deep color of her maturer portraiture, has remarkable shrewdness and justice, and has all the distinguishing qualities of her richer work. The book still has vitality; but, as it is immature in thought and feeling, its chief charm, at least for the seasoned reader, now lies in the sweet spirit of refined girlhood which breathes between all its lines. This slight, modest, girlish, charming piece of writing, although a promise rather than an achievement, was successful with the public: the edition which I have is dated 1896, and is marked as the twenty-third.

Besides the two motives which I have already mentioned as prompting Miss Jewett to write, there was a third: she wished, that is, to interpret town to country. "At the same time," she says, continuing her example of the city women, she "was sensible of grave wrong and misunderstanding when these same timid ladies were regarded with suspicion, and their kindnesses were believed to come from pride and patronage."

In her effort to do away with this species of misunderstanding, I fear she has not been so successful. In the first place, art of a less delicate sort than hers is needed to reach wide popular appreciation, and in the second, her aristocratic point of view is here an undoubted disadvantage. In all the stories dealing in part with gentlefolk, this point of view has of course its direct representative in whose always friendly eyes we see the country-folk reflected. Then, too, even in the stories the action of which employs only uncultivated folk, Miss Jewett, as in *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, generally introduces herself as a spectator and herself supplies the aristocratic attitude. Even when she seems to absent herself wholly she is palpable. We often speak of detecting an author behind his characters. Miss Jewett never attempts to conceal

herself, but is always in front of hers, describing, explaining, most visibly acting as their interpreter. And a very attractive picture it is too, I digress to say, which she thus quite unconsciously draws of herself,—a dignified and sympathetic Lady Bountiful whose intercourse with her humble friends is marked by exquisite tact and unaffected respect for them as men and women. As Lady Bountiful is an aristocratic English conception, the comparison is, on second thought, more significant than I guessed when it occurred to me. For Miss Jewett says somewhere that the social conditions of New England, as she knew them when a child, were recognizably English, and it is certain that her own attitude toward country people is so. If one thinks a moment, he will perceive that her closest literary analogue is Miss Jane Barlow, who, although Irish, is as good for the present purpose as an Englishwoman. Miss Barlow's attitude is distinctly that of a lady writing of a beloved peasantry. It is a charming attitude, against which I do not share the resentment that I once heard a self-educated Irish peasant express, and Miss Jewett's is strikingly similar. For example, a passage which might have come straight from an English story is her description of John Grant, an honest farmer, who appears in *A Village Ship*. He had, it seems, "great respect for the Grants, and looked upon them as people who never need be ashamed of themselves or their forefathers in any company, being people who paid their debts and did their duty in the place to which it had pleased God to call them." And it is worth noticing also that John Grant, of whom Miss Jewett thoroughly approves, orders himself to the Jeffries, the gentlefolk of the story, although they have fallen on evil days, as lowly and reverently as to all his betters. However much one may wish that the beautiful spirit instilled by the most aristocratic of churches were more prevalent in these rebellious days, the teaching must be admitted to be that of an aristocracy. An-

other evidence of conservative feeling is the fact that, although Miss Jewett is full of pity for individual hardship, her work may be searched in vain for any expression of discontent with the social order. It all indicates, I think, that she would address a rural audience with less acceptance than a more democratic author who could speak of rich and cultivated people from the popular point of view.

However that may be, I think that no one can read her book and remain unaware that the audience which she seeks, quite naturally and unconsciously, is made of the people of her own social and intellectual class. I have a theory that a study of an author's metaphors, similes, and illustrative instances, since their use, when they are not mere decoration, is to make a meaning vividly plain, will surely reveal what people he is especially addressing. I have noted two in *The Tory Lover*. In describing Major Tilly Haggens she says that he had "a tall, heavily made person, clumsily built, but not without a certain elegance like an old bottle of Burgundy." In describing the minister, she speaks of the buckles which fastened his stock behind, of the buckles on his tight knee-breeches, and of other buckles large and flat on his square-toed shoes, and declares with great aptness that he looked like "a serious book with clasps." If it is objected that these examples are from a story frankly addressed to the class in question, take two others from stories to which the objection does not apply. In *A Native of Winby* Miss Jewett describes the pupils of a country school. "Only one or two of them," she says, "had an awakened human look in their eyes, such as Matthew Arnold delighted himself in finding so often in the school-children of France." In *An Only Son* she says humorously of the selectmen of Dalton that for dignity they would not have "looked out of place in that stately company which Carpaccio has painted in the Reception to the English Ambassadors." I am doubtless wrong, but I think that

neither of these allusions would be wholly clear to some people who would resent being classed as uncultivated. In urging this argument, I do not forget that her stories abound in illustrations like that, for example, which declares it as useless to expect that some persons will be thrifty as to expect that a black-and-white cat will be a good mouser. Not to mention that the reason which so limits the powers of a black-and-white cat is carefully explained in the text (which need not be done for the rural reader), the appeal in this as in other such cases is made to the love of the quaint in sophisticated people. But the audience chosen by Miss Jewett may be determined, better than by this perhaps doubtful test, by the whole tenor of her work (which, however, is not so easy of citation), in which the attitude is always felt to be that of an observer *de haut en bas*. No attentive reader, I think, can escape the conclusion that she has always written as a "summer visitor" for "summer people." Besides providing a great deal of entertainment she has undoubtedly done in that particular field no small amount of good.

Miss Jewett's character, and her purpose, which, of course, is an expression of her character, may be reasonably regarded as having also influenced, more perhaps than she knows, her choice of material. A woman of refined tastes, she naturally feels strongly the usual feminine distaste for crude tragedy and sordid detail. A writer anxious to win respect and liking for a special class in the community, she naturally chooses for emphasis the scenes in which it appears to the best advantage. There must, of course, be shade as well as light in the picture, but the reader is made to feel that if any of her people are hard-hearted and selfish, — they are seldom worse than that, — they are to be pitied as victims of hard conditions rather than blamed. The king of Folly Island, for example, does not know that he is selfish. Accordingly, what she oftenest shows us is thrift, neighborly kindness, cheeriness, and

shrewd humor in the face of joyless surroundings, patient endurance, and unselfish abnegation. Yet she knows, of course, that there is another side. In her novel, *A Country Doctor*, she makes Dr. Ferris declare: "I tell you, Leslie, that for intense, self-centred, smouldering volcanoes of humanity, New England cannot be matched the world over. It's like the regions in Iceland that are full of geysers." Yet *A Country Doctor* is a striking example of her tendency to shun the geyser in action. It begins where most novels would end. There is a whole novel, and to most minds a highly interesting one, in the tragedy which left the child, who becomes the heroine of the story, to be adopted by Dr. Leslie. But what the reader is actually given is the simple, idyllic chronicle of the life of a little girl who chooses to become a physician rather than a wife. A less obvious, but still a good example is supplied in Miss Jewett's second novel, *A Marsh Island*. Slight in plot, sentimental in atmosphere, it concerns a young artist who nearly falls in love with a farmer's daughter. Plainly, the least push would send this situation across its neat boundaries into the region of poignant tragedy; but Miss Jewett is careful to stay her hand. The story remains merely pretty, if with a charming Dresden-china-like prettiness.

A long idyl, unfortunately, defeats its own ends by becoming cloying, at least to those who are past their youthful love of sweets. Miss Jewett seems to have realized that the novel was not the form in which to present the good and beautiful things of which alone she cared to tell her readers, since not for nearly twenty years did she attempt another long tale. This — it may as well be treated here — was *The Tory Lover*. In it she reverts to a figure which, as I have already noted, had long ago touched and quickened her imagination, "the waspish little man" John Paul Jones. Reverting also to those traditions of aristocratic Berwick which are so dear to her, she writes, as is natural, with enthusiasm. The book has admir-

able passages and pictures. I have a vivid memory of the description of Berwick, of the account of Miss Hamilton's voyage to England, of the admirable sketch of Franklin in France. It has a scholar's accuracy in the historical portions, and a continuous charm of style of which the catch-penny purveyor of so-called historical fiction has no clear conception. But the title, *The Tory Lover*, aroused in our well-tutored public the hope of a swashing romance of the cloak and sword. Readers avid of melodrama missed the rush of incident and the recurrent shock of surprise peculiar to such compositions, and would not be put off with mere honest writing. Had it been remembered that authors, after years of work in a certain form, cannot change their literary methods in a day, and had the book been read with the reasonable expectation of finding it written, not by Dumas, but by Miss Jewett, there would have been much more pleasure taken in this somewhat slowly moving, scholarly romance.

But this is a digression: the point to be made is that the novel is not the form for one who has neither love of action for its own sake, nor any enjoyment even dramatic in the sharp, bitter struggles of life. For the exhibitor of modest and retiring virtue, "what to other eyes is unflavored dullness," the short story — alas, simply because it is short — is distinctly preferable. A single note must not be sounded long. Moreover, since modest virtue is a matter of character, the sketch is preferable to the short story for its display. Incident, if of an elaborate sort, not only occupies the space required to draw character properly, but, in the case of quiet country life, introduces an element of improbability. Had Miss Jewett employed strong incident with any lavishness, her account of sturdy, commonplace, virtuous New England, although it might well have been correct in detail, would, in the mass, have taken a distorted aspect of strenuous liveliness which it is far from possessing. A proper proportion of stories of the two sorts would have produced the

true picture. Conscious or unconscious perception of her limitations led Miss Jewett, I think, so generally either to cast her writings in the form of the sketch, or at least to reduce incident to a minimum of importance. It certainly was not lack of ability to write the story of plot. Those trig social comedies, *Tom's Husband* and *Mr. Bruce*, *A Man of Business* and *The Two Browns* show sufficiently that, had she cared to have it so, short stories of a French perfection of form might have flowed continuously from her pen. But the story of construction, not being pertinent to her mission as a writer, is scarce. On the other hand, the rural sketch, being exactly suited to her talents and her purpose, is plentiful.

It was not, however, until 1886, when she was thirty-seven years old, that a book appeared which showed unmistakably that she had reached full artistic maturity. The volumes which appeared between 1877, the date of *Deephaven*, and 1886, the date of *A White Heron*, all reveal some uncertainty of touch. Though all are readable, though all have charm and value, some, like *Deephaven* itself, are immature, some, like *A Country Doctor* and *A Marsh Island*, are experiments, and some of the volumes of short stories sound, if one listens carefully, as if the author were striking this note or that with the timidity of a performer not quite sure either of herself or of what tone she likes the best. These were the years in which she tested herself, thought out her problem, matured in mind and character, became master of a ripened art. Proof of how thoroughly this was accomplished lies in *A White Heron*, for the book contains two masterpieces, — I use the word both in its old sense and in its new, — the title story, namely, and *The Dulham Ladies*. I do not know what bird this white heron may be which comes so far north, and does not nest with others of its kind in a heronry, but neither do I care; it may be a fact or a fancy, an ideal or a symbol, anything or nothing as you please; for this is one of those exquisitely

simple stories into which we are tempted to read all manner of elusive meanings, so prone are we to believe that neither fiction nor poetry can be meant to be as simple as it sounds. It is a haunting thing which becomes a part of your mind and heart, and which, chameleon-like, takes on the color of your mood. And *The Dulham Ladies* — what is that? — an account of two old women going to buy false hair! Yet the humor and pathos of decaying gentility were never more tenderly or more unerringly revealed. After eighteen years, the humor is as delicately refreshing as ever, the pathos quite as profound; and it seems impossible that the story should ever lose its savor. In each of the books that came thereafter, there is one story, or perhaps there are more, which, although they were perhaps less remarked because more expected, reached the same high level. *Miss Tempy's Watchers*, *Going to Shrewsbury*, *A Native of Winby*, *The Flight of Betsy Lane*, *The Passing of Sister Barsett*, *The Hiltons' Holiday*, *The Courting of Sister Wisby*, *Law Lane*, — these are to me peculiarly delightful memories. And Miss Jewett crowned the list with a book perfect in its kind, a masterpiece made up of masterpieces, the wholly satisfying *Country of the Pointed Firs*. It cannot, I think, fail to become a classic: it certainly marks the floodtide of her achievement. Unfortunately, the work overflows its covers, and the first and second stories of her next volume, *The Queen's Twin*, — the title story, and *A Dunnet Shepherdess*, stories which I hope I am not alone in liking best of all her writings, — are integral parts of the preceding volume and should be included in it. In these later volumes, Miss Jewett has incidentally completed her picture of the New England of her acquaintance with stories which, like *Little French Mary* and *The Luck of the Bogans*, add to the familiar Yankee the hardly less familiar Irishman and French Canadian.

So far as she goes, she tells the absolute truth about New England. There are

sides of New England life from which, as a gentlewoman, she shrinks, and which, as an advocate, she finds no pleasure in relating. As an interpreter of the best in New England country character she leaves in shadow and unemphasized certain aspects of the life which she does describe. Hers is an idyllic picture, such as a good woman is apt to find life reflecting to her. Almost all of her characters would merit the Montyon prize for virtue, had we such a thing in America. I always think of her as of one who, hearing New

England accused of being a bleak land without beauty, passes confidently over the snow, and by the gray rock, and past the dark fir tree, to a southern bank, and there, brushing away the decayed leaves, triumphantly shows to the fault-finder a spray of the trailing arbutus. And I should like, for my own part, to add this: that the fragrant, retiring, exquisite flower, which I think she would say is the symbol of New England virtue, is the symbol also of her own modest and delightful art.

A NIGHT IN A FREIGHT CAR

BY H. C. MERWIN

SOME persons, most persons it may be, would set down as crazy any man who should declare that an ordinary box freight car is a more pleasant conveyance than the best appointed "Pullman." And yet this is the thesis which I am prepared to maintain. What is it that makes railroad traveling exhaustive to the nervous system? It is not the jarring of the train. Modern roadbeds are so well ballasted, tracks are so smoothly laid, car-springs so cunningly tempered, that passengers not only read but write, and even have their beards shaved with comfort. Fifty miles an hour with a razor at your throat, and no harm done; that is one of the triumphs of modern ingenuity. No; it is the close, bad air that makes the traveler dull and headachy; and the more costly the train, as, for example, a "vestibule" train, the worse the ventilation.

Traveling in a passenger car means a horrible community of unwholesomeness. Mentally, you can ignore your fellow sufferers. You can treat them with a silent contempt bordering upon insult; but what does that avail so long as you are obliged to pool your physical condition with their physical condition? Their fa-

tigue becomes your fatigue; their germs of disease become your germs. A recent writer in the *London Lancet* states the case as follows:—

"The business man is more liable than the agricultural laborer to become run down, not so much because he works harder and more monotonously, and therefore personally manufactures more waste products, but because his tissues are more liable to become saturated with the waste products of himself and others, derived from the confined atmosphere which he habitually breathes. We all know how tiring to most of us is a long railway journey, more especially if the compartment is crowded and the windows are closed. . . . The effect is due to the saturation of the tissues with waste products taken in through the lungs."

Is it luxury to become "saturated with waste products," even though your seat be comfortable, and you are surrounded with triumphs of the upholsterer's art? Give me, rather, the unadorned freight car with the winds of heaven blowing through it. If they blow too hard, you can shut the door, make everything snug, wrap yourself in an ulster, and lie down

on a good bed of hay. To be sure, your feet may become cold, but if they do, there is no law against getting up and walking about for a while. You have the whole car at your disposal.

Another advantage of the freight car is that it contains fewer objects to fatigue the eye and brain. This, in a lesser degree, is also the advantage of the drawing-room car, but the latter, with all its luxuries, is an over-heated apartment occupied by persons reading "society" papers or bad novels, and haunted by a mercenary black man. For real privacy the freight car is preëminent. It is even superior in this respect to those private cars, so called, which are owned and used by a favored few, commonly described as "magnates." The magnate lacks absolute privacy. Custom obliges him to share his car with servants. Conductors and brakemen have a right of way through it. But in a freight train the only method of communication is by the overhead route; and no one is entitled to poke his nose inside of your car. Tramps sometimes attempt to force themselves in, but if you prevent them with a carriage wrench it is not murder nor even manslaughter.

What the modern world needs as much as anything is to revise its notions of luxury. A luxury may be described as a superfluous good, mental or physical. It is something not absolutely necessary to health and happiness, but conducive to both. The same thing, therefore, may be, according to circumstances, a luxury or the very opposite, for it may be detrimental to health and happiness. A fur coat is a luxury to a stage-driver in northern New England, but not to a young man in the city. An electric car is a luxury if by its means you are enabled to live in the country, but it is the opposite of a luxury if you employ it to deprive yourself of needed exercise. A horse is a luxury if you bestride him; a carriage is a luxury to those who are too infirm to ride in the saddle. But when, as often happens, we see a stout man being conveyed in a cab from his house to his office on a

rainy morning, we behold a terrible sight, — that of a fellow being deluded by false notions of luxury. Calling once upon a rich old gentleman, I noticed on a table in the front hall five high hats, and, in front of each hat, neatly folded, a pair of kid gloves. Hats and gloves were all about alike, and the superfluity of them impressed me so strongly, having always been accustomed to what are called "moderate circumstances," that I could not help making some allusion to it by way of discovering how the matter lay in the owner's mind. "Ah, yes," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I am a very lux-u-ri-ous man." But the old gentleman's ideas of luxury were confused. A superfluous hat is not a luxury any more than two meals are a luxury for the man who can eat but one.

As a rule, the possession of wealth tends as much to diminish as to increase real luxuries. A servant is a luxury, if he saves one from mere drudgery, but quite otherwise if his employment deprives the master of healthful exercise or pleasant adventure.

Let us suppose, then, that the reader, desiring to transport his carriage or saddle horse, or, better yet, his pair, for horses like to travel in company, to his summer home, and not being blessed or cursed with an English coachman, decides to go with them himself. He will not be quite alone, for the family dogs agree to accompany him. The familiar horrors of that last day in town need not be dwelt upon here. A thousand things should be done, and you try to accomplish a few of them. It is a day of rushing about, of nervous fatigue, of a wilted collar. At last, however, about five o'clock, you renounce the devil and all his works, and call at the stable for your horses. They are quickly harnessed with the halters on beneath the bridles; and you take a hasty inventory of your outfit, which should include blankets of various weights for the horses, oats, hay, a pail for watering, a lantern freshly filled, with a new wick, and plenty of straw, sawdust, or

other material, for the horses to stand upon. This not only prevents them from slipping, but forms a cushion which mitigates the jar of the freight train.

For yourself, you need only an overcoat, a box of provisions, a drinking cup, a bottle of water or tea, some matches and plenty of cigars not too good to give away. Railroad men are great smokers, and tobacco administered in proper doses, especially to engineers and firemen, has a wonderful effect upon the operation of brakes and levers. A skillful engineer, when he backs down to make a coupling, or when he starts his train, can do so as gently as if he were cracking eggshells, or he can do it with a jerk which throws your horses to the floor; and the gift of a cigar will sometimes make all the difference between the two methods.

A suitable car, that is to say a clean one, with a high roof and good springs, has been bespoken, we will assume, and the horses are coaxed into it with many fears and misgivings on their part. The dogs, on the other hand, are the first to enter, and having thoroughly inspected the car, their tails wagging with curiosity, they sit down in an appropriate corner, and fix their eyes upon their master, prepared for anything so long as they are not separated from him. The horses are placed side by side in the rear of the car, facing toward its centre, and are strongly fastened to a rope stretched across the car in front of them. As a precaution against injury from kicking, their hind shoes may be removed, or a pole placed between them. Great care should be taken to secure the separate parts of the carriage and all other movable objects, for the motion of the car has an astonishing effect in setting even heavy things afloat. Nails are driven here and there for hanging harness or other matters, and the lantern is safely suspended from the centre of the roof. At last everything is stowed away, and we are ready to start. It has been a hot piece of work, and the horses, worried by their strange surroundings, and alarmed by the noise of a

“shifter” which puffs back and forth upon a neighboring track, sweat profusely, paw and stamp, and glance about with frightened eyes. One door, that on the side where trains will pass, is closed and fastened. The other door is left open, and you can regulate it according to the weather and other circumstances.

But now it is time to take a seat on the hay, or you will be thrown off your legs, for the shifter is backing down upon us. “Here she comes!” cries the foreman of the freight house; and bang! she strikes us with the force of a small collision. The shifter, as doubtless the reader knows, is a little but powerful locomotive, very fussy, jerky, and irritable in its movements, and much given to snorting and panting. In the days when locomotives bore names, and not simply numbers, there was an especially nervous shifter to which some railroad man who knew his Dickens had given the appropriate name of “Pancks.” The shifter and the shifter’s crew of brakemen “make up” the train, collecting the cars from the various freight houses, and leaving them in one long line, ready to be hauled away by another locomotive.

Motion travels slowly; and everybody has observed how, when a heavy train starts, the mysterious force is communicated by slow degrees to the different sets of wheels, accompanied by a succession of rattles and crashes, as one car after another begins to move. The horses learn the meaning of this sound with astonishing quickness; and you can see them, when they hear it, bracing themselves to withstand the anticipated shock. These are trying moments, but at last the through freight is made up, and our car is attached to it with “live stock” chalked on the outside, in token that we are to be sent forward as speedily as possible.

And now comes a brief respite. Six o’clock has struck; the shifters are stabled in the roundhouse; the freight houses are closed, and tranquillity settles down upon the yard. Men are going home in twos and threes; and presently the crew which is to take us on the first stage of

our long journey appear, pipe in mouth. These men are as different from the shifting crew as the shifting locomotive is different from the long-distance one. They are heavier in build, more stolid and more taciturn, somewhat rough and brusque in manner, but almost always good-natured and obliging. You are apt to begin by quarreling with them, and to end by liking them. Railroad men are, to use an expressive Americanism, "very accommodating."

At last the huge black locomotive which hauls the night freight on its first stage looms into view, and slowly backing down upon us, sends a shiver through the whole train. Then comes a brief pause. The long, dark train lies motionless on the rails, like a snake, with the engine for its head, and the headlight for its big, single eye. Nothing so dead, so absolutely quiescent as a train of loaded cars standing on the track, — but how fearful its momentum when in motion! It is astonishing that the poetry of the railroad has been felt so little. There is Turner's magnificent painting called *Rain, Mist and Steam*, and there are some stories and verses of Kipling's; but the field is as yet almost unworked. Perhaps our poets travel too much in sleeping-cars.

But hark! Three warning whistles come from the monster which has us in tow, and the engineer, puffing at the good cigar which you have given him, gently turns on the steam, and we are off with only the slightest of shocks. Vacation has begun, and a thrill of pleasure seems to run through the train. Once clear of the city and its suburbs, the railroad for some distance almost touches the water; and, standing at the open door of your car, you watch the sun, an immense red ball, sink into the ocean. Cool, salty, and invigorating is the air which the tide brings in from the sea, and it acts like magic upon your fretted nerves. Now you begin to appreciate the luxury of traveling by freight. What has become of those professional or business cares which were worrying you no longer than a single hour

before? Even the horses seem to feel the spell. They are less excited; their heads droop, and you can safely loosen the rope, so as to give them more freedom.

Smoothly the night freight wends its way across the marshes, and thunders over crossings where the gate-tender stands with his hand on the crank, and his evening pipe in his mouth, a reposeful sight; and presently, in a lonely spot, we stop, and back on to a siding, where we are to remain until a certain passenger train has gone past. Here is an opportunity to alight, and perhaps to have a little talk with the "con," as tramps call the conductor, who strolls up in his shirt-sleeves, with way-bills bulging in his hip-pocket. Some inside facts about railroad-ing crop out in these chance conversations.

Soon, however, the express train for which we were waiting has rattled disdainfully past; the conductor waves his arm, the engineer responds with three toots of the whistle, we scramble aboard, and the huge train is in motion again. We are now approaching a large town or city, and in the gathering twilight it is pleasant to observe family groups enjoying the cool of the day on their doorsteps. Electric lights begin to multiply, and in a few minutes, with an agreeable sense of superiority, — for we also are an express, — our train rumbles and clanks through the principal station without stopping, and we catch for a brief moment the wondering eyes of persons standing on the platform who have discovered with astonishment that one of the freight cars is inhabited.

We are soon out in the open country again, and as night falls we light the lantern, recline on our couch of hay, and pulling a horse blanket over our feet, settle ourselves for supper, with the dogs in very close attendance. In cold weather carminative food is to be recommended, for the want of hot victuals and drink is keenly felt, and may partly be supplied by gingerbread and alcohol in some form. The writer remembers one trip in mid-

winter when, having forgotten to take a flask along, his only drink, through a long shivering day and night, was water out of a tin dipper. Cold tea, not made too strong, and tempered with whiskey, is a suitable freight-car beverage.

The horses are now quiet and nodding with sleep, and in the cool night air they are likely to experience that slight chill which usually follows excitement and profuse sweating. Feel of their ears now and then, for the ear is the horse's thermometer; and if their ears are cold, let the nags be covered up, as we say, more warmly.

And now, as night closes in, you begin to taste the real sweets of privacy and solitude, — a condition which cannot degenerate into loneliness because you have the dogs cuddling against you, and the horses close at hand. If you happen to be near the centre of the train you can please yourself by reflecting that something like a quarter of a mile of freight cars separates you from the men on the locomotive at one end and from those in the caboose at the other. Only those who have felt it can understand the mysterious charm of solitude, can realize how, from being a mere taste or inclination, it grows by indulgence till it becomes a passion. We have all heard, and some of us fully believe, the story of that Western pioneer who became so enamored of solitude that he found himself under the painful necessity of shooting at sight any stranger who presumed to come within twenty miles of his stamping-ground. John Boyle O'Reilly used to declare, with some exaggeration it may be, that the seven years which he spent in solitary confinement in Dartmoor prison were the happiest years of his life.

Perhaps the main charm of solitude is that it emancipates one, for the time being, from all human relations and obligations. It is one thing to be alone with the possibility that at any moment some friend or some enemy — it is all the same — may knock at the door; and quite another to be alone without that possibility.

The latter state is solitude. The solitary man is secure. The universe exists for him alone. He has no duties, except perhaps in thought. He is like a god, aloof from all human concerns. Mere existence suffices for him; and though solitude is to be sought chiefly in woods and fields, yet the devotee will find it also in his dimly lighted freight car, rushing through the cool air of the summer night, now thundering past stations and freight houses, all silent and deserted, now rumbling over a drawbridge, beneath which flows the swift, black water of a mysterious river, pierced by a single star, now roaring through a wood where even the birds are at rest, and then out in the open country again, past hamlets and scattered farmhouses, buried in darkness and slumber, huge masses of black on the landscape.

Yet signs of life are not wanting altogether, for, at rare intervals, a dull light gleaming in the windows of some sick-chamber will make the passenger wonder, not without a thrill of sympathy, what tragedy may be enacting there, and with what hopes or fears the patient and the watcher at his bedside await the morning. Little do they imagine that even a moment's thought has been expended upon them by a traveler flashing past in the night; and it does not seem a wild surmise that, equally without their knowledge, some all-seeing God should record with pity the sufferings of that isolated sickroom.

So much is to be seen and felt that one is hardly inclined to spend even a part of the night in sleep; and, to tell the truth, sleep is sometimes difficult to woo in a freight car. The Sybarite swings a hammock in the car, and is independent of its motion; but for an able-bodied man, a bed of hay is sufficiently comfortable, except, indeed, for a brief half-mile or so, here and there, when you strike a rough spot in the track. (Traveling by freight qualifies one to render an expert opinion upon the character of the roadbed.) Every stoppage is a diversion. Sometimes

it is to take water, sometimes to doctor a hot-box, sometimes to let a passenger train go by; and if you happen to stop at or near a station, you will perhaps see two shadowy figures appear suddenly from the train, and move stiffly off into the surrounding darkness. They are tramps who have been riding on the couplings between two cars.

Not infrequently, especially if the cars are heavily loaded, a train will break apart; and bad accidents sometimes occur if this happens just before reaching a down grade, — the rear part of the train crashing into the forward part. A few months since, a well-known Connecticut dealer who had just started for England in charge of a valuable stallion was killed in this manner within five miles of his home. One winter night, coming from “down East” in a violent snowstorm, the couplings broke three times, the caboose and a few other cars at the rear end being left on the track each time, while the locomotive with the rest of the train forged ahead for two or three miles, coming back again, of course, when the mishap was discovered. The last time that the couplings were broken, we were hurrying to reach a siding in order to leave the track clear for a passenger express, supposed to be not far behind. As the train parted, and the rear end of it began to slow, everybody in the caboose made haste to jump off, and especially a brakeman with a red light, who, running back as fast as he could, was just in time to signal the express. It came to a stop only when the cow-catcher of its locomotive was in contact with our caboose. Indeed, it seems to be the case, and I mention it here for the benefit of nervous travelers, that there are many narrow escapes on the railroad which passengers never hear about.

The caboose (on some roads they call it the “buggy”) is a social centre, and being warm and comfortable, it is a pleasant place on a cold night. Dealers who are in the habit of carrying horses seldom stay with them, — they go back to the ca-

boose. Here, most of the time, are the conductor and two brakemen, the third brakeman being on the locomotive. Here, also, ride the drovers who have cattle and sheep on the train *en route* to market; and these men are unmistakable, for they have a brutality of expression, in comparison with which the face even of a horse-dealer is that of an innocent cherub. The explanation is simple: drovers deal continuously with dumb animals, but never hold any kindly or unselfish relation to them. Their business is to buy and sell the poor creatures at so much a head, and between these two operations, to goad and shove them into freight cars, packed as closely as the law will permit, and sometimes more closely. If everybody were familiar with drovers, saw their faces, heard them speak, and watched the translation of a cow, calf, or lamb from the farm to the slaughter house, the world would probably give up eating flesh in six months.

Beside drovers and horse-dealers, a few miscellaneous persons frequent the caboose, and notably potato men. Potatoes are brought to market in winter as well as in summer, and the stove-pipe which one occasionally sees projecting from a car marked “Ogdensburg,” “Canadian Pacific,” or “Bangor and Aroostook,” means that a man is inside to keep up the fire, lest the vegetables should freeze. The car is chilly, despite the stove, and it is probable that after a day or two the exclusive society even of the Early Rose or the Beauty of Hebron begins to pall upon the solitary occupant. One stormy night a potato man entered a certain caboose, and was rudely accosted by the conductor, a humorist and a cynic upon a rough and gigantic pattern.

“Who are you? Where’s your pass?” he thundered.

“I have n’t got any pass,” was the reply.

“You have n’t! What do you mean, then, by coming into my private car? Don’t you know that you can’t ride here?”

“I know one thing,” said the potato

man with the firmness of desperation, as he sank into a chair and warmed his hands at the huge stove in the centre of the caboose; "I mean to stay here until you throw me out."

"Well, stay and be d—d," said the conductor, pleased with his little joke.

It was the same man who amused himself, and incidentally amused me, by extracting from a handsome, desperado sort of brakeman a long account of the latter's recent courtship and marriage, an account which the conductor freely punctuated with caustic remarks upon the folly of the woman who could marry such a scamp.

You will find a great deal of coarseness in the caboose, more, perhaps, than in a fashionable club, but its moral tone is certainly not lower than that of the club, and its impulses are sounder, more national, and more patriotic.

The caboose is not only an office for the conductor, and a saloon; it is also a sleeping-car, containing at the rear end half-a-dozen bunks for the trainmen, who will turn in here about midnight or later, when we have reached a certain provincial metropolis, the end of the road on which they are employed, and the half-way point in our own journey. No city could appear more beautiful of a summer night, for we approach it by crossing upon trestlework a wide river, the farther bank of which is marked by a long line of electric lights reflected in the water. Here we run in upon what seems to be the single unoccupied track in a forest of freight cars; and as soon as our wheels have ceased to turn, we are visited in succession by three or four functionaries, each with his lantern on his left arm. First comes a man who takes the number of our car, then another who notes in his book our contents and destination, next an inspector who plays a few bars upon our wheels with his hammer, and, finally, the agent of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, who is employed to see that cattle and sheep are not overcrowded.

The big locomotive which has drawn us thus far now goes off to the round-house to rest and prepare for the return trip; and in its place a little shifter, insulting the night with its puffing and whistling, knocks us about for a while, and finally leaves us in what appears to be a long-disused and deserted part of the yard. The tracks end here, running against a hillside. On our left is a snow-plough, not likely to be wanted much before Christmas; and on the right is a worn-out caboose, which, to judge from the rust upon its wheels, has been motionless here for many years. Shall we not share its fate? Will anybody know or remember that a car marked "live stock" was tucked away in this remote corner?

However, it is only twelve o'clock, and as we are not "due to leave" till two A.M., we have in this quiet spot, as deserted as a graveyard in the dead of night, an opportunity to feed the horses and to take a nap ourselves. But, in the first place, we must sally out for water, unless indeed, as is the better way, we have brought with us water for the horses in a keg or in two pails with tight-fitting covers. Horses are very squeamish about drinking water to which they are unaccustomed, and they are particularly so under the nervous excitement of a railroad journey. They drink with even less appetite than they eat; and this is the main reason why they shrink up and lose weight in the cars, especially upon a short trip. During a longer journey, they usually become reconciled to the situation, recover their appetites, and are prepared for surprises in the water pail.

If, however, you are in search of water you will find a faucet in a kind of employees' waiting-room, where, in semi-darkness, on dingy benches ranged around the wall, men are taking naps or eating their midnight meal. While thus employed you are not unlikely to meet other travelers having horses in charge, and you may even be induced by some enthusiast to accompany him through a maze of tracks and trains to his distant

car, where he will show you an animal most remarkable, as he thinks, for beauty or speed. Possibly you will encounter a certain interesting person whose whole time is spent in carrying horses for a Western beef company from the metropolis, where the horses are purchased, to the various smaller cities and towns, where they are to be used by the agents of the concern.

Race horses are great travelers, and many of them average perhaps two days a week on the cars from June till November. It has been discovered, not without surprise, that the shifting and balancing which a horse performs in the cars have a wonderful effect in suppling his muscles. Many a trotter or runner has gone the best race of his life after a long railroad journey followed by one night's rest. Old campaigners learn to take the noise and jarring of the train with perfect composure, and some of the more intelligent are sagacious enough to lie down on their deep beds of straw as soon as they are put on board, and to remain in that position until the journey's end. Maud S. is said to have done this.

But it is time to return to your temporary home, especially as rain is beginning to fall, and in your half-asleep condition you are likely to go astray, wandering up and down long lines of motionless freight cars, stumbling over switches, and vaguely wondering whether you are going to be run down and killed by a shifter, or, more heroically, by the Manitoba express. At last, however, you recognize a certain open car laden with granite, — an awkward thing, by the way, to be next to in a collision, — and, upon the box car immediately behind it, you read the now familiar number, 2011, or whatever it may be. The horses welcome you back with a whinny of pleased surprise, the dogs frantically caress you; and, throwing yourself down upon your bed of hay, you fall asleep to the music of the rain pattering upon the tin roof overhead.

Thus passes an hour, the shortest of the night, and then down comes the shifter of the line to which you have been

transferred, and awakes you with a crash. And now you have a chance to observe the worst dangers of railroading. In order to make the necessary couplings and uncouplings, the shifting crew are continually obliged to jump on and off moving cars. They have only one free hand with which to grasp a rail, for in the left hand they carry a lantern; and on such a night as this, when everything is slippery with rain, and obscured by darkness, mist, and, perhaps, by steam, the danger is much increased. To stand dry and safe within your car and watch the scene is something like witnessing a gladiatorial show.

A freight brakeman, especially one of a shifting crew, expects to come within a few inches of death every night in his life; and yet in most of our states the common law is still so unjust that if a brakeman is injured by working with defective cars or appliances, knowing them to be defective, although he would doubtless be dismissed if he refused to work with them, he cannot recover damages for the injury. According to the fiction of the law, he has "voluntarily assumed the risk." One night spent on a freight train would do the bench of judges a world of good.

Let us hope, however, that on this occasion you "pull out" from the yard leaving no lifeless or mutilated body behind, happy in the thought that you have entered upon the last stage of your journey, and pleased that the train, for a wonder, is on time, although, as a church clock on the edge of the city strikes two, you are not quite sure, in your dazed and sleepy condition, whether it is yesterday afternoon or to-morrow morning. At all events, the clouds have dissolved, the stars are out again; and a little later, at 2.45 A. M., to be accurate, as you stand at the door of the car, inhaling the cool, sweet air which already smacks of the mountains, you observe in the eastern sky two or three silvery streaks which might be clouds, but which, as slowly they broaden, brighten, and become suffused with pink, you perceive to be the

dawn of a midsummer day. Beholding that, the stars begin to withdraw, the winding river, visible for a mile or more, lazily rolls off the counterpane of mist which has covered him throughout the night, and the whole landscape awakes.

As the sun, getting higher and higher, burns away the freshness of the morning, it must be confessed that something of the glamour which has surrounded your journey throughout the night begins to disappear. Even upon the ascetic mind thoughts of a neat breakfast-table and of a cup of hot coffee (with boiled milk) will intrude. Sometimes — such is the weakness of human nature — a base longing to get into a comfortable bed, and leave the landscape and the horses to take care of themselves, will poison the morning mind of the demoralized traveler. But there is a remedy yet to be tried. Climb to the top of your car, and sitting there, with your back to the locomotive, for the cinders come somewhat thickly, you will

feel such a rush of invigorating air, and will enjoy so wide a view of forest and stream, with the mountains rising northward, that fatigue disappears or is forgotten. Before long, from your lofty perch, you begin to descry familiar houses and barns and turns in the road, and at last the well-known, dingy little station, just as you left it nine months ago, with the same old wagons standing in the sheds behind, with the same old stage-driver, dressed in the same faded clothes, and whittling what appears to be the same stick, sitting on the platform.

Profound is the quiet of the scene; fifty years of noisy progress have been wiped out by our journey of a night. This is home. Even the horses sigh with pleasure as they breathe in the sweet, hay-scented air; and the dogs, rushing from their temporary prison with screams of delight, are already pursuing one of last summer's ideals, — a certain fat wood-chuck in a neighboring field.

THE JAPANESE SPIRIT

BY NOBUSHIGE AMENOMORI

WHEN Japan fought with China, in 1894, for the independence of Korea, and when, a few years later, she satisfactorily discharged her allotted task as one of the allied powers in the rescue of the foreign legations at Peking from the hands of the Boxers, the general public was pleased to call her a nation of wonderful people. Now that her national safety has been threatened in Manchuria, she has been forced into a war with Russia, and the achievements she has so far accomplished on land and sea seem to have gained her once more the epithet of a wonderful people. Among many congratulatory letters on her hitherto attained success received at the headquarters in Tokyo from persons of note abroad, there was

one asking the question, "Why are Japanese so brave in war?" The answer given was, "Japanese are brave on account of their patriotism and loyalty to the Emperor."

If the general public once rightly understood warlike Japan, — her history and institutions, the customs and habits that have formed her military character, — then, what is now looked upon as wonderful will be seen in its true light as no more than might be expected, for knowledge turns the wonderful into the natural.

What we here propose is not a treatise on the subject. It is merely an attempt to lift a corner of the veil so as to let those who will take a peep at the interior of the

shrine of national life that has been built up by the sons and daughters of Yamato, and has stood unshaken for thousands of years, gaining strength from age to age.

It is a gross mistake to suppose that civilization in its broad sense first dawned upon the isles of Japan only about fifty years ago, when friendly America knocked at the doors of the empire. Japan had been civilized then; that is, she had left far behind her the vestige of barbarism, and was then just as civilized as any country in Europe or America; only her civilization was peculiar to herself, having been developed by her during her long seclusion from the rest of the world. In the degree of progress from barbarism she stood on the same level as any other civilized nation. But many of the ideas that had been formed under her peculiar civilization seemed so different from those of other civilized nations that she at first misunderstood them, and was misunderstood by them. It was to this difference of ideas that she owed the rubs and difficulties she experienced at the outset when she was introduced into the friendship of nations. Judging them by her own standard, she thought them barbarous; and so was she declared when judged by theirs. Her ideas were shared by none, while theirs were common to the more powerful peoples of the world. So that, having once entered into treaty relationship with them, and being unable to fall back upon her former seclusion, it was necessary for her, if she wished to make a good figure in the brotherhood of nations, to adopt and adapt to herself the civilization of the West. This she saw, and acted upon it. As she studied the culture of the West, the ideas that seemed at first entirely different from her own she found to be not so many as she had thought, and these not so radically opposed to one another as to resist amalgamation. Now it is conceded on all sides that the modern civilization of the West has been greatly indebted to that of ancient Greece and Rome, if not entirely

evolved out of them. But if the old customs and institutions of Japan be duly examined, a great many of them will be found analogous to those of the two ancient countries of Europe. If, therefore, Greece and Rome have given rise to and influenced and moulded the modern European civilization, then it stands to reason that it can be adopted and assimilated by Japan, whose culture, customs, and institutions have close resemblance to those of the classical parents of modern Europe. And so Japan embraced and has at length assimilated it, — to a great extent at least.

In consequence the Japanese have been complimented on their imitative, rather to the disparagement of their inventive faculties. But this compliment comes from a superficial observer. He does not see that, in order to adopt a thing, there must be already developed power to grasp it in its details, and that this intellectual grasp presupposes inventive as well as imitative faculties working in that line. The Japanese decorative art has been imitated by the peoples of the West. Look at their *objets d'art* produced at present; the Japanese influence is more or less apparent in them all. Would any one say on that account that the Westerners lack inventive faculties in this line of industry? Imitation and adoption prelude adaptation, and adaptation calls forth improvement, which is decidedly within the province of invention. As we are at present considering not industrial or commercial, but warlike Japan, we will speak only of things that are related to war. Let us take a few instances.

Having early realized that, despite the progress of international law and the humanitarian professions of the powers of the world, might is still right at bottom in the intercourse of nations, Japan has taken to the study of the modern tactics and other military arts and sciences of the West. How much she has already availed herself of the new knowledge combined with her own bequeathed by her ancestors has been shown in the scientific

address and machine-like movements of her forces on land and sea in the present war with Russia. And not only that; many of the munitions and ammunitions wherewith she is now fighting are of her own invention and make. The Shimose powder and shells, the Oda submarine mines, the Arisaka quick-firing guns, and the Meiji 30th year rifles have all proved their effectiveness, to the great loss of the enemy. Even the apparatus of wireless telegraphy she is now using is of a special type of her contrivance; and she has devised, though not yet used them in the present war, a new type of balloons. Thus she is fighting with new knowledge and new equipment. Yet she is still eager to learn, and has already learned much from her enemy. She has deeply regretted the death of Makaroff, not only from the high esteem in which she had held him, but also from the frustration of the hopes she had entertained of learning a great deal from him, whose books on naval matters she had carefully studied.

But all this intelligence would be of little avail had not Japan that bravery which is one of the flowers of her patriotism. The love of one's fatherland is common to the natives of all countries, but in the Japanese patriotism there are certain things peculiar to itself.

When we consider Japanese patriotism, we must never lose sight of its great concomitant, loyalty to the Emperor. These two passions are so closely united in the breast of an ordinary Japanese, that he can hardly conceive of one without the other. When a Japanese says, "I love my country," a great or even the greater part of his idea of his "country" is taken up by the Emperor and the imperial family. His duty to his country, as conceived by him, includes, first of all, duty to his Emperor. Moreover, to him his country does not mean simply a group of islands with about fifty millions of people living on them. His forefathers and descendants are also taken into account. To him the past, present, and future generations are commingled into one; so

that if we analyze the idea of his *kuni*, country, as understood by him, we find it composed of the following elements:—

1. The imperial ancestors.
2. The reigning Emperor.
3. The imperial family.
4. The imperial descendants.
5. His own ancestors.
6. His own family and relations.
7. His descendants.
8. His fellow countrymen, their families, and their relations.
9. Their ancestors.
10. Their descendants.
11. The extent of land or lands occupied by his race.

Since Jimmu, the first Emperor, ascended his throne more than five-and-twenty centuries ago, one unbroken line of Emperors and Empresses has reigned over the isles.¹ The empire has stood for this long succession of centuries unpoluted by the foot of a conqueror. Indeed, toward the end of the thirteenth century Kublai Khan, attracted by the accounts of Japan given by seafarers as a land of inexhaustible gold mines, sent a vast fleet with the purpose of adding the country to his dominions. But the fleet was repulsed and destroyed. Out of the hundred thousand men sent by him only three returned to tell the tale. Japan had never been before that time, nor has she been since, attacked by a foreign power.

The Japanese knows that his own ancestors served those of his Emperor. Nay, he knows that, if his own genealogy be traced to bygone ages, it will be found more or less connected with that of the imperial household. In short, the Japanese are members of one vast family with the Emperor as the head, and representative of its main stock. The Emperor is by birth the head of the nation. Neither he nor any of his ancestors came to the throne by ruse or violence. Suppose Abraham

¹ We are now concerned with the vital belief that is the moving power of the nation, and not engaged in a chronological discussion on the so-called minor discrepancies in the annals of the country.

had founded an empire in Palestine; that his heirs in an unbroken line ruled over the twelve tribes, themselves descendants of Abraham, and that the empire continued powerful to this day; — suppose this, and you have an idea somewhat similar to that of the Empire of Japan. The Japanese has in his house a household shrine¹ dedicated to the imperial ancestors and to his own. Every morning and evening he lights the lamps in the shrine; and, according to the days of the month, he makes ordinary and special offerings, which he partakes afterward with his wife and children. If he makes an unusual gain in business, he puts the money a while in the shrine for the ancestors to see, and he thanks them for their parental care. If his rank be promoted in office, he reports it to them. When he sets out on a travel, he takes leave of them; and on his return he pays homage to them. He invokes them in adversity, and in prosperity he glorifies them. In joy and in sorrow he believes they are with him. He serves them as if they were living. And these ancestors whom he loves and reveres were all loyal to their Emperors in their days; so that he feels *he* must be loyal to *his* Emperor, as they were to theirs, if he means to prove himself worthy of their race. This is a sentiment born with him. It is owing to this deep-rooted feeling in the people that, although several daimyōs fought with one another during the sixteenth century for the aggrandizement of their powers, yet none of them dared to aim at the imperial throne. They obtained their ranks and titles from the Emperor then reigning. Their aim was to be the chief military officer — or we may say viceroy — of the em-

pire. Even Iyeyasu Tokugawa, the greatest of shoguns, who was the *de facto* ruler of Japan in his time, was legally but an officer under the sovereign. He and his heirs actually held the reins of the empire for about two hundred and sixty years, but none of them dared even to become a shogun without being so appointed by the reigning Emperor. The hereditary loyalty of the people to the Emperor, with whose ancestors are associated their own forefathers, is too stubborn a sentiment to be trifled with, and no intelligent shogun ever attempted to disregard it.

In many other countries kings and emperors have to keep their pomp in order to uphold their authority. Not so in Japan. The lower the imperial pomp dwindles down, the warmer and deeper is the popular sympathy. The people cannot bear seeing the chief of their race in wretchedness. They will eventually rise up for him. Without looking for an instance in ancient history, we have it in the downfall of the Tokugawa shogunate in 1867. As the authority of the Emperors had gradually been effaced by that of the shoguns, popular discontent, originating among the literati, began to spread itself against the Tokugawa family. It was rife when Commodore Perry came to Japan. The shogun acted contrary to the orders of the Emperor, when he concluded treaties with America and some other foreign powers. This was a glaring case of disobedience to the imperial authority at the time of a national crisis. The fire of discontent with the shogunate that had been smouldering under the thin surface of the Tokugawa régime now broke out, and set the empire ablaze. Loyalist daimyōs gathered round the throne, and marching against the shogun, at last compelled him to resign his post. The rule of the country was restored to the imperial head of the nation both in name and in fact. Such is the loyalty of the Japanese to their Emperor, who represents in his person all that is dear to them. This deep-rooted sentiment is peculiar to Japan. It is seen nowhere else, because it is the

¹ In a Japanese household there are usually two shrines, one called *Kamidana*, being related to Shintoism, and the other *Butsudan*, related to Buddhism. The rites and ceremonies respectively observed in regard to them differ, but we leave their several descriptions to another occasion; our present purpose being as well served by speaking as if there were but one shrine, since the two have had the same pietistic origin.

outcome of the unique development of the Japanese race. No foreigner within our knowledge who has written about Japan seems to have remarked it. Some, looking upon the downfall of the last shogunate, say that "many daimyōs who cared little for the Emperor's abstract rights, cared a great deal for the chance of aggrandizing their own families at the shogun's expense," and that therefore they fought against the shogun. This is a crass misunderstanding of the fact, though perhaps an unavoidable one to a foreigner born in a country where a very different idea of kingship obtains. But a misunderstanding it certainly is; for, soon after the downfall of the shogunate, the daimiates were abolished and prefectures established at the initiation of the very daimyōs who had pulled down the shogunate, and who, though they could do almost anything if they wished to aggrandize their own families, yet gave up of their own accord their hereditary fiefs, so as to set an example for other lords to follow. Nay, there were among the loyalist daimyōs some very prominent on account of their family relationship with the shogun, such as the lords of Mito and Fukui. In truth, the "Restoration" as it actually took place is an event that could never have happened, nor can ever happen, anywhere except in Japan. These lords and their men saw that feudalism had lasted too long, throwing the imperial authority into the shade, and that the throne must shine in its pristine glory upon all the sons of Yamato, to unite them into one body and soul at that national crisis, when the country was to begin a new life among the powers of the world. The lords and their men forgot their own interests for the sake of their fatherland and its chief. The intervening hand of the shogunate was at last removed from between the heir of the parental stock and the children of the race, and the national blood resumed its course in its original veins, giving the members, each and all, mutually responding throbs. Thus we see loyalty and patriotism are so

blended in the Japanese heart that the two terms have come to be almost synonymous. The Emperor representing the stem of the race, the memories of the forefathers dear to all are inseparably associated with the glory of the throne.

And the forefathers are never forgotten. "He throws mud at the faces of his ancestors," is a Japanese expression used to describe an evil-doer. "No, if I do that I cannot look with good conscience upon the *ihai*¹ of my ancestors," says a true-born Japanese when he resists a temptation. Or he says, "What apologies could I make to the ancestors, if I did such a thing?" The dead are considered as still keeping company in spirit with the living, whose lives they are watching with anxious sympathy. "Make your ancestors known to the world by doing good," is the moral incitement that urges a true Japanese on the path of virtue. The dead share in the honors of the living. Nay, some honors are paid specially to the dead. Here is an instance. Not only those who have died up to this moment in the present war with Russia have been accorded ranks of honor and orders of merit, but Tokimune Hōjō, the hero of the thirteenth century who destroyed the fleet of Kublai Khan, has recently been created a dignitary of the Second Class of the First Rank. There is not in Japan a city or town that has not a *shōkonsha*, a shrine dedicated to the spirits of those who laid down their lives for their country. Twice in a year a special festival is held, when people assemble there to make offerings. Strangers may laugh at it. Bigots may deride it. But derision and laughter are turned to shame when this national custom shows its effects, with blood and iron, on the national enemy.

And our Japanese soldier knows that *he* shall be honored if he serves his country well. "Man lives but his lifetime; his name it is that lives to posterity," has been told him from his childhood. He

¹ *Ihai*. Tablets on which are inscribed the names of one's ancestors, and which are kept in one's household shrine.

believes the ancient heroes of his race are watching him and guiding him. The banner of his regiment has characters written by his Emperor, and was given to his regiment by the Emperor himself, the chief by birth of his race. Such being the banner, and consequently the inborn memories of the race twining round it, the soldier sees with the eye of his faith his ancestors marching before the standard of the Rising Sun. He knows he has the deep fellow feeling of his living countrymen, and that if he dies he shall be honored, for endless generations, with offerings and festivals by his countrymen yet to come. Nothing is so real to him as what he feels; and he feels that with him are united the past, the present, and the future generations of his countrymen. Thus fully conscious of the intense sympathy of his compatriots both dead and living, and swelled with lofty anticipation of his glorious destiny, no danger can appall, and no toil can tire the real Japanese soldier.

This soul of patriotism has been brilliantly evinced by the single-hearted, enthusiastic, yet cool-headed actions of the Japanese fighting men at the front. The public has seen how quickly they seized the command of the Yellow Sea; how undaunted they were in blocking Port Arthur, a fair success not coming to them till their third attempt; how valiantly they crossed the Yalu, and took Chiulienchen, crushing down in one day the strong fortifications that it had been thought would hold out at least two months; how they took possession of Kinchau and, after sixteen hours' fighting, the stronghold of Namsan; and how they routed at Tehlitz the vast number of men that came down for the rescue of Port Arthur. So far there has not been a regular battle that they have not won. These with their detailed accounts are now before the world. And more are yet to be seen. The indomitable valor of the fighting men has been declared marvelous by eye-witnesses, who attribute it to lofty enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm it is, but not of that transient sort which is kindled in one moment and put out in the next. It is latent; it is calm. Let us take a glance at the men from another point of view. Every mail from the front brings some poems composed by them to their relations and friends at home. Admiral Togo gave commission to a merchant to send him some dwarfed trees in pots, to beguile his officers and men from the monotony of the sea. The men of another vessel drank *Banzai!*¹ at seeing a branch of cherry flowers brought to them by the captain of a transport. A reconnoitring party which landed at a point in Manchuria brought back, in addition to an accurate report, a bouquet of violets. Here is a soldier on the bank of the Yalu, who picks some azalea flowers, and sends them in a letter to his parents at home. He says he wants to share with them the pleasure of seeing the first flowers in Manchuria. Another soldier writes home, asking his brother to send him some books of poetry. Such are the men. Yet under this smooth surface there lies a terrible determination; a determination to win or die. To a friend's letter wishing for his safe return, "I will cling to the word of my mother," answered a soldier, "and will either return in triumph, or receive your offerings and hers at the *shōkonsha*." When the victorious march upon Chiulienchen was about to be made, the soldiers, without any previous talk, changed their shirts, and dusted their clothes even to a man. What for? In order not to leave behind them unseemly corpses after they have left this world. This reminds us of the ancient Japanese warriors who used to perfume their helmets when they went to a battle, in order not to give the enemy uncomely heads, if they fell in the battle, and thereby to show them that they had been fully prepared for death. In time of peace, if a man dies, his relations and friends wash his corpse, shave its face, dress it with

¹ *Banzai!* It means 10,000 years, and is used similarly to the French *Vive!*

new clothes, and fill the coffin with the powder and leaves of incense-wood. In time of war, the man makes so far as is possible these preparations for his own burial. "Show no regrets at death, nor be overtaken by death unawares;" this has been a proverb from time immemorial.

Nor does the Japanese soldier make light of death. He knows the value of life; only he is ready to risk it in performance of his duties. "Life is difficult to maintain, while death is easy to attain," is the saying; and a death that is neither honorable nor conducive to the furtherance of one's duties is called *inu-jini*, a dog's dying. The full appreciation of the value of life is shown in the completeness of the means and appliances of the field-hospitals, the care and deftness with which the wounded are carried in and attended there, and the eagerness wherewith the soldiers rescue one another. Life is valued as highly by the Japanese as by any other soldier, but in the Japanese camp every man sets more value on the lives of his comrades than his own, and is willing to undertake, in order to spare others, the hardest work in front of the enemy. At the march on Namsan it was suspected that a mine had been laid by the enemy in a certain place. "If any of you is willing to tread on that ground to try the mine let him lift up his rifle!" cried the colonel who led the van of the middle division. His regiment was unanimous. There was not one rifle unraised. However, to imperil the whole regiment being needless, a selection was made. The selected party cheerfully rushed forward amidst a hailstorm of shells and bullets. Yet, fortunately, when they reached the suspected ground, the mine had been rendered inactive by a shell, shot by the artillery, which cut up the electric wire that had connected the mine with the battery. These men were willing to lay down their lives, not because they courted death, nor because they set their lives at naught, but because they wanted to save their friends from the danger of the mine.

At the time of the same attack, a party from another division ran out to break the wire netting set up by the enemy for obstruction. The enemy's missiles came swarming upon them; and, while yet at some distance from the netting, some men fell mortally wounded. One of the lieutenants, while engaged in piling up mud, stones, and such things as could be found, to protect the wounded from further injuries, himself was shot down. Then one of the wounded men rose up, and, with tottering steps, endeavored to carry the officer back to his division. This beautifully illustrates the attachment existing between the Japanese officers and their men. The general public is aware that the late Commander Hirose, at the blocking of Port Arthur, went back from his boat three times to the sinking steamer in search of his missing subordinate, Sugino. These men cherished their lives as much as anybody else, but they risked them to save those of their friends. Death is not in itself honorable. Duty is paramount; and it is to die in accordance with duty that is regarded as highly honorable. In the balance of the Japanese chivalry, "Duty is as heavy as a mountain," so goes an old saying, "and death as light as a feather." And, "If a man does not die at the time he ought to," says another adage, "he shall incur shame more unbearable than death itself." "The time he ought to die" is the time when he judges his duty requires him to sacrifice himself at the altar of the national honor. An illustration of this is afforded in the case of the ill-fated transport *Kinshu-maru*. The ship being surrounded, unarmed and helpless, by the squadron of Vladivostock, the few naval officers that were on the vessel went to the Russian flagship to save by negotiations if possible the military officers and soldiers on board, at the risk of their own lives, which they were willing to sacrifice for their sake. These naval officers not having come back, and the Russians meanwhile threatening to destroy the transport, the military officers urged non-combatants,

against their will, to escape by boats. After they had reluctantly left the ship, the officers appeared with the soldiers on the deck, and they fired at the enemy. They knew very well this was not of much avail, but they were unwilling to die without making some resistance. "If you fall in a battle, fall with your heads toward your enemy," is an old saying. So these men fired at the Russians. And after that, having burnt their flags, banners, and all important documents, and shouting three times their last *Banzai!* to their Emperor and their fatherland, these brave men committed *harakiri*, and were buried with their ship under the waves. Had they been engaged in a battle on land, they would have fought to the last. This being beyond their power in their situation, they preferred death to captivity; for to be taken captive appeared to them a shame unbearable, while to die by their own hands was what some of their ancestors had done when circumstanced as they were. We do not here intend either to recommend or condemn their deed, our business being simply to explain it; and in doing so, we remark here the same spirit that prompted Roman warriors to fall on their own swords in similar cases.

Nor is it the men at the front alone that are bearing the hardships of the war. Their countrymen at home are doing all they can to share the load with them, and to back them up in their glorious mission. Societies and associations have been organized to relieve the families of the fighting men, and every one makes certain contributions to the relief fund. Some men contribute money or goods, some their labor, and most of the lint and bandages used for the wounded are the work of women, from the Empress down to the peasant girl. Little boys and girls willingly forego their daily sweetmeats, and give the small moneys thus saved to the relief societies. A boy eleven years old in a country school made one day a contribution of two *yen*. It was thought too much for a country boy's gift. The school-

teacher and the elderman of the village suspected the money might have been given the lad by his parents to satisfy his vanity; in which case it should be admonished against. An inquiry was accordingly made, and brought out the fact that the boy had actually earned the money for the purpose by devoting his play hours to the making of straw sandals. Even some criminals working in prisons have made several applications to contribute their earnings to the funds, though their wishes have not been complied with. In every village a compact has been made that those remaining at home should look after the farms of those at the front, so that their families may not be disappointed of the usual crops. Since the outbreak of the war the government's bonds have been twice issued at home, and each time the subscription more than trebled the amount called for, the imperial household taking the lead by subscribing twenty million *yen*. Thus the hardships of the war are cheerfully borne by every man, woman, and child in the land.

Yet see how quiet and calm they are. As the men in the front are picking flowers and composing poems, when not engaged in fighting, so are the people at home peacefully pursuing their usual avocations. A stranger walking in the streets of Tokyo or any other city or town will not notice that Japan is engaged in a war with one of the strongest powers of the world. This calm, this peacefulness is the outcome not of indifference, but of a firm determination to fight till the last *sen* is spent, and the last drop of blood is shed. Those in the front fight for these at home, and these, in return, make every endeavor to relieve those from cares for their families, that their valor may not be blunted.

Such is Japan in her warlike character. In industrial and commercial achievements she is yet far behind some countries of the world. Until she has accomplished in these two spheres many things such as will benefit mankind at large, let her not consider herself a great nation. Until such time is come, let her deem herself a mere

apprentice in the arts of peace, lest her vanity should thwart her progress; for she has a great many things yet to learn. But in war she is surpassed by none other. Her national traditions, her history as believed by her people, her national faith, her intelligence and valor which are the results of her history and faith,—all combine to make her a nation of clever and intrepid fighters. In time of peace she may be divided into parties and factions, but in a war with another country her racial instinct asserts itself, and the whole nation becomes one compact body. The country of tea ceremonies, flower arrangements, dancing, and fine arts, transforms itself at the sound of the bugle into one vast camp, where every person, male or female, is ready to sacrifice everything, even life itself, to the furtherance of the common cause. Quite recently an officer of the general staff of the navy has remarked, “A war is our great undertaking which determines the fate of our state for numberless generations to come. There-

fore we must take utmost care not to defeat our common cause by our errors; and holding ourselves responsible to the millions of souls of our ancestors and to our illimitable posterity, we must forget ourselves and everything of our own to gain the object of the war.” This expresses the general sentiment of the nation.

Thus seen, in the light emanating from the shrine of national life through the corner of the veil we have lifted in the foregoing pages, the achievements already accomplished, and those yet to be accomplished by Japan in the present war, become all natural to such a people. They appear wonderful only to those who have not understood her. And of all nations, the one that ought to have understood, and yet has grossly misunderstood her is her present antagonist; and it is this misunderstanding on the part of her enemy that has given the general public an opportunity of discerning, as Japan marches on with her ancestral sword, her real military worth.

A SONNET FOR THE CITY

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

THIS day into the fields my steps are led.
I cannot heal me there! Row after row
Thousands of daisies radiantly blow;
They have not brought from Heaven my daily bread,
But they are like a prayer too often said.
I have forgot their meaning, and I go
From the cold rubric of their gold and snow,
And the calm ritual, all uncomforted.
I want the faces! faces! remote and pale,
That surge along the city streets; the flood
Of reckless ones, haggard and spent and frail,
Excited, hungry! In this other mood
’Tis not the words of the faith for which I ail,
But to plunge in the fountain of its living blood.

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CAPTAIN'S FOLLY

BY SEWELL FORD

LONG ago the Bay folks named it Captain's Folly, that great white house whose tightly shuttered windows, like so many sightless eyes, stare vainly out across the Inlet to the big green water. It was built for Captain Dory Ibbens, and his was the folly. Of course, there was more than the mere building of the house to earn it such a name. It was a good house, nobly placed. In all the length of Barnegat, from Absecon to the Matedecong, one can find no more pleasing site than the bold, bare top of Whaleback Hill.

No, it was not with the building of the big house that his folly began. It was when he married for the second time that he took the first step. As for the good folks of Cedarton, they fairly gasped when Monyah became Mrs. Dory Ibbens. He in the sixties and she but two-and-twenty! Oh, it was a tender morsel for a community that could criticise the color a man painted his front steps.

No one blamed Monyah. What else, pray, was a practically homeless girl to do when a rich old fool asked her to marry him? But of Captain Dory Ibbens they had expected more wisdom. In fact, when he had finally come ashore for good, they had no hesitation at all in deciding exactly what he ought to do. He had made his fortune, had he not? His ships sailed to all quarters of the globe. Reluctant as he might be to quit it, he was getting too old for the quarter-deck. He should settle down somewhere on dry land, smoke his pipe, take his ease, draw his dividends, and let the world wag. That was the way others had done under like circumstances. His few old friends welcomed him as one whose race had been run. They made room for him in a corner of the sleepy Maritime Club, indicating that he was free to play at whist and checkers, to bear his part in

endless nautical debates, as long as he lasted.

Captain Ibbens did not accept this programme. He was past sixty, to be sure. He had seen forty years of sailing, weathering typhoons in the Indian Ocean, thrashing heavily cargoed ships through wintry seas around the Horn, or lying becalmed off the fever coasts. Now he was done with the sea. But he was no dismantled old hulk, fit for nothing better than to ground keel amid the harbor sedges. If he must cast anchor he wanted mid-channel, at least, for a berth; a place where he could feel the tides come and go and hear the wind sing through the taut rigging. In this mind he opened what he was pleased to call a shipping-office, and took rooms at the Cedarton House.

One winter of living at a village hotel quite prepared Captain Ibbens for something desperate. It was almost as bad as visiting around among relatives with whom he felt barely acquainted. Many a time did he long to be back in the snug quarters of his after cabin with his own steward to wait on him, and his first and second mates for company.

Only Monyah saved the situation from absolute dreariness. She soon learned how he liked his breakfast eggs and coffee, preparing them herself when the cook declined to take suggestions. Three times a day she greeted him with that cheery smile of hers; for Monyah, you see, was the dining-room waitress at the Cedarton House. This was because her uncle's hotel was the only place which she could call home. If she chose to wait on table instead of idly accepting her bread, who was there to think the less of her? Not the folks of Cedarton. They were unused to drawing lines of caste. Not Captain Ibbens. He recognized the aristocracy of a ship's deck and of nothing else.

Monyah's smile at the grim old captain was entirely impersonal. On all the world Monyah smiled just because, even though there was no great wisdom in her head, there was much sunshine in her heart.

Having seeing eyes, Captain Ibbens noted the healthy bloom on Monyah's cheeks, the graceful curves of Monyah's figure, the sweetness of Monyah's voice, and, above all, the hearty cheerfulness of Monyah's smile. So Captain Ibbens visited a fashionable city tailor, and arrayed himself in shore togs such as Cedarton seldom saw save on summer visitors. He had his gray hair and mustache trimmed in the mode. He discarded his heavy sea-boots for light patent leather shoes. He took to wearing posies on his coat lapel.

At this stage Cedarton, not being in the secret, was proud of him. To strangers he was pointed out, as he walked jauntily down the street, tall, erect, well-groomed, pink-cheeked, with such enlightening phrases as, —

"That's Cap'n Ibbens, sir. Retired, — big shipowner, — guess he's wuth nigh onto half a million."

There is no doubt, too, that Monyah admired, that she was flattered by his friendship. Not that Monyah was unused to attention. The young men of Cedarton knew a pretty face and a trim figure. More than one had told her as much. In the gold locket which she sometimes wore was a tiny photograph. But then, where was Sidney Carter now? It had been three, almost four, years since she had heard from him. That was the way with the boys of Cedarton. The best of them went away to the big cities, and those who stayed had no better prospects than that of remaining clerks in the Cedarton stores. Sidney Carter had gone away and prospered, no doubt. Probably he had forgotten her. Monyah wept a little sometimes, as she opened the locket and looked at the frank, boyish face which smiled up at her. This was foolish, and she knew it.

So when Captain Ibbens asked her, one June morning over his coffee cup, if she would be an old man's darling, Monyah blushed very prettily, delayed giving her answer quite long enough for modesty's sake, and ended by telling him that she would. This she did without looking very deep into the present or very far into the future. Many another village belle has chosen less wisely.

There was a simple ceremony in the minister's parlor, and then they slipped out of town on the noon train. Such a honeymoon trip as that no Cedarton girl ever had before or has since enjoyed. For to Captain Dory Ibbens, accustomed to three-year cruises, a journey meant a voyage around the world, at least. It was done in style, too. To please Monyah had become his business in life, and when he could do that he was happy.

Nor was Monyah difficult to please. Once she had become used to being among strangers, to new sights and scenes, she developed an adaptability which was wonderful when you consider that never before had she been more than a score of miles away from Cedarton. Paris awed her at first, but before she left it she had filled a trunk with its hats and gowns and gloves. In Japan she acquired a waiting-maid who begged that she might serve Monyah forever.

Thus, while it was the same Captain Ibbens who returned, looking a dozen years younger, the Monyah who came back with him was a personage whom Cedarton recognized with difficulty. What, this grand lady who wore such superbly fitting gowns, whose skirts rustled so, who drove about town with a Japanese maid beside her, — this the Monyah who had waited on table at the Cedarton House!

Yet Monyah smiled on them all, just as she used. There was no hint of condescension in her manner, no loftiness in her tone. She was glad to see them, glad to be back. How were all the boys and girls? Did n't they think her Koto was cute? Oh, she had such lots of things to tell them.

Cedarton, however, refused to believe. She must be "stuck up," proud, conceited. And if you look for anything hard enough, you know, you are bound to find it. Vainly did Monyah try to break through the coldness and restraint with which her old friends greeted her. What did it all mean? What had she done? For the heart of Monyah was as simple as ever. She had come to know the look of strange cities, the customs of strange peoples, but she was no more learned in human nature than before she went away.

But Captain Ibbens knew Cedarton and its ways. He divined the cause of Monyah's unhappiness, and he shook his fist at those who were at the bottom of it.

"We'll cure 'em of that," he said to himself. "If there's any society in Cedarton too good for Mrs. Captain Ibbens I guess we'll find out what it is."

Then he planned his folly. He bought Whaleback Hill with its Bay frontage, and communicated with a firm of city architects. They were delighted, they wrote. They would send a representative. They did.

"Why, it's Sidney Carter!" exclaimed Monyah, blushing just a little as she held out her hand to him. "But I suppose you've forgotten me."

Forgotten her! Oh, Monyah, how could you? Some there are, to be sure, whose first love is but the beginning of a series, who progress through a kind of graded system of courtships until they acquire a matrimonial degree. Others, and they are rare souls, enshrine their first love in their heart of hearts and pay it devotion for all time. Of these last was Sidney Carter.

As a youth he had been shy and reserved. He had followed Monyah with those big, sober brown eyes of his for months before she had noticed him among her train. And even after that it had been a long period before he had revealed any hint of that love which he had declared in one sudden, passionate outburst. He was to go away the next morning, but he begged her to wait for him.

Monyah had laughed, but she had listened. She had let him kiss her, too, when they parted, and had kissed him in return. Then he had sent her the little gold locket with his picture in it, and there it had ended. Poor little gold locket! Where was it now? Monyah tried to make herself believe that she did not know. But she did. She knew the very trunk corner where it was hidden.

And she could ask him if he had forgotten! It had been almost five years now, — years of unceasing work, of discouraging failure, of ambitious endeavor, — but in all that time had he ever closed his eyes at night without thought of the smiling, fresh-checked girl, the Monyah whose one kiss, perhaps lightly given, still thrilled him?

The news of her marriage to old Captain Ibbens had been a shock, of course; but, after all, he had expected that she might marry some one. She had not promised to wait, and the time had been so long. There had been so much for him to learn, so many difficulties to overcome. No, he had not expected her to wait. He had only hoped that she would. Through it all he had kept bright that youthful ideal of her. He had even smiled at the irony of fate, personified by the senior partner of the big firm in which he had won an interest, which sent him back to Cedarton to build a fine home for Monyah and her rich old husband.

Truly a fine home he made of it. All his skill of conception, all his artistic taste he employed to create on the crest of Whaleback a mansion noble enough to shelter one who had been so dear to him. Nothing of this would you have guessed, though, had you seen him discussing plans and designs with Monyah and the captain. Even Monyah did not suspect, for the thoughts and sentiments of Sidney Carter lay deep.

Almost every day during the months when the house was rising from its substantial stone foundations the old captain and his bride drove out to inspect progress, so that Sidney saw much of this

full-figured, charmingly gowned woman that had developed from the simple village girl whose early graces had now ripened into what seemed to him perfection.

Most absurdly happy did they seem with the building of their new home, Captain Ibbens and Monyah. Sidney watched them as they walked hand in hand through the big, unfinished rooms. He noted the fond way in which the old captain would slyly pat Monyah's shoulder, how his stern face would relax and soften as he looked at her. He saw the frank, grateful glances which she gave him. And Sidney Carter, seeing these things, applied himself strictly to the business of compelling the contractors to do their whole duty.

Finally it was finished. Everything was complete and in order, from the private gas plant in the great basement to the telescope mounted in the big white cupola. Sidney Carter, a deeper soberness in his brown eyes, had gone back to the city. The mansion opened its doors to receive master and mistress.

"Do you like it, Monyah?" asked the old captain with a smile of satisfaction, for he had already read the answer in her eyes.

"Like it?" Monyah was letting her gaze roam over the polished floors, through vistas of arched doorways, along picture-hung walls. "Why, it's grand! And you are an old dear, so there!"

For a time, too, she was very happy. But when the novelty had worn thin, when she had become familiar with all the comforts and luxuries of her new home, she realized that something was lacking. It was companionship. Of course, Captain Ibbens was there every forenoon, reading his paper, walking about the grounds, pipe in hand. But in the afternoon he drove down to his office, talked with his old friends, received reports from his shipping agents, and did not return until it was time for an early evening dinner, after which he and Monyah always sat looking out across the Bay,

waiting for the first flash from the great white eye of the lighthouse, whose high tower, like a lonely sentinel, stood guard over the Inlet.

Rarely did any of the Cedarton folks take the trouble to drive over the two miles of road which led from the village to the big white house. Day after day Monyah and Koto looked in vain down the yellow sweep of the carriage drive, but the wives of the judges and doctors and other town dignitaries did not come.

It was always still and solemn up on Whaleback, save when a storm raged. Then Monyah shut herself in the cosy sewing-room, or went to bed. Only in a storm, however, did the old captain seem to feel really at home. Putting on oilskins and sou'wester, he would tramp up and down the broad veranda, watching sea and sky, just as if he were on a ship's deck. While the storm lasted he could not be induced to leave his post. Often he spent the whole night in this manner.

Storms Monyah had always feared and dreaded. It was a storm which had taken from her both her father and her mother. Now she had an added dread of storms. They meant for her long, sleepless hours when, trembling under the covers, she could hear, during lulls in the wind, the steady tramp, tramp of the old captain. Once she tried to persuade him not to stay out, urging that it made her nervous to know that he was so exposed.

"Nonsense, little girl," he replied. "Don't be silly, now. Besides, I could n't stay inside a night like this to save me."

It was almost the only request of hers which he had denied, and she pouted over it for a day or two. Had it been a mutiny on the high seas Captain Ibbens could not have taken the matter more seriously. In a dozen ways he tried to make reparation before he hit upon the right method.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Monyah," he said one morning at the breakfast-table. "Let's have a party, a real, big, bang-up affair."

"Oh, shall we?" and she clapped her hands.

"Of course we shall, if you say so. We'll fill the house full. You go ahead, little girl. Ask every one you want to and have them stay as long as you please."

"Oh, a house party! Won't that be splendid!"

"And, by the way, I'd like to have that young Carter down to see how the place looks when it's full of folks. Fine young fellow that Sidney Carter has grown up to be, has n't he? You write and tell him to come down for a week."

So the party was arranged. Half of Cedarton was bidden to the big house, some only for the dinner and dance, some for a few days. They all came, and Monyah won their hearts by the genuine, unaffected warmth with which she welcomed them. Never had she looked prettier than in the simple evening gowns which she wore then, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her eyes brilliant, and that cheery smile for every one. And Captain Dory Ibbens, looking taller and more erect than ever in his first broadcloth clawhammer, his cheeks as pink as Monyah's, his gray-blue eyes as clear, seemed, for all his white hair, no unfitting figure beside her.

A certain pride in them both did Sidney Carter take. Truly, this stanch, dignified, hale old sea captain, who bore his years so jauntily, was well worthy of her youth and beauty. This great house, too, with its lights and flowers and many guests, was an appropriate setting for such a jewel, a setting which he could not have given.

Yet, for all this most honorable attitude, he dared not trust himself to look too long at the charming picture made by Monyah as she moved from group to group. He knew that during the past few weeks when he had been in his city office he had thought of her too much and too often. He had tried to believe that his love was all for the simple, girlish Monyah of the past, that it was no more than a boyish romance to which he clung. Now he knew better. He schooled his eyes to elude hers. He avoided being left alone

with her. He did not even ask her to dance with him.

Perhaps you think that Monyah saw not. She was puzzled, piqued. It was not, however, until the third day of his visit, when but few guests remained, that chance threw them together and alone.

"Look here, sir," she said in mock reproach, "I want to talk to you. Sit down here. Now tell me, are you afraid I'll bite you?"

Sidney protested that he had no such fear.

"Then why do you run when I come near? Why do you look another way when I turn toward you? In short, Sidney Carter, why do you treat me like a disagreeable stranger? You used to like me when we went to school together — and afterward; at least you said that you did."

One answer, complete, comprehensive, could he have made had she been simply Monyah. But she was Mrs. Dory Ibbens. So he held back the words that rushed to his tongue-tip and offered an unconvincing substitute.

"You did not dance once with me the other night," she continued.

"But I dance as badly as ever."

"You used to ask me once in a while, though. But that was before you went away and forgot all about me. Come, can you look me in the eye and say that you did not? Try it, sir."

Sidney did look into her eyes, long and earnestly. Under the circumstances it was not the course of caution. One is apt to forget. Sidney forgot. He threw aside his reserve. Well, if she wished, he would play the game, hazardous though he felt it to be. He would answer smile with smile, folly with folly.

"Once," he said, "I gave some one a locket, but I suppose she has lost it."

"Has she? Wait and see."

That evening Monyah wore, dangling from a single rope of pearls about her neck, a little gold locket. Also she and Sidney danced on the veranda while some one played waltzes on the piano

inside. They walked together, they took long drives, they sailed on the Bay. For four days they laughed and chatted and made merry. Four delicious, golden days they were to them both. And then, suddenly, abruptly, Monyah found herself joining the captain in bidding Sidney a formal farewell. Once more she was alone in the big house on Whaleback Hill.

It was a little later than usual that afternoon when Captain Ibbens came home from the village. Monyah did not meet him at the door as usual and he went upstairs to find her. She was lying on a long, cushion-piled couch. She was asleep, but there were traces of tears on her cheeks. Held loosely in one hand was something which glittered. It was a small gold locket, open. In one side was a photograph. Captain Ibbens recognized the frank-eyed, boyish face of Sidney Carter.

Of itself this was no startling discovery, just a locket and a picture. But through a narrow window, you know, one may view a wide landscape. For a moment he stood beside her, stern, erect, motionless. Then he went softly down the stairs and sent for Koto to call her mistress to dinner. When she came down the tear stains had been washed away, the locket had disappeared.

Monyah did not watch with him that evening for the flashing of the light across the Bay. Her head ached, she said, and she was tired. So the old captain sat alone, hour after hour, seeing the stars wheel overhead and thinking, thinking.

It was along in the gray of the morning that Monyah, roused by a vague, formless dread, crept down to seek for him on the veranda. She found him in his big porch rocker, rigid and helpless, unable either to move or to call for help. Abruptly the machinery of life, which had run so smoothly for so many years, had gotten itself sadly out of gear.

They had nursed and dosed him for a fortnight before he could talk without difficulty. Then he demanded,—

"What was it, Doc?"

"Well, Captain," said the village physician with some erudite pompousness, "it was what we call a temporary cessation of the normal functions, — a temporary cessation, mind you."

"Huh!" growled the captain. "Common folks call it a stroke of paralysis, don't they?"

"Ye-e-es, Captain, I believe they do."

"A man who has one stroke usually has another, don't he?"

"Well, in most cases, in most cases."

"And about the second or third finishes him, eh?"

"Sometimes. Yet there have been instances where" —

"Oh, damn your instances! When can you put me on my feet?"

The physician hastened to assure him that he would be walking around within a week, but it was two before Captain Ibbens was hobbling about the veranda, using a cane for the first time in his life, and leaning on Monyah's arm. She was at his side constantly, reading his paper to him, filling his pipe, telling him the news of the town, offering every moment some new proof of her tenderness and solicitude.

Persistently she attempted to renew his faith in that rugged constitution which had carried him into the sixties with a springy step. In this she was making some progress when one day she persuaded him to drive into the village with her. As they were returning he caught sight of one of his old friends.

"There's Pop Sawyer on his front porch, Monyah. Let's stop a minute till I say howdy."

But the limp figure propped up with pillows in a big armchair answered his greeting only by a feeble waving of a gaunt hand. Mrs. Sawyer came bustling out to tell the dreary story.

"He's had his second stroke, you know, Cap'n Ibbens, and it's about done for him. Poor old Jim! He ain't much like the man that used to sail mate to you, is he?"

That encounter seemed to take from

Captain Ibbens the last faint savor of life that remained. He drove home in silence. For days after he would sit before one of the big front windows of his new home, staring moodily out toward the ocean. He seemed more content when Monyah was with him, now and then turning to stroke her hair gently, or to smile sadly at her.

Quite unexpectedly he roused himself. He walked about the grounds, renewed an interest in affairs. For several days he went alone to his office in the village. There were business matters, he said, which needed his attention. Monyah was delighted with this change.

Soon after this a weather-beaten old schooner was brought around and anchored off the new wharf at the foot of the hill.

"Why, whose old schooner is that?" asked Monyah.

"That, my dear, is the old Betsy Belle. She and I began doing business up and down the coast forty years ago. She's been beached up in Plunkett's Cove for I don't know how long. Thought I'd have her patched up and anchored out where I could see her, just for old times' sake. I might want to take another cruise some time, you know," and he chuckled a little at his joke.

Later she noticed that some one had been out to the Betsy Belle and hoisted the foresail. It was a new piece of canvas, contrasting strongly with the battered hull and time-blackened spars.

"She looks more shipshape and natural with a riding-sail on her," explained the captain, and Monyah gave the incident no more thought.

Along toward the end of October the mild Indian summer weather came to a sudden end. The wind swung from the south into the northeast, driving in from the sea dull, slate-colored, low-hanging banks. Monyah and the captain were sitting at one of the big windows watching the gathering storm.

"Monyah, child," he said, taking one of her hands in his, "do you remember

how Pop Sawyer looked when we saw him not long ago?"

"Yes, dear; poor old fellow!"

"Do you know, Monyah, he is hardly more than a year older than I, but we — Well, we're started on the same road."

"Oh, don't! Don't say that!"

"There's no use denying it, little girl. I've tried to, but I can't. No, I can't, Monyah, and I — I don't want to go like that. I hope I sha'n't. If I go quicker, in some other way, you must n't mind, child. Just remember that I was glad to — to go differently."

"Let's not talk any more about such things, dear. You are going to get well this winter, you know, and next spring we're going to travel again."

Captain Ibbens patted her hand fondly, but he shook his gray head.

"We will see, Monyah, we will see. You have been a good little wife to me, dear. You have made me very happy. But after I am gone I want you to feel free to find some one else, some one you can love and who will love you, who will make you happier than I have. If you do find some one like that you will take him; promise me that you will, Monyah."

"No, no, no!" She was sobbing protestingly, her arms about his neck.

"Yes, Monyah, but you must. The best of your years are yet before you, mine are almost done. You have been to me all that I could ask, but — I see it now — I could not be to you all that you deserve. So you will make the promise, dear."

And in the end he did gain from her a faint assent.

Before Monyah went to her chamber, sad and frightened, the fury of the storm was well developed. Perhaps it was an hour later when she looked up to find the old captain, fully clad in yellow oilskins, bending over her.

"Good-night, Monyah, child," he said huskily as he stooped to kiss her.

"Oh, you are not going to stay outside this dreadful night, are you, dear? Please don't!"

"I must, Monyah. It's going to be a big storm, a grand one. And who knows, I may never see another one like this. Good-night, dear."

She coaxed and begged that he would not go, but she could not change his purpose. Twice he kissed her, twice he said good-night. Then she heard the thump of his sea-boots as he went down the stairs and out on the veranda.

For a time she could hear him pacing back and forth, but soon even this slight comfort was lost to her. The northeaster let itself loose. On the closed shutters the gale-driven rain was beating out the long roll of the storm's muster call. Against the stone embankment on the Bay front she could hear the waves dashing, and from the outer beach, four miles away, came the deep-toned thunder of great breakers.

Just how he went about it the Bay folks have never fully agreed. The only witnesses were the lightkeeper and his assistant, who, under the shadow of the hood, happened to be watching the yeasty cauldron of the Inlet just as a schooner, the loosened peak of her foresail, like a madman's arm, waving a crazy salute, and her leeward deck buried to the cabin windows, drove seaward through the great rollers. Lashed to the wheel was a tall, erect figure in oilskins.

"The glasses, Jim!" shouted the lightkeeper. And when he had stared through the binoculars for a moment, "Great God, man! It's old Cap'n Dory Ibbens in the Betsy Belle! Look!"

Somewhere near midnight, — this is the accepted theory, — when the northeaster was at its worst, he had rowed out to the old schooner, dropped the peak of her riding-sail, let the anchor cable go by

the run, trimmed in the sheet, and put out close hauled almost into the very teeth of the gale. How far he reached out to sea no one can say, but it is evident that he kept the light in view. Probably off Sunken Rocks, where they catch the big blues, he came about and squared away for the beach.

That the old hulk should have held together as she boiled home before that sixty-mile-an-hour snorter was a miracle. Skid Everett, the Coast Guard who first sighted her, said that at times, when the wind ballooned her sail up and out, it almost seemed to lift her clear of the water, and the next minute it would jam her down until he thought she had gone to the bottom all standing.

They fired rockets, burned all their Coston lights, to no effect. Still the schooner raced shorewards, straight for the North Point, where old Neptune's white horses charged up on the beach until they almost leaped into the Bay beyond. When she finally did strike the shoal it was with a bang that snapped her rotten stays as if they had been so much thread, sent both her sticks crashing over her bows, and split her hull into a dozen pieces.

Thus did Captain Dory Ibbens enter that vast, uncharted sea of the world beyond, a roaring northeaster piping his triumphant requiem, the whole Atlantic for a winding sheet.

The great white mansion on Whaleback Hill — Captain's Folly, as the Bay folks call it — still stands empty, its shuttered windows staring blindly out toward the open sea whence the stern-faced old sailor, laying a straight course for Kingdom Come, drove the Betsy Belle ashore on that wild October night.

THE THAMES

BY ALICE MEYNELL

IN American eyes the scenery of England looks over-trim and opulent, and of all the garden-country the tourist finds nothing more "handsome and genteel," as Swift says, than the upper Thames. But this is because the wayfarer upon those waters turns his eyes too much to one side of the stream. Forests are there by intervals, but there also are the gardens of villas, their little embankments, their steps, their painted boathouses, their scarlet umbrellas, edges of lawns clean cut by the gardener's knife, hardly so much as a water-rat really wild. Let him look on the other bank, and he will find a much simpler England, an ancient country of the hind and the teamster, a lowly England smelling of hay and cowslips, facing, at these close quarters, the England that smells of tea-roses. For over against the garden walk is the tow-path; and the walk winds and loiters, the tow-path trudges. There the cattle graze, and there the horses labor with the heavy barges far behind. Even away from this fragrant country of the upper river, the tow-path is a primitive thing and a sign of the simplest labor. The canal that passes through a part of London, to debouch into the Thames below bridge, has also its tow-path; and on that ambiguous shore, too, it looks honest and ancient, and un-Londonlike under the very gas-works—man or horse slanting slowly under the rope, and the flat black barge coming. If there is so much as a blade of wild grass making a little local spring or summer upon that blackened bank, between the ashes and the dust, it grows by the tow-path, and it is wild, veritably wild, and has more of the spirit of authentic country than has the emerald-green grass of Hyde Park.

Have the rivers of America tow-paths? Have Abana and Pharpar this little grace

of our narrow Jordan? They have remoter beauties; but without the tow-path this Thames would be another river, and when steam barges go upstream, and there are no more horses, it will be another river. Meanwhile it is the tow-path that keeps the Thames always open to the sun. The gardener's scissors ply on their own bank, but the tow-path bank has been preserved, all these centuries, free of trees, inclosures, or too tall flowers. For even here the rushes and reeds know their place; they stand in slender rank, a step below the bank, where their height will incommode nobody, much like some wild poor people permitted to abide between the roadway and the curb, in a thin line, to see a jubilee go by; they stand at the passage of the jubilee of waters. Here harbor little living creatures of the more secret kind. The gallant swimming of the vole is an every-day show; and because one day we were keeping very still by the root of a willow to watch the dragon-fly with its four bronze wings, a wavy snake landed near. It was a wild surprise, to our ignorance, to see a serpent swim; and this undulant creature carried its little head clear out of water and came across the Thames, closing its journey so near our boat as to show us the eyes of color upon its flexible side. When, in the evening, we told a lifelong resident about the swimming snake, she said, "Perhaps it was a heel." We told her that eels kept their heads under water. In the thickets of rushes, besides, dwell all kinds of water-birds; the dabchicks nest there in the season; so the son of the Thames resident told us. His appreciations of the river-life seemed to be rather destructive. He was an extremely small boy of eleven, who looked no more than seven years old; but he had an earnest manner. "There used," he

said, "to be a lot of water-rats under our terrace, but we soon put an end to them." Frogs, too, but they were no more. Of gudgeon, he said, "Gudgeon's the sweetest fish in the Thames." And of roach, "There's a lovely amount of roach." Another speaker of phrases that had the character of the reedy river — or, at any rate, not of London — was the bell-ringer of an ancient riverside church, who came out between the two periods of bell-ringing and asked the stranger to go in and look at the altar-plate, — solid gold, presented by Such-an-one, son of King William the Fourth; and the old man looked for a moment with a respectfully confidential glance, dropping his voice as he mentioned the sinister lineage. He led his captive visitor up to the altar, and insisted that every piece of the golden ware should be lifted and looked at. "There's not a set like it," he said, turning back for yet another view, as he led us out again. The church had been restored in such a year, he told us; and when, seeing two thirteenth-century tombs, we asked what had been its date of building, he replied that "it had n't got no date," — a baffling reply, to which there was no effectual rejoinder. Next to the gold service he was eager to show a little modern window with a design of lilies, dedicated to the memory of a woman. "She was drowned," said the old man. "Before this argan was put up, I used to play the bar'l argan here, I did. And she used to stand up by me and sing, something splendid, she did. I'm a cripple, I am; I was born a cripple, but I was always kind. Always kind, I was, and she used to stand up and sing, she did, something splendid."

But I have strayed from the tow-path, and hasten to tread again that serviceable road. It lets the sun in upon the Thames, I said; for the tow-rope must have plain and unencumbered banks, whether it draw tons of timber or only a little boat, and the boat be towed by a woman.

A quite childish pleasure in producing small mechanical effects unaided must

have some part in the sense of enterprise wherewith I girt my shoulders with the tackle, and set out, alone but useful, on the even path of the lopped and grassy side of the river, — the side of meadows. The elastic resistance of the line is a "heart-animating strain," only too slight; and sensible is the thrill in it as the ranks of the Thames-side plants, with their small summit-flower of violet-pink, are swept aside like a long breaker of flourishing green. The line drums lightly in the ear when the bushes are high and it grows taut; it makes a telephone for the rush of flowers under the stress of easy power.

The active delights of one who is not athletic are few, like the joys of "feeling hearts" according to the entirely erroneous sentiment of a verse of Tom Moore's. The joys of sensitive hearts are many; but the joys of sensitive hands are few. Here, however, in the effectual act of towing, is the ample revenge of the unmuscular upon the happy laborers with the oar, the pole, the bicycle, and all other means of violence. Here, on the long tow-path, between warm, embrowned meadows and opal waters, I need not save to walk in my swinging harness, and so take my friends upstream.

I work merely as the mill-stream works, — by simple movement. At lock after lock along a hundred miles, deep-roofed mills shake to the wheel that turns by no greater stress, and I and the river have the same mere force of progress. There never was any kinder incentive of companionship. It is the bright Thames walking softly in my blood, or I that am flowing by so many curves of low shore on the level of the world.

Now I am over against the shadows, and now opposite the sun, as the wheeling river makes the sky wheel about my head and swings the lighted clouds or the blue to face my eyes. The birds, flying high for mountain air in the heat, wing nothing but their own weight. I will not envy them that liberty. Did not Wordsworth want a "little boat" for the air?

Did not Byron call him a blockhead therefor? Wordsworth had, perhaps, a sense of towing. All the advantage of the expert is nothing in this simple industry. Even the athlete, though he may go further, cannot do better than I, walking an effectual walk with the line attached to the willing steps. The moderate strength of a mere every-day physical education gives sufficient mastery of the tow-path. If the natural walk is heavy, there is spirit in the tackle to give it life; and if it is buoyant it will be more buoyant under the buoyant burden — the yielding check — than ever before. An unharnessed walk begins to seem a sorry incident of insignificant liberty. It is easier than towing? So is the drawing of water in a sieve easier to the arms than the drawing in a bucket, but not to the heart.

To walk unbound is to move in prose, without the friction of the wings of metre, without the encouraging tug upon the spirit and the line. No dead weight follows me as I tow. Mine is not the work of a ploughing ox or of a draught-horse. There is no lifeless stopping of the burden if I pause, but a soft, continuing impetus, so that I am all but overtaken by the boat if the latches of the gates in the pastures are long to lift, or if a company of cows are slow to move from that extreme brink which is mine by necessity. The burden is willing; it depends upon me gayly, as a friend may do, without making any depressing show of helplessness; neither, on the other hand, is it apt to set me at naught, or charge me with a make-believe. It accompanies, it almost anticipates; it pulls when I am brisk, just so much as to give briskness good reason, and to justify me if I should take to still more nimble heels. All my haste, moreover, does but waken a more brilliantly sounding ripple.

The bounding and rebounding burden I carry (it nearly seems to carry me, so fine is the mutual good-will) gives work to the figure, enlists erectness and gait, but leaves the eyes free. No watching

of mechanisms for the laborer of the tow-path. What little outlook is to be kept falls to the lot of the steerer, smoothly towed. The easy and efficient work lets me carry my head high and watch the birds, or listen to them. They fly in such lofty air that they seem to turn blue in the blue sky. A flash of their flight shows silver for a moment, but they are blue birds in that sunny distance above, as mountains are blue, and horizons. The days are so still that I do not merely hear the cawing of the rooks, — I overhear their hundred private croakings and creakings, the soliloquy of the solitary places swept by wings.

What idle afternoon on the opposite bank, what "tea and comfortable advice in an arbour," as Keats says, were worth these few miles of the country people's side of the Thames? I will keep the tow-path even when the region of villas is left far behind, when the opposite margin bears not gardens, but woods and willows. For even then there is a sense of property in land altogether out of place; whereas the tow-path side is more the nation's. Its wild flowers are, like the cottage flowers in Wordsworth's sonnet, "sacred to the poor." This bank is never tired of a small pink flower that grows in multitudes, sprinkled on green bushes. A hundred miles and more of the little, open, pastured bank that carries the tow-path, carry also this little but innumerable flower, mixed with the long purples that wear the color dear to young Autumn.

Monotonous in its constancy to the simple flower of the month, this tow-path garden has the wild variety of its mingled seed-time and flower-time. Not here, as in the house-garden, are the flowers timed for the month and collected for their date, and not here are the ashes and the seeds swept away with their little history of months. The bank is dim with seeds not yet on the wing; the air will carry them full-fledged. Bird, butterfly, and the seed that resembles a star go abroad on the brilliant winds; and the seed is like the poplar for moving when

the air is all but asleep. The other trees have no secret winds. When they wave they tell us what we knew well enough; and there is something less than summer-like in the day that swings the beeches by the tops, and makes even the elm stand tumultuously in the wild steadfastness of its dark leaves. But when the large willows have not a leaf astir, and yet the poplar has the perpetual thrill of its most delicate vigilance, you are indeed rowing in a peaceful day. Peace is the proper effect of summer, and the poplar does not break that calm by his tender wakefulness. The willow gives tidings of a breeze, the poplar does but mark that the stillness is alive. His excess of mobility makes him a gentle friend. He has a lofty place wherefrom to watch our day, with signals of lights that tremble yet never pass.

It is not only the land that flowers. The water has its hour for blossoming. As the remote constellations open and rise at their time of year, — the constellations that are not tethered close to the pole-star, — so do a multitude of water-flowers remote from the familiar series of the fields. They come up to bud and open in the air, taking their share of the upper world, fresh from their shades. They are the “daughters of Hades,” and have their “day.” Few are the water-plants that do not come up once a year to breathe by flowers under blue sky. Something lusty and green, squat and full, that grows low, much like a sort of water-cabbage, seems to be the only plant that remains in the massive water below, and if it flower at all, flowers deep within the floods. But all the rest make a season’s growth of the long stalk, slanting downstream until it shall come to the sun, and put out one brief blossom. Every one knows the water-lily, — the large white chalice, — a design for fine metal-work, with its centre of a great color that is not fiery or golden, but only the pure yellow of flowers, at its richest and fullest; and every one knows its leaf, which is the flattest thing under that sky to which it is so

absolutely open. On the flat of the world, on the level of the seas, flatter than the calm water which ripples to the oar, is this green leaf. Familiar, moreover, is the little yellow lily, round and as yellow as a celandine, and quite unlike in color to the soft and splendid centre of the large-pointed and argent flower.

The river blossoms at the summits of many stems besides those of white and yellow lilies. It flowers, indeed, with a greater effect of life at the top of a stem that bears a little cone of small white river-roses, whiter and brighter than the blackberry-flower, yet otherwise like it, although it grows from a rich water-stem and not from thorns. The lilies flower as soon as they reach the winds and the beams of the world, and they rest blooming on the waters, cheek to cheek, after their long growth; but these little flowers have a spring and strength that carry them up where they can see the fields, erect, free of the water, bathed in air, with a stiff vitality. They break off short if you gather them, like hyacinths. Low in a Canadian canoe should your seat be, so that you may have the frosty, cold, green rushes high against the sky, and the soft winter-color of the water carrying its little round roses in the sun, with their shadows upon the mid-stream leaves.

During half the day there is a slight haze of heat over the hills, — steep pasture hills, hills profoundly wooded, and hills at the point of harvest, — and, indeed, throughout the horizon; and the sunshine is white. But for the freshness of aspens and poplars — runnels and brooks of trees, freshets and breezes of leaves — there would be a touch of dreariness about so much uncolored sunshine, so many green willows and dark green elms, and so many fields. It is the flame and not the glow of day, as when a fire is newly alight; and except that, happily, there is no town to speak of within reach of a breeze or of reasonable suspicion, you would almost say that with the flame of day there was a trail of the smoke of flames. But it is not smoke. The August

of Florence wears the same slight dinginess over all its heights. Especially does this somewhat disenchanted midday look tedious when you take the view that is not the sunward view, and therefore does not meet the array of sun-shadows. Hardly has the day, however, worn toward four o'clock when the color of August kindles so rich a fire as no summer in the south could over-shine.

With the glow of this profounder illumination arises the solemnity that is the greatest beauty and the highest honor of light, and by no means waits for evening and dusk, though it walks at that time too; waits for the twilight no more than the solemnity of the year waits for autumn. When the afternoon grows golden all trees, moreover, that are generally so various in their spirit and have various and unequal shares of every man's love and memories, begin to take the same expression and the same attitude, standing up to face the west. But just after sunset, when the eastern sky is exceedingly fresh and mysterious, it is the time for the full-grown willows. There is nothing more keenly pure than their western color against that soft and yet keen east.

When you have grown to know thoroughly your own weir and its lock, and the mill thereby, and the ways of the waters there, you begin to look upon all other weirs with an alien eye. They differ greatly. About this one there is luckily no trace of iron. The ancient stone steps, for the cascade of flood-time, reach for several hundred feet side-long across the river; in the summer their tops are dry, and covered with a season's growth of tall grass and wild flowers; they are like long and low fortresses, and of antique strength. The closed and creviced water-gates, through which the summer river pours its controlled waters, link one stone-stepped weir-terrace to another, and are all of wood; so is the lock. Soon your local patriotism of a month will cause you to hold weirs above and below in disesteem. Of this one you know the ways,

and the order, and the never-ceasing voice.

And all the while the thrilling reflections lie close about the long stone amphitheatre of the weir, close under the white cattle on the pastures, close under the white lilies on the water, far and deep under the white pigeons that cross and recross in pairs. Of all that is white the river makes a water vision better than that of green trees, and better than the doubling of cool hollows, and hiding-places under hawthorn and alder. A rare white sail, white bird, white heifer, the white crescent moon that sets too soon, — all this is the best and the gayest that the fleeting water seems to hold and does but perpetually forsake. As for the flowers, you can hardly tell, in the opal calm of the evening, which are the images of the flowers of the tall margin grasses, and which are the very flowers of the flowering river, his own summer and success, the warm summit of the cold year of waters.

Evening rules assuredly not by shadow, but by the effacing of shadows. It plucks all the dazzling darkness from the landscape of summer. Out of the foliage of the trees the distinct deep colors are gone, and the tree stands up opposite to the west, looking unearthly. Nay, the dim brightness makes of the whole world a moon; and the eastern sky behind the tree is a sky for moons. The distances draw near unawares, and it is but a fold of west-lighted color between this bank and yonder hill. And soon in the east stands the gentle and lighted cloud that doubles its wild-rose upon the river, and lays its lofty image in beneath the lilies, between the gray reeds, under the blue bloom of water, — erect, profound, having sight of the sun of an ended day, and of a new light in the east.

It is no small thing — no light discovery — to find Andromeda and Arcturus and their bright neighbors wheeling for half a summer night around a pole-star in the waters. One star or two — delicate visitants of streams — we are used to see,

somewhat by a sleight of the eyes, so fine and so fleeting is that apparition. Or the southern seas may show the light — not the image — of the evening planet. But this, in a pool of the country Thames at night, is no ripple-lengthened light; it is the startling image of a whole large constellation burning in the flood. The smaller stars are darkened out, and the figure of the constellation is marked by its few and splendid lights.

These reflected heavens are different heavens. On a darker and more vacant field than that of the real skies, the shape of the Lyre or the Bear has an altogether new and noble solitude; and the waters play a painter's part in setting their splendid subject free; a dream's part, also, inasmuch as the intervals of the reflected skies are unexplained. They are not blanks, but significant lapses of immeasurable character. If the astronomer's sky shows its two starless "coal-sacks," the sky in the wavering flood is all one such final darkness, except where the great constellations flicker. The minor lights effaced, the shape of stars is distinct in a new darkness.

The sky above is not all bright, nor are the waters below all quiet. There is more fire in southern nights, with their innumerable arrows of starlight and their separate points of Pleiades, but hardly more beauty, than in this soft northern midnight. Even after the last light has gone from the west, and before the waning moon has risen in the east, there is a general soft whiteness, doubtless due to the subtle mist that gathers and carries vague lights aloft, whether from the vanishing or the coming gleam, or from the stars themselves. The cloudless sky has a softness sweeter than that of any cloud, nor is any distance narrowed by such a tender and universal mist. You may see the ends of the skies and extremities of milder stars.

Of all gentle things these wavering heavens seem the gentlest; they are the skies of a windless harvest night. All the trees stand free from wind. Upright pop-

lars are disengaged from the daylight breeze that curved their high slenderness so many hours against the north. The branches of all trees recover themselves into their own composure and stand silent in the symmetry of a man. It must be this recollection that restores to them their singular presence when the wind vanishes. The darting of the stars is shortened, and the birds that took the last of all the sunshine on their high evening flight are all in their trees and under their eaves till dawn. It is so silent that you can hear watchdogs answering one another from farms far away and wide apart.

And in this general restoration — of form, of balance, and of attention — the riverside landscape has these two movements: the bright flashing of constellations in a deep weir-pool, and that which might be called the dark flashes of the vague bats flying. When everything else is thus quiet, the stars in the stream fluctuate with an alien motion. Reversed, estranged, isolated, every shape of large stars escapes and returns. Fitful in the steady night, those constellations, so few, so whole, and so remote, have a suddenness of gleaming life. You imagine that some unexampled gale might make them to shine with such a movement in the veritable sky; yet nothing but deep water, seeming still in its incessant flight and rebound, could really show such altered stars. The flood lets a constellation fly, as Juliet's "wanton" with a tethered bird, only to pluck it home again. At moments some rhythmic flux of the water seems about to leave the darkly set, wide-spaced Bear absolutely at large, to dismiss the great stars, and refuse to imitate the skies, and all the water is obscure; then one broken star returns; then fragments of another, and a third and a fourth flit back to their noble places, brilliantly vague, wonderfully visible, mobile, and unalterable. There is nothing else at once so keen and so elusive. The aspen-poplar had been in captive flight all day, but with no such vanishings as these. Or, when the deep pool keeps the image of

wide groups of stars still and clear, they are still shaken by the clash of the weir, and look as though nothing in the world were so delicate and so sure.

The dimmer constellations of the soft night are reserved by the skies. Hardly is a secondary star seen by the large and vague eyes of the stream. They are blind to the Pleiades which begin to show, when the noon of night is past, in the van of the winter stars. Nothing more definite than a small lighted cloud that does not change or fade, this cluster shows the place where a coming Orion is on his way, as yet close to the morning.

There is another kind of star that drowns itself by hundreds in the river Thames, — the many-rayed, silver-white seed that makes journeys on all the winds up and down England and across it in the end of summer. It is a most expert traveler, turning a little wheel a-tiptoe wherever the wind lets it rest, and speeding on those pretty points when it is not flying. The streets of London are among its many highways, for it is fragile enough to go far in all sorts of weather. But it gets disabled if a rough gust tumbles it on the water so that its finely feathered feet are wet. On gentle breezes it is able to cross dryshod, even walking.

What has this pilgrim star to do with the tethered constellations? There is nothing in the country so far adrift. It goes singly to all the winds. It offers thistle-plants (or whatever is the flower that makes such delicate ashes) to the tops of many thousand hills. Doubtless the farmer would rather have to meet it in battalions than in these invincible units astray. But if the farmer owes it a lawful grudge, there is many a riverside garden wherein it would be a great pleasure to sow the thistles of the nearest pasture. Such a lawn — happily not frequent in

some of the beautiful reaches of the upper river — is fitted tightly to the face of a high garden bank, having toy conifers along its upper edge. So many yards of it, and not a sign of vitality in any part of the green floor and the green hillside. The garden grass has nothing whatever to report as to the season of the year; it would bear the same aspect in May and the same in a rainy summer. Dissatisfied, then, with the "English" garden (as they call it on the Continent) that winds by contrived mounds, and prepares a tediously careless opening of views; equally ill content with the box-full of bordered flower-beds close packed with all the uninteresting flowers in the world, one is on the point of giving up gardens, with no slight reluctance, but for the memory of a garden one can love. That best of all gardens is somewhat bygone — has once been rigid and most successful, but has lapsed more or less. One need not ask for perfect neglect; and abandonment must have a southern climate for its happiest sequel; but there is hardly any climate or any latitude in which a formal plan and a term of exclusiveness, trimming, and weeding, followed by a little carelessness or a little poverty, or a little idleness, — this will serve our turn well enough, — or, perhaps better still, a little absence, will not have consequences of the utmost sweetness. Let the sun and the wind walk those precise paths for a while behind the owner's back, and let his fountains and his borders wear some of the uncovenanted graces of oblivion.

The Thames has, in all its reaches, a Spirit of Place. And if the Spirit of Place abides in its own peculiar peace within the town, shutting the gates upon itself, if it lives between two hills, and withdraws within the ramparts of a lake, it journeys with rivers, a pilgrim.

THE PASSING OF SPRING

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

I

"WHAT'S the matter, child? Is it because the Miska has had more applause? But don't you care. When you are thirty-five she will be fifty — and forgotten."

Hilda Bergmann raised her head, — it was adorned with a mediæval coronet, — and saw before her the ample form of the coloratura soprano, resplendent in the clothes of the world. She brushed the tears hastily from her darkened lashes.

"Ah, you, Madame Brunzola," she murmured.

"I am in the Hardmans' box." The diva's tone contained a recognition of her own graciousness. "I came in to congratulate you on 'Dich theure Halle' — and find you crying . . . There, there, pull yourself together, child; you won't be able to sing. Don't fret about Miska."

Hilda's eyes questioned the diva mistily. "Ah, you think I cry that Frau Miska has had already three recalls? But no, madame, she is one great artist; it is good that they applaud. I myself applaud."

The diva looked at the young German singer curiously, then smiled and gave her a careless little pat on the shoulder. "It is a good little girl, and the new Elizabeth costume is vastly becoming. I hope the trouble is not serious." Then, the professional mind returning to the obvious explanation, she added, "Some day the audience will call for you like that."

The tears overflowed suddenly in Hilda's blue eyes. "Ah, madame," she broke out, "it is that my husband no longer loves me."

The Brunzola (her rightful name was Brown) stared at the back of Hilda's blonde wig, which was scarcely less golden than the hair beneath. Too accustomed to foreign unreserve to be appalled at this

revelation, her reflection was practical and unembarrassed.

"Nonsense. What makes you think so?"

"He is to-night again with her in the house."

"Her" —

"Meeses Gambрил."

"Shocking!" The diva laughed; then, as she caught sight of Hilda's face, added kindly, "He sat with her, but looked at you, *chérie*."

Hilda shook her head. "He is with her four times this week already."

Brunzola laughed again — such a laugh as is denied to the thin woman. "My dear! She is forty years old and atrociously painted. You are young, pretty, and famous. You talk nonsense." She administered another vigorous pat upon Hilda's shoulder. The Brunzola liked Hilda, who was adorably amiable; and being an exponent of Verdi and Donizetti herself, their ambitions did not conflict. But Hilda only shook her head again with a quiver of the lip, ending with a sudden hiding of her face upon the chair back.

"It is he that should be jealous of you, not you of him," declared the diva austere, almost morally. The diva had had three husbands, and it was to be expected that she should have a firm grasp upon the principles at stake.

Hilda looked puzzled. "*Wie?*" She questioned the matrimonially sophisticated soprano with her child eyes.

"The jealousy should be all on his side," the diva explained kindly, with an air of one enlightening a little girl.

"Jealous?" Hilda repeated reflectively. "*Ach, nein, nein*, madame, but I am not jealous — only unhappy."

"Well, then, it is he that should be unhappy. Make him so." The diva's tone

became disciplinary. Her eye wandered to a huge bunch of white carnations lying upon Hilda's dressing-table. "Who sent those? May I look?" As Hilda nodded she picked up the card and glanced at it. "Seems to me you have had carnations in profusion lately. Same man?"

"Meester Harvey Langdon. He is so good to send me white carnations when I sing Elizabeth. He say he like very much the opera, and the music is to him like white carnations."

The diva laughed again more amply. "You know him, then?"

"I have twice met him at the house of Meeses French."

"The tall, smooth-shaven, desolate-looking man? I know him. He is adorable — *triste* — and so bored! The women are crazy about him. It is a triumph for you. It is your chance — heaven-sent — *carissima*." The Brunzola took facile flight into many tongues.

"My chance?" Hilda repeated. She pronounced the word of doubtful meaning as if it contained a z.

The diva gathered her opera cloak about her in the act of departure. "Your chance to make Max jealous, you baby, — jealous of Harvey Langdon."

Hilda's drooping shoulders straightened with a sudden dignity. "Madame!" she exclaimed, "I am a married woman."

The diva's eyes remained upon Hilda's face as she fastened her opera cloak. "Oh. And Max, then, is not a married man!"

Hilda flushed under her make-up. She bit her lip, and again the tears rose in her eyes. The diva spoke kindly, if patronizingly: —

"I believe that is the point of view in your country. *Liebes Kind*, but you are in America 'now already.'" She mimicked the little German-English phrase almost affectionately. "And in America you should do as the Americans. I must go, and you must dry your eyes. The next act is going to begin. Don't forget that your face is all streaked." She looked down at the desolate little figure in its gorgeous draperies, and bending over,

regardless of rouge and grease paint, pressed a light kiss upon Hilda's cheek. "Max adores you, of course, child, and is no end proud of you and all that. But why let him see quite how much you care? I am serious. . . . So few men can stand it. 'They are base creatures.'"

In a positive aura of virtue the diva removed her imposing presence from the dressing-room.

II

Hilda Bergmann was surprisingly young — "impossibly young," some one had said — for an opera singer. Superficially of a fair, wholesome German prettiness, a strain of Slav blood had given a stronger accent of modeling to her face, a touch of the unusual about the drawing of the eyes that seemed to explain the flash of inspiration, the warm communicative temperament in her operatic interpretations. "The eyes of a child, the mouth of a woman, and the voice of an angel," — so Harvey Langdon had described her. Harvey had developed an enthusiasm for Hilda, an enthusiasm artistic, not personal, in spite of the fact that he had met her. In his experience of women Harvey had been what his friends' wives called "unfortunate." At the psychological moment he had met the wrong woman. He had come out of the experience, which had extended over a period of years, with a deep and incurable cynicism. As an æsthete he admired women: as a man he despised them. Outwardly deferential, and epigrammatically flattering upon provocation, inwardly he was amused or contemptuous. Women whose perceptions penetrated beneath this smooth surface disliked and avoided him. Others felt that they had produced an impression. He had not "gone to the devil." His life was not wrecked by the unhappy affair which might, perhaps, have interfered with his work if material good fortune had not removed from his life the necessity to struggle, but he had lost in humanity. If it had not been for

his sensitiveness to sound and color, and his love of outdoors, he would have been desperately bored. As it was, he was merely disillusioned and spiritually aged.

One morning, walking briskly through the park, the flash of a smile, gold hair, and ermine crossed his reverie and became a consciousness of Hilda Bergmann clasping by the hand a small and sturdy boy clad in white corduroy. He stopped, she hesitated, smiling, and he discovered anew an enchanting dimple in the act of vanishing, and felt that he must detain it at any cost.

"We take one long walk, the *kleine* Max und I," she explained.

He looked down at her, hat in hand, conscious of an unaccountable impulse. "It is over then, — the long walk?"

"*Nein*, it is but just now begun."

"Will you let me go with you?" The words came out directly, bluntly, like a boy's, not at all in the elaborate fashion of Harvey Langdon.

"It would give us much pleasure," she returned with the careful courtesy of a well-bred child. Hilda knew that American customs were different from German ones, and did not question the propriety of his suggestion.

He looked down at the child who was a miniature reproduction of herself. "This is your little boy? I did not know you had a child."

"*Ach*, yes, yes!" Her tone marveled at his strange oversight. She looked down at the child with an expression that gave Harvey an odd new sensation. "This is my son Max," she said softly. "Max, you vill shek hands with Meester Langdon." As the child with downcast eyes laid a shy mitten in Harvey's gloved palm, she explained proudly, "You see — he understand. Oh, he speak already very well English. The children learn more easier, I think," she decided gravely. "For me it is altogether difficult. I am afraid I am much stupid."

They started to walk on, the child between them. A surprise at the little transaction suddenly overcame Harvey.

"It is awfully good of you to let me go with you," he said with something of a return to his usual manner.

"*Ach, nein, nein!*" she contradicted him cordially yet with a certain reserve. "It is much pleasure. I like not to walk alone. In Germany we do not so, but Max — my husband say in America is different. At first always he go with me, but now he say I know the way I can go alone. He say I must get used to go alone for every time he cannot go with me."

He met her clear eyes in silence.

"My husband he is more Englisher than I. He is long time in Englisher college. He speak like English. He know all the English way." As Harvey did not answer she went on: —

"In Germany I could not walk so with you."

"No, but it is different here," he told her. Then, looking down into her eyes, added in a lower tone, "I am glad we are in America."

She looked off across the snowy mounds of the park reflectively. "I also am glad," she said, but she spoke doubtfully, as if assuring herself. "And here one can make much money." She smiled deliciously.

Harvey felt a twinge of disappointment; he had been thinking what an unworldly look was in her eyes. The next moment he laughed, "You, also, like the American dollars, Madame Bergmann."

"I have a father and mother both seek, und many young brother und sister. They have been very poor. I have not long made money. They need much money. I am glad to make for them. For that reason I stay and because Max wish it. But sometimes I have *Heimweh*, — I cannot help" — her voice wavered. She went on again immediately: "In Germany is different. There, is more *Gemüthlichkeit*." She looked up at him with an unconscious appeal of blue eyes.

"We think you the most perfect Marguerite and Elsa we have ever seen or heard. Is all that nothing to you? Are we just American barbarians?"

"*Ach, nein, nein!*" she protested, ter-

ribly shocked at his suggestion. She was afraid she had hurt his feelings, — a thought intolerable to her. “Yes, yes, it make me much glad that the Americans like me, — altogether glad. They are so kind to me. I like, oh very much, to sing for them.”

“We have never before had a young Marguerite. But you are not Marguerite, after all, Madame Bergmann, but Gretchen, — the Gretchen of Goethe. Is it because you are so really young? We are so pathetically old, most of us.”

At this moment the *kleine* Max seemed to make some soft and unobtrusive complaint in German. Hilda consulted with him. She turned to Harvey with profound and embarrassed apology. “It is that a button upon his foot is too tight. Here is one seat. I beg pardon that we delay you, Meester Langdon.” She started to lift the child upon the bench, but Harvey intercepted her, and, having deposited the child, bent down himself to institute investigations as to the offensive button. He found his inquiries met with timid but exact responses, and felt a curious pleasure in the operation.

Hilda was regarding Harvey with grave calculation. “But you are not so old, Meester Langdon,” she said suddenly.

He smiled as he struggled with the awkwardness of unaccustomed fingers over a stiff gaiter button upon the relaxed foot of the child. “Very, very old, Madame Bergmann, tragically old; so old that I cannot remember ever having been young.”

“So!” she exclaimed in distress. “It is you mean that you feel so very old? But why?”

“Perhaps because no one has ever loved me.” Strangely enough his words did not sound sentimental to him. He looked up at Hilda to see surprise and consternation upon her face.

“*Geehrter Herr*, surely that is not possible!”

“You flatter me.”

“You make fun?” She watched him anxiously.

He smiled. “I am entirely serious.”

Her glance went to her boy, who was watching the operation upon his footgear with attentive interest. “Your mother has loved you, *geehrter Herr*,” she said under her breath. . . . “Or you lose her, perhaps, when you are *Kindlein* like Max?”

He shook his head. “My mother did not love me — *gnädige Dame*.”

“Meester Langdon! All mothers love their children!”

He smiled, yet felt a little pang of remorse that he should have thrust the ugly thing before her innocent eyes. “My mother was different.”

“*Ach!* But it is terrible!”

“My mother did not love my father” —

He rose to his feet, the button being satisfactorily accounted for. “I am afraid we were not a very loving family.”

“*Ach*, it is sad!” Suddenly she bent down and caught the child up in her arms and kissed him passionately. As she let the boy slip gently to his feet with one arm still about him, she put out her hand to Harvey, who felt a longing, curiously strong, to detain it.

“I am so sorry,” she said. And he felt in some way all the sweetness of her singing voice in the simple words. Afterwards the emotion of the moment seemed incomprehensible to him. At the time the man of words was dumb with that uncomfortable stirring about his heart.

He turned to little Max. “The button is all right now, I think? Will Max let me take his hand also?”

Max looked up at his mother, who smiled, and catching the reflection of her smile, transferred it shyly to Harvey as he proffered the mitten with a whispered, “*Darf ich?*”

“*Ach, du unartiges Kind!*” cried his mother in despair. “*Du musst auf Englisch immer sprechen.* He forget himself,” she apologized to Harvey.

Harvey received the mittened morsel in a timid clasp. “It is a way we men have. I forget myself, too, *gnädige Dame*.”

She smiled sweetly and vaguely, feeling

that she had not quite caught his meaning.

When he bade her good-by at her own door he asked her: "Do you walk in the park often?"

"Every morning, when I have not rehearsal."

"Then may I go again some time when the Herr Baron is unable to go with you?"

Her smile included the child before it passed to him. "It will give us much pleasure."

Upstairs she found Max senior in a cloud of smoke and a wilderness of newspapers. Dismissing the child with a kiss she went over to her husband.

"We have met in the park Meister Harvey Langdon, Max und I, und he valk with us." Max liked her to talk English.

He glanced up at her through a fog of smoke. "The man who sent you the carnations?"

"Yes."

Max made no further comment. She looked at him doubtfully. "What you read, Max?" she asked timidly.

"The criticisms of last night's performance. They are mad about Miska — these critics. It is hysteria — not criticism."

Hilda gazed into the fire thoughtfully. "They say not too much it seem to me. I am glad for her. It is good to feel after one has worked that one has given pleasure."

Max glanced at his wife, laid down his paper, and rose to his feet.

"You are too contented to get on in this country, Hilda. Be contented and you will be happy, but you won't make a hit."

She stood watching him as he walked across the room, then her eyes went to the square of sky framed in the window. "Yes, I am happy," she repeated wistfully, almost entreatingly.

Max walked over to the window, obscuring the square of sky with his broad shoulders, and stood there drumming upon the sill with a discontented expression upon his handsome face.

III

The walk in the park occurred again — not altogether by accident on Harvey's part; and after that he called for her several times by arrangement. About this time the life of the little Max became suddenly crowded with incident; donkey rides were of frequent occurrence; marvelous toys and forbidden sweets arrived at his door, and last, but not least, a pair of white mice. Sometimes Harvey dropped in at teatime. His relation with Hilda was simple and natural, as impersonal, almost, as his relation with her child. He would no sooner have disturbed her exquisite unconsciousness than he would have told little Max that the fairy stories his mother told him were not true.

One afternoon — the day after a performance of *Tannhäuser* — he called at teatime, and it happened that he spoke of her interpretation of Elizabeth, — for, rather oddly, her public life was scarcely ever mentioned between them.

"You make Elizabeth human," he said. "A woman loving a man as she finds him, good and evil, blindly, illogically."

Hilda sat looking into the fire. It was only a dreary little gas log, but the leaping flame made a rim of light about her fair head and threw a soft glow upon her thoughtful face. She seemed to breathe an atmosphere of home. He stared at her forgetfully, questioning her thoughts. She looked up.

"It is so a woman loves always, is it not? She loves man as he is altogether — good and evil. It is not that she does not see faults."

He was surprised. "I had thought you would believe the man you loved to be faultless."

"Ach, nein, nein!" She shook her head slowly with a little indulgent laugh for his ignorance. "No man is so — faultless, und no woman. It is only when too young we think so. We have all some fault." Her observation was made with such an air of profound philosophic dis-

covery that Harvey found himself feeling that some new light was being shed upon the sad, old world-worn puzzle of human relations.

"A fault is a weakness, *nicht wahr?* And for weakness one loves more the weak one as a mother love her child. And if sometimes that weakness hurt her, she only love more for that reason. It is strange."

She looked up. As their eyes met he saw Hilda all at once as a woman, and something in that revelation hurt him mysteriously.

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "You are unhappy."

"No, I was only thinking."

"What you were thinking?"

"I think I was wishing that — some woman could have loved me like that." She did not answer immediately. He glanced at her with a little smile and met the grave sympathy of her eyes. For a moment he looked in silence, then suddenly stood up. "I forget time with you, *gnädige Dame*."

She rose also, protesting, "Don't go. For soon Max will be here und we vill all have yet another cup of tea together."

He shook his head. "I have an engagement. I am late already."

She put out her hand. He bent down and kissed it lightly. "As if we were in Germany," he said.

On the stairs he met Max, who saluted him stiffly, unsmilingly, a greeting somehow aggressively German.

IV

A few days after that she sang at an afternoon concert which he attended. Standing alone on the great platform, in a pale gray gown that was almost white, she looked gravely, sweetly young, and she sang Wagner's "Traume" with the mature passion that was so unexpectedly a part of her music — that, in spite of her childishness, he had come to feel was also a part of herself.

After the concert was over he felt irresistibly drawn to her house; but at the very steps he turned away and walked instead in the park, long and late. Once, at a bend in the road, he came suddenly face to face with a man and woman driving; they had bowed and passed before he realized that it was Max von Stahl-schmidt and Mrs. Gambril. On the way home he stopped at a florist's shop and ordered a box of red carnations sent to Hilda. It was the first time he had sent her anything but white flowers.

One day, a week or two after the concert, he went to see her late in the afternoon. Again he found her alone.

"Some one tell me you are gone away," she said as she greeted him.

"And did you think I would go away without saying good-by? I have been very busy."

"Ah yes, I understand. I am glad that you are not gone. Max und I talk always alone. My husband is now also more busy."

Harvey walked over to the window. "It is beautiful now outdoors. The air is full of spring. We must walk once more in the park together, just once more" —

"You go away?" she asked in alarm.

He looked down at her curiously. "I am afraid I must."

"I am sorry," she said softly. "We vill miss you, Max und I. You are so good to him. I think it is for you he love America."

"And you, *liebe Dame*, you are sorry for yourself — just a little bit — and not altogether because of little Max?"

"You know I also am sorry. But for you I am often lonely. I do not enjoy much the parties, but I like much to talk so in the park with you."

Their eyes met. Her hand lay near his upon the window-sill. He covered it with his own; it was an almost involuntary action. His eyes remained upon hers, his breath began to come quickly. Her color rose. In a second her lashes drooped, but in that second he had seen — what was it? he scarcely knew — something that quivered like light in her eyes, and for

an instant the world swam around him. Then he felt her hand withdrawn gently from under his.

"It becomes dark, Meester Langdon. I ring for the light."

They stood in silence by the fire waiting for the maid to answer the bell. When she came she brought some cards to Hilda. "Tell them to come up," Hilda directed. Before the guests arrived Harvey took his leave.

But the next afternoon he called again. The servant told him he might go up. He knew that it was a mistake, but took advantage of it, fearing obscurely that she might refuse to see him this time. In the hall the sound of her singing came to him. He walked slowly and noiselessly toward the sound. He stopped at the open door, and saw her sitting in the firelight with her boy in her arms, singing a soft little bedtime song — like any other mother. The voice that had thrilled thousands, that had stirred the depths in even his unresponsive being, brought to him now, mysteriously, intimately, the sacred revelation of motherhood. He stood in silence. A mist came over his eyes. When the little song stopped he turned and slipped softly away, knowing that he had seen a divine thing.

At the head of the stairs — their usual meeting-place — he encountered Max. He would have passed with a silent recognition, but Von Stahlschmidt stopped him.

"You are good enough to come often, Mr. Langdon, but it is a pleasure I seldom have to see you. We pass always on the way."

Harvey, looking in the man's face, saw it white and strained. "It is a great privilege to be allowed to come, Herr Baron. I assure you I appreciate it." He moved to pass on, but Von Stahlschmidt pushed in front of him and stood before the flight of stairs. Hilda had begun to sing again, more softly than before. The child must be dropping asleep. Harvey looked up to find Von Stahlschmidt regarding him steadily.

"You appreciate also, it seems, the privilege to meet her and walk with her in the park many times — to see her alone, is it not? I ask that you explain to me your acquaintance with my wife" —

A black look came into Harvey's eyes; then he looked into the man's face and saw how he was suffering.

"You do not answer. I demand that you answer" —

Hilda's voice, softly singing, filled the silence. For a moment Harvey breathed hard, then he laid his hand on the German's arm and drew him back to the open door. "Look at her," he said in a low voice, not to reach her. "That is your answer."

Hilda had stopped singing and had risen from her chair, her sleepy boy in her arms, her face bent over him. Her husband made an inarticulate sound and turned toward Harvey. The eyes of the two men met. Then Von Stahlschmidt caught the other man's hand and wrung it till his muscles trembled. Hilda turned toward the doorway peering into the darkness.

"Max," she called softly.

With a cry that was almost a sob he was in the middle of the room beside her. She held the child up to him with a smile. "Kiss little Max good-night," Harvey heard her say in German. With a wordless exclamation the man caught his wife and child in his arms.

It was some minutes later that he remembered Harvey. "Oh, I forgot — Mr. Langdon is out in the hall." He went to the door and called Harvey's name, but Harvey was not there.

V

The next morning a box of white carnations came for Hilda and with them a note.

Gnädige Dame, — I am more sorry than I can say to leave without saying good-by, but it cannot be otherwise. You are a woman, and perhaps you will understand. Will you accept the lifelong gratitude of

a man to whom you have given back the most precious thing in life, — his faith in woman? Even more, for out of your own abundance you have given him — although so late — that youth of which he once thought the gods had defrauded him.

I hope we may meet again some day — somewhere, and so I shall not say farewell but *Auf Wiedersehen*, or — as we mean in my language when we say good-by — God be with you.

Faithfully yours,

HARVEY LANGDON.

The letter dropped from Hilda's hand and her eyes grew thoughtful.

"What is it, *Liebchen*?" asked Max.

She passed him the letter without comment. He read it in silence, but at the end he looked up at her curiously.

"You like him, Hilda?"

"Oh yes, very much I like him."

"You are sorry he is gone" —

"I am sorry, *lieber* Max. He was so good to me when I was lonely." She put out an apologetic hand. "I was so foolish to be lonely sometimes when you were so much busy. I think, *lieber* Max, he is very kind and good."

A change that she did not understand passed over Max's face as he came swiftly toward her and took her in his arms.

"You are very good, *Herzchen*, — too good. I love you."

THE COWARD

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

THE night before the battle met
He sang the splendor of the fray,
Till all our legions, hard beset,
Took heart against another day.

He sang the thunder-swift attack,
The shock of shields, the overthrow;
The shout that roared the chorus back
Startled the camp-fires of the foe.

The harp's hour passed. Dawn heard alone
The high heroic bugles' cry;
But ere a blade had crossed his own
The singer turned his horse to fly.

They slew him as he fled the field;
But all day long the foe in vain
Shattered against our spearsmen steeled
With memory of his noble strain.

So half fell fouled into the snare,
And half sped splendid to the goal. —
What earthly tribune can declare
The doom of this divided soul?

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

THE MISSION OF THE LITERARY CRITIC

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

LITERARY criticism can hardly be said to stand in very high repute in the United States. Perhaps this is because we have so much of it, done, naturally, for the most part, in a rather perfunctory and superficial manner. To criticise criticism, to discuss the object and methods of so insignificant an art, seems to most persons "a wasteful and ridiculous excess." Anybody can criticise a book. Everybody does. What is there more?

In France it is different. Says the most charming of French critics: "Criticism is the latest of all literary forms; it will end, perhaps, by absorbing all the others. It is admirably suited to a highly civilized society whose past is rich and whose traditions are ancient. . . . It is derived at once from philosophy and from history. It has required for its full development a period of absolute intellectual liberty. It replaces theology; and if we seek the universal doctor, the St. Thomas Aquinas, of the nineteenth century, do we not think of Sainte-Beuve first of all?"

The English and American mind grasps with difficulty the seriousness of the French in these literary matters. In something which concerns directly neither our bread and butter, nor even our eternal welfare, why should we be so deadly and desperately earnest? Why fight over theories of the beautiful? Why have theories at all about things which are intended only to amuse us? The wild fury which animated the classics and romantics in their battles over the production of *Henri III* and *Hernani* is wholly inconceivable in a New York or London theatre. So, the acrimony which French critics display in the discussion of their art, or their vocation, seems to us but a waste of wild and whirling words. Yet if

we examine it a little more closely, we may find some profit in it, if not for the classification of criticism, at least for the better loving of literature.

Sainte-Beuve, who has long been regarded in France, and is gradually coming to be regarded elsewhere, as the greatest critic that ever lived, wisely refrained from too strict a formulation of his methods. Much interesting theoretical discussion may be gleaned in different corners of his vast work; but his broad and ample insight and foresight took in too clearly the immensity of the field to be covered for him to make any rash attempt at mapping or systematizing. His followers have had something less of modesty, besides the advantage of his extensive foundation to build upon.

Of the three schools of criticism which fought the battle in France during the last quarter of the last century, let us take first the dogmatic. Put crudely, the principle of the dogmatists is what burly Ben Jonson said of one of his own plays:—

"By God! 'tis good, and if you lik't, you may."

That is to say, a work pleases or displeases the critic, for reasons which he can, or cannot, explain, and therefore it must please his readers also. Ingenious minds have elaborated various finespun theories on which to give their personal preferences a broad and human basis. Other ingenious minds have knocked over said theories and substituted new theories of their own. From Aristotle to M. Brunetière, the learned have tried to impose their taste on mankind in general — and failed lamentably. Even when they have sought to extract a taste of their own from the accumulated conventional likings of that unstable thing, the public

they find their laborious product slip from under them on some sudden wave of popular fancy. An acute observer and man of the world once wrote: "Your sentiments . . . I believe to be perfectly just, because they perfectly accord with my own, and that is, you know, the only standard Heaven has given us by which to judge." This may be heretical in morals; but it is not without value in art. That hero and model of classicism and the rule-and-line theory, Racine, says, in the preface to *Bérénice*: "The principal rule is to please and to touch the emotions: all the others are made but to wait upon this."

The great stronghold of the dogmatists is the universal consent of mankind. As if there were such a thing in literary matters! Perhaps the best satire on this view is the conventional cry of critics at the present day: Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare are the summit of all literature; no other is to be compared with them, forever, and ever, and ever. Well, but Homer has had his ups and downs. There have been times when Virgil has been thought much his superior; and to-day there are persons not uncultivated — but that is another story. As for Dante, he is an invention of the nineteenth century; and even so, Goethe, who was the nineteenth century personified, is said to have found him tedious and a little barbarous. The extravagant worship of Shakespeare is also an invention of the nineteenth century, made in Germany; and there are signs that it may not endure, in its extreme form, another hundred years.

That charming critic, Mr. Augustine Birrell, speaks as a dogmatist (who does not occasionally?) when he says: "Is substantial injustice at this moment done to a single English writer of prose or verse who died prior to the year 1801? Is there a single bad author of this class who is now read?" This seems to me rather naïve for so subtle and keen a thinker. What does it mean? Who is to settle the justice or injustice? Who are the good and who the bad authors? Those who please and

those who displease Mr. Birrell? Or those who are and those who are not read? I myself think Sir William D'Avenant a very good poet, better than either Goldsmith or Gray, who are read by thousands; but I cannot discover that any one but myself reads D'Avenant. I recognize a personal idiosyncrasy; and do not assert that injustice is done.

The dogmatists also support themselves by extra-artistic considerations, and undertake to judge literary work by its moral and immoral tendencies. It is a good idea, and in theory they are a thousand times right. But their practice is so far from satisfactory that one is almost compelled to give them up as hopeless. In the first place much of art is, fortunately, not connected with morals at all, or connected with them only very indirectly. It is hard to judge color and rhythm and imaginative expression from any moral point of view. But even in regard to what is obviously concerned with morals doctors disagree so woefully! Is it moral to represent the whole of life as it is, simply because truth is truth and cannot be harmful? Is it moral to inject a tincture of idealism into the bald facts of life, so that they may become elevating and instructive? Is it moral to avert one's gaze from half of reality and to be entertaining, soothing, and false? Where is our moral standard in all these perplexing difficulties and many others?

The dogmatic and academic view of criticism has its value and usefulness, nevertheless. It is possible to deduce from the past delight and profit of mankind generalizations which are, if not laws, at least guides, for both production and judgment. The instinct which leads us to seek authority in art, as in other things, is a natural one, whether it can be satisfied or not. Neither Sainte-Beuve, nor Matthew Arnold, nor Lowell can oblige me to enjoy what I find dull and tedious; but if they interpret an author for me, I may come to see in him what I should never have seen for myself; and I feel more confidence in approaching a

book on their recommendation, than on that of John Smith or Mary Jones.

The impressionist school of critics exists chiefly to make war on the dogmatic: that is the French way. "The chief dogma of intolerance is that there are dogmas; that of tolerance, that there are only opinions," said Edmond Scherer. But the impressionist is shy of anything even so stable as an opinion. "My impression of a book is so fleeting!" he cries. "It shifts from day to day, from hour to hour. I read Victor Hugo when I am in the mood for him, full of life, of enthusiasm, of exuberant philanthropy, and I find him the greatest of poets. I read him when I am dull, tired, and cynical, and he seems to me the emptiest of charlatans and the noisiest of demagogues. At times Shelley utters all my soul, at other times he seems a mass of windy nothingness. What I liked ten years ago seems now stale and unprofitable. What I railed at then, to-day seems good, sound meat, and full of common sense. Others may be constant in their preferences, or may force, or trick themselves into thinking that they are so. But what stability, or permanence, or solemn objectivity of judgment can there be for me?"

It will be said that this makes every man his own critic and disposes of criticism. It certainly does dispose of formal judgments and stilted *ex cathedra* classifications. But the impressionists say that, while the method of criticism is altered, the substance of it is only made a thousand times richer and more varied. Instead of a dry, impersonal ranking and ticketing of books and authors, we get the effect which they produce on different minds, and so, an infinitude of possible affections of our own. In other words, criticism is not an end, it is a beginning. Its object is to spur us, to inspire us, to open out before us wide vistas of passion and thought and beauty, which we had not discovered for ourselves. In giving us his own personal impression of a work of art, a critic is simply giving us one of a thousand possible interpretations, each of which has

its own interest and value. The more personal, the more himself he is, the more singly he keeps his eye fixed on his own impression as distinguished from the traditional opinion of others, the more he helps us, not because we are necessarily to follow him, but because we are thus led to think and feel and perceive for ourselves. When M. Anatole France writes: "The critic ought to say: 'Gentlemen, I am going to speak of myself à propos of Racine, or of Pascal, or of Goethe. It is a delightful opportunity,'" he seems to be very egotistical. In reality, as all his readers know, there is no critic less so. While M. Brunetière, the champion of dogmatic and impersonal criticism, is egotism personified.

Apart from both dogmatism and impressionism, and hostile to both, stand the scientific critics; and, without doubt, their attitude expresses more truly the spirit of the nineteenth century than does that of either of the others. Personal æsthetic judgments, says the scientist, are an impertinence; impersonal judgments are difficult, from the ordinary dogmatic standpoint, of an ideal, ready-made standard, impossible and ridiculous. It may be that long and careful investigation of the sources of æsthetic enjoyment will at length develop some psychological criterion, which will have objective value and be subject to definite measurement. Meanwhile, the critic has other and far richer fields before him. Literature is not an arbitrary and artificial product. It grows and develops according to natural laws. It is the expression of human life and thought. It can be subjected to analytical study and the results stated in broad generalizations. Each great literary period has its peculiar character, which it stamps on all its representatives, no matter how intense their own individuality. Each literary period is connected with other literary periods; with those that precede, to which it owes something, either by direct derivation or by reaction; and, in the same fashion, with those that follow. Thus, the classicism of the eigh-

teenth century was in large part a reaction from the excesses of the later Renaissance. The realism of the middle of the nineteenth century was a reaction from the violent romanticism of the generation before. In the same way, while certain general characteristics mark the whole literary work of a period, these are differently modified according to the nation in which they appear. The buoyant fullness, the splendid, unpruned luxuriance of the Renaissance suited perfectly the genius of the English; hence, in the Elizabethan age that race found its most complete literary expression. On the other hand, the tasteful and refined finish, the clear and prosaic simplicity of the eighteenth century served as the fittest medium for the polished sense and the keen intellect of France. It is the function of the scientific critic to study all these things, to trace the affiliations of different ages and different races, to show that, making always due allowance for individual genius, literary forms and products are a natural efflorescence, to be watched and systematized, like plants or birds, only with an infinitely more subtle and delicate discrimination.

This is not all. Literature is not only in itself a subject of scientific study. It is always and in all its forms an expression of the human life which produces it. The drama of Shakespeare, wonderful as a literary product, becomes far more so, viewed as a manifestation of the richest, the most glorious period of English history. The differences between that drama and the plays of Calderon correspond closely to the differences between the England and the Spain of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. So, the drama of the Restoration, in all its coarseness and superficiality, reflects exactly the moral conditions of the society by and for which it was produced. Again, one cannot imagine a more interesting study than the connection between literature and history at the close of the eighteenth century, the influence of the earlier romantic writers, Rousseau, Macpherson with his Ossian, Schiller and Goethe, in the great political

and social upheaval of the French Revolution; and still more, the influence of that upheaval on Byron and Shelley, Hugo and Musset, Manzoni and Leopardi.

But still wider and richer as a field for the scientific critic is the life and psychology of the individual author. Back of the book is always the man — or woman. The general outlines of national life and contemporary tendency, so strongly emphasized by Taine, form but a background, from which stands out the human personality, subtle, mobile, always hard to grasp and define, and all the more fascinating because of that difficulty. Of course, the amount of self-revelation varies with the author and with the form of expression. Diarists like Pepys or Amiel, letter-writers like Madame de Sévigné, essayists like Montaigne, lyrical poets like Byron and Heine, wear the heart upon the sleeve. They throw open the inmost secrets of their lives for the inspection of the curious observer. But even at the other extreme how much we can learn of writers of the sternest objectivity. Tacitus, Gibbon, Macaulay speak little of themselves; yet touches of their character are written on every page of their works. Thackeray is a novelist who constantly intrudes himself and his opinions and experiences on the attention of the reader. Flaubert is a novelist whose whole theory of art was to conceal himself. Yet I am not sure that Flaubert's books do not give us a more genuine and intelligible impression of the man than Thackeray's. Even the great dramatists, although never speaking to us in their own persons, somehow contrive to produce a distinct feeling of individual character. This is best seen by comparing them with one another. Take Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Molière: do we not derive from their purely dramatic works psychological impressions which enable us to separate the first from the other two, and those again, though less remotely, from each other? It is this psychological study, this view of literature as an endless revelation of human life, endless in vari-

ety, endless in fascination, which make the basis and the charm of scientific criticism. Sainte-Beuve summed it up admirably in the often quoted saying: "I botanize, I herborize, I am a naturalist of souls."

Like each of the other forms of criticism, the scientific has its obvious defect. After all, however we judge it, the charm of literature proper comes mainly from its appeal to our æsthetic sensibility. We esteem a poem or a novel because it pleases us and moves us, because it is beautiful. Now there may be very curious material for the study of human life, in general or in particular, in books which neither please us nor move us at all. The scientific critic, in his determination not to be influenced by æsthetic considerations, is too apt to neglect them altogether, to exalt writers and writings which have had little or no effect on mankind at large, or even on himself, simply because they offer new and striking facts, or happen to form an important link in some chain of literary deduction. Even Sainte-Beuve, though as little slave to systems as any man, did not always escape this tendency.

I have thus stated briefly the position of the three leading schools of literary criticism. To the practical American mind the question naturally occurs: Why are they not all in the right? Why not use a combination of the theories of all three? The ordinary reader will always look for authority somewhere, by whatever name it is called, will always respect and adopt the judgment of some one whom he considers, rightly or wrongly, better equipped than himself. On the other hand, the freshness, the vivacity of the impressionists are most valuable for tempering and softening dogmatic and academic severity. And surely no one will reject the added richness and significance which come from comparative study and psychological interpretation.

This is the remark of common sense, and it is hard to see why any one should disagree with it. But can we not do better still by putting aside all these formal

watchwords and establishing our criticism on a more natural and simple basis?

Previous to the eighteenth century, criticism was either purely speculative, that is, it was a merely theoretical analysis of the nature and conditions of the beautiful, akin to any other scientific investigation, or it was undertaken for the benefit of authors. There were kindly people scattered about the world in considerable numbers, who had never, indeed, created anything themselves, but who knew exactly how the thing ought to be done and were willing and glad to communicate their superior wisdom to that humble and tutorable being, the creative genius. It is extremely doubtful whether these persons ever accomplished very much, except to gather a good deal of ill-will and some little reputation. Poets and dramatists who are worth anything do not generally change their methods in deference to critics, and perhaps it is well they do not. But since the immense development of journalism, all this is changed. There are still, of course, plenty of critics of the class just mentioned, more than ever, and more impudent than ever. We all know the oracle of some twopenny sheet who begins: "We are glad to see that Mr. Jones has profited by our remarks on his last novel," or, "We think Miss Smith would have improved her acting of Juliet, if she had taken our advice last year as to her interpretation of the rôle." There are even writers and journals of high standing which assume this tone and keep up their reputation by it. Nevertheless, the general task of criticism and its object have become different altogether.

The critic of to-day who writes in the great magazines or dailies speaks to hundreds of thousands. He neither knows nor cares anything about the author of a book as such. He has not the slightest desire to offer advice to that author about his business, any more than he would advise a hatter about the making of hats. His concern is with the book and with the public. It is the public that he has always in mind, that vast multiplicity of tastes,

desires, passions, interests, which wishes information, suggestion, as to what it shall read. It does not wish to be told what it ought to like. It does not wish to be told that Brown's play transgresses the unities, that Perkins's novel is badly composed, that Williams steals his fiction, and Robinson invents his facts. It wants to be told what will touch it, please it, amuse it, help it. It wants to be inspired, if only for a moment, with the passion and the joy of literature.

Well, the critic who is to act as high priest in this sacred function must have, especially, two qualities. First, he must love literature himself, he must be, in the beautiful phrase of Erasmus, *litterarum mystes religiosissimus*, no hack, no jack-of-all-trades, who turns to reviewing in the barren intervals of law or politics. Secondly, he must have the instinct, almost the passion, of imparting his love to others. There are some who cherish their literary joys in silence and solitude, and feel that sharing them diminishes them. But the true critic, in our sense, is not content, unless others enjoy his pleasures with him. Books have brought him the greatest delight of life: he wishes to make the delight universal. He wants his favorites known and loved as he loves them. Perhaps, when he tries to talk of these things, he is chilled by the lack of response. People whom he meets in society are barred off from him by social conventions and trivial cares. He must talk to them of their daily interests and little personal concerns. He cannot dwell on the mystery of Shelley, or the passion of Heine, or the gayety of Meilhac. But when he takes his pen in hand, he instantly sees a sympathetic auditor before him, and proceeds to pour out the enthusiasm of his heart.

This is the true spirit of criticism. You may enrich it with the most varied learning and adorn it with the most brilliant and powerful expression; but without love, all these things are but as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal. In short, the critic is an artist just as much

as the creative writer; and, as it is the function of the latter to reveal to us new meaning and new beauty in the world of real men and women, so the critic reveals to us new beauty and new meaning in the world of books.

The critic's true mission, then, is in the attempt to communicate to others his own infinite delight in books. Does this mean that he is always to praise and never to find fault? Far from it. The love of literature is more than the love of any author. That critic is worth little who cannot enjoy the most opposite excellencies, who lets his delight in Scott blind him to Scott's careless and slipshod style and observation, and does not recognize the perfection of workmanship in a writer like Flaubert, who totally lacks Scott's romantic and human charm. The spiritual glory of Shelley is wholly wanting in Leopardi; but Leopardi's unequaled delicacy and finish throw a sad light on Shelley's blundering improvisation. In his passion for every kind of beauty the critic overlooks none of these things; though he dwells lightly on the shadows, and, above all, avoids, with the most watchful scrupulousness, that worst failing of his order, — cheap self-glorification obtained by displaying others' defects.

There is, however, one distinction worth making in regard to this matter of fault-finding, an expression which, alas, is too apt to be used as synonymous with criticism. The usual habit of critics and reviewers is to accept standard authors at the traditional valuation, and to treat new candidates for popular favor with at best a contemptuous patronage. It is the easiest method of proceeding; but I think there would be much profit in reversing it. A severe review advertises a worthless book, almost as much as a favorable one. Let such things alone altogether. And for what attracts the critic, let him help it along. Let him make his reserves, if he likes, and if he is afraid of discrediting himself with posterity; but let him dwell chiefly on what pleases and profits him and may please and profit others.

On the other hand, let him treat the classics as if they were just out. There is no surer method of getting people to read and appreciate them. Books that have stood the test of a thousand, or five hundred, or a hundred years will not suffer much from any severity of his. But if he is to help and guide others, he must be himself and himself only. If the *Iliad*, with all its dust and blood and fleshly deities, bores him, let him say so. His readers will open the *Iliad* with an interest they have never felt before. Whether they agree with him or not is of no consequence whatever. All that he wants is that they should read and feel for themselves.

Oh, these literary idols! How dangerous it is to meddle with them, even to lift a corner of the robe or touch the pedestal! How little real love there is in the world's reverences, how much convention! How often any one who discusses literature honestly feels the truth of Professor Saintsbury's noble though somewhat arrogant words: "From the outset of his career the critic has to make up his mind to be charged with 'ungenerous,' or 'grudging,' or 'not cordial' treatment of those whom he loves with a love that twenty thousand of his accusers could not by clubbing together equal, and understands with an understanding of which — not, of course, by their own fault but by that of Providence — they are simply incapable."

This difficulty of looking honestly at the consecrated sanctities of tradition gives a peculiar interest to the writers of the past about whom dogmatism has not made up its mind. Euripides, for instance, is one of the most fascinating of poets because he has never been ticketed in any cut-and-dried position. For twenty-three hundred years he has been discussed and quarreled over; and his admirers and detractors are to-day as far from agreeing as those of Browning or Kipling. Well, the critic should try (it is impossible to succeed, but he should try) to approach every literary idol with the same freedom with which he approaches Euripides.

Only thus will he be really stimulating and helpful.

Doubtless, Shakespeare is the greatest idol of Anglo-Saxondom. Is it possible that any of us, crammed as we are with ages and pages of laudation, should ever read Shakespeare with an independent spirit? Certainly not. We can never have the pleasure of knowing what a man of the highest nineteenth-century culture, an Arnold, a Lowell, would think of Shakespeare on first reading him, without ever having heard of him before. Yet no writer can be placed with impunity on such an altitude as Shakespeare occupies. He is too far off to be felt. He is so crusted over with secular adoration that the ordinary reader never gets at the real work itself. How few people actually read him! How few truly care to see him acted! Study the character of Shakespeare audiences. They are entirely different from the habitual theatre-goers. Certain of these, of course, always flock to Irving as Irving; but they prefer *Louis XI* to *Hamlet*. The Shakespeare audience is largely composed of those who go to the theatre twice a year "to see Shakespeare,"—teachers and their pupils, college girls, children who are taken because it is educational. Ask a lover of the modern stage about this and he will say that he likes to read Shakespeare, but not to see him. Push the matter a little farther and you will find that he reads Shakespeare about as often as the Bible. Even when he is read, it is, with so many people, because he is the proper thing; that is, with dull eyes, a dull brain, and a mind turning constantly elsewhere.

It should be the aim of the critic to change this state of things, if only a little. Let him try, at least, to present Shakespeare as he actually finds him for himself. Shakespeare is not perfect. He is not even perfect as many other writers are perfect. He is uneven and unequal. He is lazy, clumsy, and careless in the management of his stolen stories. He leaves his characters at loose ends, unworked out and unexplained. He is the sport of his own fancy and lets words run away with him.

He is difficult and obscure, pompous and pretentious, sometimes even exceedingly dull. Let the critic who feels these things say them; and when he also says that Shakespeare's imagination has given him more delight than anything else on this green earth, people will believe he means it.

After volumes of German philosophizing, the following observations of M. Jules Lemaitre (who, it should be said, does not read English) on *Hamlet* are very refreshing: "The first three acts appear to be exceedingly beautiful; but I will frankly confess that the last two, no longer filled with Hamlet himself, seemed to me extremely tedious. The conduct of Claudius is absurd. The Queen is null and absolutely passive. The gravediggers' scene, perfectly useless to the action, is a lugubrious sort of comedy, which has grown to be terribly commonplace. Much the same is true of Ophelia's madness. It is amusing in the text because of her songs; but as it is played at the *Comédie Française*, it is a scene of keepsake and cheap romance; you think you are looking at a chromo."

Yet through all this the true critic will remember that his mission is essentially and always positive. He has found sources of infinite joy and delight in life which others may not be aware of, or not so fully as he. These sources are the simplest, the cheapest, the most permanent, the most accessible that exist; apparently they are slighted for that very reason. The enjoyment of the other arts — music, painting, the theatre — is obtainable only with fatigue and toil such as often diminish it or destroy it altogether. You stand for two hours in a cold and crowded gallery, with vulgar sights and noisy people about you, till you wonder what any one can find in pictures. You pay a great price, long beforehand, for a theatre or concert ticket; and when the day comes you have a headache, the weather is dreary; narrow seats, bustle, and chatter annoy and tire you, till you wish you were at home. All the time, at home, you have

within reach the loveliest art in the world, always ready, always waiting, taking a thousand different forms for every different mood and taste, absolutely independent of the vexing and distracting presence of the crowd. Well, it is the mission of the literary critic to keep this door open and the attention of his readers called to it, to point out gently, insinuatingly the infinite treasures he has found there, and, so far as in him lies, to help others to find and profit by the same.

ON CHANGING ONE'S NATURE

GOOD Bishop Paley's famous argument from the perfection of the human eye has lost something of its force for a generation which has taken to wearing glasses in childhood. Curiously enough, the one organ of the body which the eighteenth century thought especially designed to refute the atheist has most conspicuously broken down under the demands of the nineteenth. That most "undevout astronomer," Laplace, regretted that he was not present at the creation because he had various improvements to suggest. More than one anatomist since his day has wondered why Nature gave the birds the best eye she ever made, and left mankind to toil and spin at short range with an eye designed for distant vision.

How disastrous may be the results of forcing an eye more than usually ill-fitted for its task to do "work for which the history of a million years has made no demand, and for which the eye has been outfitted with no mechanism," appears from Dr. Gould's study of the lives of fourteen distinguished writers who, in his opinion, suffered from eye-strain.¹ These all

¹ *Biographic Clinics*, vol. i: The Origin of the Ill Health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning. *Idem*, vol. ii: George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Wagner, Parkman, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Spencer, Whittier, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Nietzsche. By GEORGE M. GOULD, M. D. Philadelphia: P. Blankiston's Son & Co. 1903, 1904.

had essentially the same clinical history. Their troubles came on in youth as soon as they began to put their eyes to steady near work, and continued through middle life, only to disappear as if by magic when, as age came on, the final loss of accommodation made further eye-strain impossible. The symptoms — headache, nervousness, dyspepsia, insomnia — were always promptly relieved by sport, society, travel, change of scene, — anything, in short, which stopped near work, — only to return again with the renewal of the cause. Yet nobody saw clearly what the matter was! Altogether it is a sad story of thwarted ambition and useless pain. Darwin could work but two hours a day; Spencer only by fifteen-minute periods. Parkman averaged six lines of finished work a day for fourteen years. Nietzsche broke down at forty-four, after suffering two hundred prostrating attacks of illness in a single year. Jane Carlyle endured sick headaches sixty hours on end, and her husband “was turned into a terrible dyspeptic and misanthrope, made to suffer as only genius and eye-strain and pseudo-medicine, when combined, can make men suffer, and was also commanded to walk, walk, walk, ride, ride, ride, and waste, waste, waste both time and talents of infinite value, in order to rest his eyes, his eyes that needed only a pair of appropriate spectacles.” Dr. Gould’s essays, admirable as an argument, are by no means cheerful reading.

Fortunately, no such wanton suffering can again afflict any person likely to attain to a biography. Unfortunately, it is still the fate of thousands of obscure persons who do not suspect the cause of their trouble, or who have depended for its relief on itinerant spectacle venders or department stores.

If the eye were the only one of our members in respect to which the interests of civilized man have been ignored or sacrificed to the convenience of some cave-dweller, we could still get on. The mischief is that while we lack several useful organs we are loaded down with inherited

structures and instincts which we certainly do not want, yet cannot change or discard. Six fingers instead of five for the Arabians to count on would have given us a duodecimal arithmetic, incidentally saved all the fuss over the metric system, and helped to make the typewriter still more mighty than the pen. On the other hand, our savage forbears needed a digestive apparatus capable, on a pinch, of working over roots and scraps of skin, and making up for a week’s starvation by one magnificent gorge. Cooks, cold storage, breakfast foods have so far “ameliorated the condition of the eating classes” that any such powerful digestive machinery has become unnecessary. In vain, however, do we amputate the appendix and extract the superfluous third molars. Satan finds some mischief still for idle glands to do. Half the minor ills of life and a goodly portion of its serious troubles come from disorders of the digestion, and nothing less than eternal vigilance is the price of a waist. *Animum non coelum mutant* who cross from barbarism to civilization.

We who have made the passage, heirs of too many ages, are alone of all creatures under heaven in being fundamentally ill-suited to our environment. We only, of all living things, find our immediate impulses at war with our permanent good. We only are moral and unhappy.

No philosopher oppressed by

“The burden and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,”

no saint confronted with the law in his members warring against the law of his mind has treated the great problems of humanity, “life and sex and death and the fear of death,” with a more adequate knowledge or a finer simplicity than Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute. Metchnikoff writes frankly as a Russian; hopefully as one who has seen and shared some of the greatest triumphs of science over human ills. “Behold, O monks,” said Buddha, “the holy truth as to suffering: birth is suffering, old age is suffering, disease is suffering, and death is

suffering." Two of these, at least, are no longer what they were, now that the pestilence has ceased to walk in darkness, and there is no more unalleviable pain. And granted that not all the science any more than

. . . "all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death,"

it would still be no small gain if one could count on dying "an hundred and twenty years old, his eye not dimmed, nor his natural force abated." As things are, "our strong will to live is opposed to the infirmities of old age and the shortness of life. Here lies the greatest disharmony of the constitution of man."

Yet, after all, the great paradox is this: a lump of living protoplasm, older a hundred times than the everlasting hills, becomes the servant of a conscious intelligence, and goes to pieces within four-score years. But if, as Weismann argued ingeniously twenty years ago, the unicellular organisms are immortal, growing old may be only a deep-seated habit. If Cornaro, broken down at forty, could by taking thought attain to a hundred years; if Thomas Parr, born in 1483, could keep himself alive until 1635, surely the rest of us give up too easily!

It has long been known that many of the lower animals — conspicuously certain insects — round out the circle of their days and die suddenly with no sign of age. Merkel, in 1890, announced his discovery that some of our own tissues, in particular the outer skin and the membranes, never grow old; and within ten years Metchnikoff advanced to the conclusions which are the basis of the present work.¹ Senile decay, if we may trust Metchnikoff, is essentially "the atrophy of the higher and specific cells of a tissue and their replacement by hyper-trophied connective tissue;" in no sense is it a general failure of all organs together. Proximally the trouble is with our white blood

corpuscles, which should die in the last lymph sinus to defend the body against invading germs, but which, instead, lift up their pseudopodia against us. Ultimately, since the activities of any tissue are affected one way or another by the contents of the blood-stream, the onset of age depends on "the actions and interactions of the bacteria harbored in the body, the white corpuscles that are a natural part of the body, and the various juices or serums produced naturally or introduced by accident or design." But any bodily process which depends on bacteria, serums, or toxins, is bound sooner or later to come under human control. In the scientific study of old age, then, lie unknown possibilities for a race which, having curtailed its working life on one end, must needs seek to extend it on the other.

These Studies in Optimism have, however, a significance beyond that which comes from their learning and their candor. The last century saw a bewildering advance in branches of pure science; the practical gain for human welfare came largely from physics alone. But the science which can alter the face of nature almost beyond recognition will sooner or later change human nature to fit it. And surely the zoologist who can make sixteen starfishes out of the material intended for one, and grow extra heads anywhere on the body of a planarian worm, is on the way to rival the triumphs of the engineer. Dr. Gould reminds us that practically we are making over the eye to fit civilized needs. Sir Henry Thompson's sane and helpful little book,² just come to a well-deserved fourth edition, outlines a simple regimen, which, followed from youth, will remove the natural disabilities of old age. Dr. Waldstein³ suggests the power

¹ *The Nature of Man; Studies in Optimistic Philosophy.* By ELIE METCHNIKOFF. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

² *Diet in Relation to Age and Activity, with Hints concerning Habits Conducive to Longevity.* By Sir HENRY THOMPSON, Bart. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1903.

³ *The Subconscious Self and Its Relation to Education and Health.* By LOUIS WALDSTEIN, M.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

over human fate which lies in the less explored regions of our own minds. Metchnikoff, more than any one else of late years, sees that, where religion and philosophy have failed, science, untrammelled and triumphant, may yet create a world wherein the children of men, desiring life, and loving many days, shall still see good.

E. T. B.

“THE PRESENT SOUTH”

It is rare that any writer or speaker when discussing any phase of the Southern question does so with entire absence of prejudice and passion, and applies a strictly judicial temperament in the stating of his views. In the case of not a few Northern writers, they are likely to condemn the South for acts of omission or commission. In the case of the Southern writers, they are likely to condemn both the North and the Negro for some real or supposed weakness. The average Negro who discusses the subject is rarely less passionate than the other two classes to which I have referred. The man, black or white, whose mind and heart are open to conviction on this subject, and who is seeking after truth, and is willing to follow where truth leads, I repeat, is rare.

For some time I have used methods by which I could see everything that is printed upon matters relating to the South and the Negro, and, notwithstanding the large bulk of such matter that comes to me almost daily, I find that I can dispose of it within a few minutes and get all the information that it contains. A glance at the name of the publication, or the title of the article, or the name of the writer, usually informs me pretty accurately as to the writer's or speaker's point of view. This is another way of stating that there has been so little calmness shown in the discussion of the questions growing out of the presence and the influence of my race in this country, that a large proportion of what is spoken and written is discounted by the average reader. It is refreshing, as well as encouraging, to find a

writer who discusses the South and the race question with the temper of a judge and in the manner of a scholar, and especially is this true when the writer is a Southern white man. In his book, *The Present South*,¹ Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy makes statements and draws conclusions with which neither the Northern or Southern white man, nor the Negro will agree, but I believe all will respect his sincerity and fine temper. With much that he says, all whose opinions are worthy of respect will heartily agree. Nothing in the way of a “review” can do the book justice; it should be read if one would be informed and helped by it.

The country has been made familiar with the sincere and courageous words of the late Bishop Haygood and of the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Now that these men have passed away, it is a great satisfaction to hear words equally as wise and strong from a younger set of Southern men of whom Mr. Murphy is a good type.

In the first chapter, Mr. Murphy brings to the attention of the reader a phase of the Southern question not often thought of, or, if thought of, very little discussed, — that is, the rapid growth of the South during the last few decades from aristocracy toward democracy. The point that will most interest the reader is the insistence upon the fact that the white South had to grow from an aristocracy into a democracy before it could be expected to include the Negro in any large measure in its new life. The fact that a large proportion of the white South had been left out of the real life of the South is shown by the fact that previous to the civil war, in North Carolina, for example, twenty-one per cent of the white voting population were illiterate and had very little part in government. As Mr. Murphy expresses it, “As a class the non-slaveholding white men had been outside the essential councils of the South.” The first task of the South, Mr. Murphy maintains, was to

¹ *The Present South*. By EDGAR GARDNER MURPHY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

make the "non-participating" white man an active part of its new life — a real part — politically, educationally, industrially, and socially. Now that this result has been largely achieved by "the arrival of the common man," Mr. Murphy holds out strong grounds for hope that the Negro will in the near future be incorporated into the democracy of the South by the volunteer efforts of the white South in a much larger degree than has been true in the past. This, he argues, can be done without social intercourse and without fusion of races. In proof of what he asserts, Mr. Murphy calls attention to the distance the South has already gone in the matter of incorporating the colored man into its new life politically and educationally; on this point I quote his own words: —

"Democracy does not involve the fusion of races any more than it involves the fusion of creeds or the fusion of arts. It does not imply that the finality of civilization is in the man who is white or in the man who is black, but in the man — white or black — who is a man. Manhood, in a democracy, is the essential basis of participation.

"We hear upon every hand that the South has refused its recognition to this principle. As a matter of fact, and under their amended constitutions, tens of thousands of black men are to-day registered voters in the Southern states, voters registered not against the consent of the South, but by the South's free and deliberate will. In view of the brief period of time since the Negro's emancipation, and in the light of the Negro's political history, this voluntary registration of black men in the South, this partial but increasing acceptance by the South of the qualified Negro as a participant in the functions of government, is of far greater significance in the essential history of democracy than any temporary record of exclusion or injustice. The Negro common school — nearly one million six hundred thousand Negro children are enrolled in public schools supported by the South-

ern states — the Negro common school, with its industrial and political significance, is of greater import in the history of our institutions than any temporary or partial denial of political privilege."

On the question of the education of the Negro Mr. Murphy speaks in no uncertain terms. He comes out emphatically in favor of the very best education in common schools, industrial schools, colleges, and professional schools. To those who claim that the education of the colored people has been in any degree a failure, Mr. Murphy says: "At least let us not condemn the policy of Negro education until we have established it, and until the Negro has tried it. One who will carefully and accurately investigate the real conditions of Negro life may well maintain that those among them who have really tried it, who really know something, and who can really do something, are, on the whole, a credit to themselves, the South, and their country."

In this connection emphasis is laid upon the fact that one can hardly expect a whole race to be educated when the schools in the rural districts, where the majority of the colored people live, are in session, on an average, but for a period of three or four months annually. He tells the South and the country with rare pointedness and power that the danger of the South is not that the Negro will be spoiled as a "field hand" by education, but that the real danger consists in the fact that so few of the colored people are as yet fitted to be anything else than field hands.

On the subject of the cost of educating the Negro, Mr. Murphy calls attention to a phase of this subject seldom referred to by Northern or Southern writers, and that is the large indirect tax that the colored people pay toward their own education. I quote again a portion of his own strong words on this point: "Out of its poverty the South has given much. The Negro, too, has given directly or indirectly. As has already been suggested, the rents pay the taxes, and the Negro helps

pay the rents." Attention should be called to the further fact that in not a few counties and towns of the South, the liquor dispensary exists, and the profits from these dispensaries, which are often large, go into the school fund. The greater part of this money comes from the lower class of colored people. Again, in Alabama for example, last year the profits to the state from the work of the convicts was not far from \$250,000. At least four fifths of the people who earned this money for the state were colored.

In my opinion it is in the sixth chapter of *The Present South* that Mr. Murphy shows his keenest insight into the life of the Negro, and speaks his strongest and bravest words. After speaking of the great advance that the race has made in its home life, Mr. Murphy adds a sentence which I will quote because it is one which I wish every white American might read. "But one of the tragic elements in the situation lies in the fact that of this most honorable and most hopeful aspect of Negro life the white community North or South knows practically nothing. Of the destructive factors in Negro life, the white community hears to the uttermost, hears through the press and police court; of the constructive factors of the Negro's progress—the Negro school, the saner Negro church, the Negro home—the white community is in ignorance. Until it does know this aspect of our Negro problem it may know more or less accurately many things about the Negro, but it cannot know the Negro."

On the subject of lynching, Mr. Murphy speaks with the same frankness, and makes the point with force that, instead of curing an evil, experience shows that lynchings breed crime and demoralize both the white and black races, and from no point of view can they ever be justified. He urges with equal earnestness that the leaders among the colored people see to it that crime is always condemned and that criminals are not shielded.

Speaking more broadly concerning the progress of the black race, the author of *The Present South* says: "So long as any element of the population is, as a class, in a position of marked economic dependence upon stronger factions or classes, it will certainly suffer—however unfortunately or unjustly—from the pressure of civil and political prejudice." This is a fundamental truth which the friends of the Negro are beginning more and more to appreciate.

On the question of the political rights of the Negro, Mr. Murphy says that the present conditions prevailing under the amended constitutions, while not perfect, are to be preferred to the old system. At the same time he reasserts the principle that he has always held to, that whatever restrictions are placed upon the ballot should be made to apply with equal force and certainty to both races. He rightly contends that this policy is the only wise one,—that it is best for both races; and no patriot can fail to agree with his argument.

Booker T. Washington.

THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

A REPUBLICAN POINT OF VIEW

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

IN complying with the invitation of the editors of the *Atlantic* to present my view of some aspects of the present political campaign, I am far from assuming to give the authoritative party position. My point of view is not that of one who regards every act of his party as beyond criticism, or who, if he admits that it is liable to error, admits it only in general terms and as something that is incident to all human institutions. Whatever I may say, if it satisfies nobody, can at least be charged against no one but myself.

So far as the selection of candidates is concerned the Democrats have not done badly. Mr. Parker is a man of courage and independence, and has had large experience in public affairs of the kind to develop a conservative and fair-minded executive, qualities that are certainly not out of place in the presidential office. With regard to their candidate for the vice-presidency, there may be some who will be influenced by his advanced age, but by most men his present vigor and his long and successful, if not illustrious, career will be accepted as evidence of great natural qualities that might even now be profitably employed in the public service. Arguments that are based merely upon the number of years a man has lived, and that involve the drawing of a dead line without reference to the particular qualities of the individual, are not, as a rule, the weightiest arguments. It might be a sufficient reply to the accusation of age for Mr. Davis to appropriate, with a slight change, the words of the declamation, which very likely saw much service even before he was a schoolboy, "The charge of being a young man I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny."

But the present contest is not essentially

one between candidates, but one between parties. If Mr. Parker were made President he would be compelled to act generally in harmony with the political forces which elected him or become a president without a party. This is true rather with reference to great policies than with reference to the distribution of patronage. Questions of patronage are sure to create dissensions, but are not likely to produce the alienation, or even the radical cleavage, of a whole party. Irritation will be justly aroused at the spectacle of an executive employing the offices for the benefit of his own personal friends, but by and by the leeches become merciful and fall off, — after they have sucked their fill, — and the parties again confront each other upon the historic issues, or upon the new questions which have sprung up, without reference to the distribution of patronage except as a matter of honest administration.

We need not go back to the time of Andrew Johnson to find an instance where the attitude of a president upon a question of public policy has effectively separated him from his own party. A perfect instance can be found in the last Democratic administration which will serve, not merely as an illustration, but as a weighty argument in determining which party one should support in the present campaign. I refer to the action of Mr. Cleveland upon the money question.

For fifteen years prior to Mr. Cleveland's second election both parties had been playing with the silver question. A strong sound-money sentiment existed in most of the important Republican states, but that party, in order to secure a majority in the electoral college, was compelled to rely upon pronounced silver states, and,

as a result the laws which it enacted with reference to silver were not of the most conservative character. But the attitude of the Republican party as a whole upon the money question was safer than that of the Democratic party as a whole.

The last heavy blow aimed at a sound currency was struck by the Sherman silver purchasing act. When Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated he found the gold reserve in the treasury at the lowest point it had reached since the resumption of gold payments. The demands upon this reserve had been and were being greatly augmented by the required monthly purchase of at least 4,500,000 ounces of silver and the issue in payment for it of treasury notes redeemable in gold. The financial situation grew even more serious when the revenue became insufficient to meet the expenditures. The Sherman notes, so called, would be presented by bankers when they desired gold for export or for speculation; they would be redeemed by the government and paid out after redemption to meet its running expenses, and would be again presented for redemption in gold. They constituted an ideal mechanism for making raids upon the dwindling gold reserve.

The McKinley tariff law, however valuable its economic features, involved a daring experiment from the standpoint of revenue. It dispensed with the duty upon sugar, which has at nearly all times been the most important item in tariff taxation, and which has at times yielded a revenue well above sixty millions a year. Even during Harrison's administration a nominal deficit had been averted by throwing the bank-note redemption and other special or miscellaneous funds into the chasm of expenditures. But, barely sufficient at the best for the needs of the government even in good times, a great deficit was sure to follow any great financial storm, and only a great deficit was needed to intensify the evil conditions and to make the treasury helpless. That financial storm speedily came after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration.

I am aware that there is as yet no general agreement as to the cause of the panic of 1893. Some contend that commercial crises are sure to come at certain intervals, as it were by the clock, and that the natural accumulation of business errors during the twenty years that had elapsed since the panic of 1873 made this particular crisis inevitable when it came. There is reason for claiming that it was largely in the beginning a financial panic, in the nature of a penalty for much unwise financial legislation. It is certain that among the first acute symptoms was a money famine, and that, while the wheels of the mills were still turning, the banks of the great financial centres of the East suspended money payments. Others claim that the popular mandate at the election of 1892 for a radical revision of tariff duties was the substantial cause. Perhaps it would not be far from the truth to ascribe it to all three causes combined, with the last-mentioned cause the least natural and the least potent of the three.

But, whatever the cause, Mr. Cleveland was soon confronted with an enormous deficit under the operation of the McKinley Act, a deficit that was not at all repaired by the Wilson Act, after the Supreme Court had struck down that part of it imposing a tax upon incomes.

The administration had its choice between permitting the treasury to suspend gold payments and, on the other hand, securing the repeal of the silver purchasing act and ultimately purchasing gold by issuing the national bonds. Mr. Cleveland strained his relations with his party by making repeal the central feature of his policy. Then came the necessary but unpopular work of issuing bonds in time of profound peace. He exposed himself to the taunts of the opposition party and to the unrelenting hostility of his own, but he heroically performed his task, and, after throwing hundreds of millions of bonds into the quicksands, at last maintained a secure foundation for the national credit.

It is not a difficult thing to be a patriot

on dress parade, to the music of bands and amid the popular acclaim. One can be that while sacrificing the people to their own momentary errors. Mr. Cleveland was not that sort of patriot. He was never a great favorite with the gallery. But in unflinching pursuit of a really patriotic purpose, in bravely incurring the odium involved in the performance of a pressing public duty, a duty the discharge of which was of momentous consequence to the country, it would not be easy in the history of all our presidents to find a parallel to Mr. Cleveland's conduct at this particular crisis. But his heroism proved for the time being his undoing. He saved the gold standard, but he lost his party, and he became a general without an army. His party lent itself to a bitter and determined attack upon the central policy of his administration.

I have dwelt upon this instance at some length because it tends strongly to show the attitude of the Democratic party with reference to one of the most important functions of our government.

The leaders of that party now admit that the gold standard is irrevocably established. They are well qualified to bear witness to the strength of the fortress which they have made a supreme but an unavailing effort to destroy. Very likely the gold standard is firmly established, but one would need to be quite sure before voting to put in power at this early time the party which repudiated its own President for his heroic defense of it, which only four years ago declared in favor of the free coinage of silver at the heaven-born ratio, and which at its national convention only this year expressed no sort of opinion upon money until forced to do so by its candidate.

The extent to which the tariff is involved as a practical issue in the present campaign is by no means clear. After a radical declaration in favor of free trade in 1892, the Democratic party enacted the Wilson Act, which was in many of its schedules a highly protective measure. For instance, the duties upon iron and

steel, in the manufacture of which to-day the most colossal of our trusts has an existence, were substantially the same under the Wilson Act as they are in the present tariff. The declaration in the St. Louis platform is less radical than that of 1892, and no one can tell what the Democratic party would attempt to do if it should succeed to the control of the presidency and of the two Houses. Judging by experience it would probably conduct a make-believe agitation, which would have all the bad effects of the threat of free trade, and wind up its demonstration by the passage of a measure similar to the Wilson Act. On the other hand, the Republican party is fairly committed to a revision of the tariff. It cannot be questioned that such an inequality has arisen in the schedules as would require the party, as the champion of protection, to undertake that friendly revision which it has always professed a willingness to make. Between a radical revision and no revision at all the former is preferable. A radical revision would involve business disturbance. No revision at all would continue some outgrown schedules and ratify and make seated many important duties which answer no just purpose of revenue or protection, and which, chiefly in consequence of developments since their adoption, as directly impose the payment of a tribute as if that were the declared purpose of the law. A deliberate and sanctioned governmental favoritism soon becomes permanent. The plunder and the confiscations of to-day become the vested interests of to-morrow. If the Republican party is true to its repeated declarations, and no party has ever been more mindful of its pledges, it will revise the tariff, bearing constantly in mind both the safety of our industrial system and justice to the man who buys. The higher wage scale prevailing in our country and a fair return upon capital actually invested should be secured, but not the solvency of grossly watered, and even aerated, stocks.

President Roosevelt's administration has made a determined effort to enforce

the anti-trust law which was regarded as an important law when it was enacted, and into which the Supreme Court has construed important and far-reaching provisions of which the great lawyers who framed the act never dreamed. And yet it may be questioned whether all the proceedings in the courts and the fear of the drastic provisions of the law have abated by a single farthing the profits which the trusts have wrung from the people. The trusts have been the subjects of much invective. They do not care what people say about them. Their feelings are not hurt by rough language, but they are keenly sensitive to whatever cuts into their profits. The degree of relationship between them and the tariff, whether that of mother and daughter, is a question I shall not discuss, but that there is no relationship at all, and that one has no influence upon the other, cannot seriously be contended. Is there any reason outside of the tariff to explain why foreign countries pay only twenty-one dollars per ton for our steel rails when our own railroads pay twenty-eight dollars? Whatever may be the cost of a ton of steel rails, I imagine no one would claim that twenty-one dollars would not cover our present labor cost and a fair return upon actual capital invested and even a considerable additional profit to the manufacturer. But the people of our country pay seven dollars more per ton for our home-made rails than do the people abroad, because that is about the amount of the duty that we must pay in order to get the benefit of foreign competition. The obvious way to give relief from trust exactions in a case like this is to reduce the tariff.

I am aware that the notion is ridiculed that people generally consume steel rails. Perhaps not as a direct article of diet, but nearly everything that they eat and wear is borne upon railroads, and anything that increases the cost of transportation is a direct tax upon them. But steel is only an illustration. It is undeniable that there are other articles on which a reduction of duty would be followed by a re-

duction of price, and could be made without cutting into wages or fair profits.

With regard to the future of the Philippine Islands, it is not clear that there is even a nominal issue between the two parties. The time for this issue to have been pushed effectively was four years ago, but at that time the Democratic party coupled it with the impossible issue of the free coinage of silver. The ultimate fate of our captive, whether she shall be conceded the right of self-government, or whether, like a well-treated slave, she shall receive everything she desires except freedom, is destined to be an important question to her, as well as to us, until it shall be settled right.

The practical record of the Democratic party with reference to this question impairs the force with which it might otherwise press it. When the Paris treaty was made the Republican party was responsible for the government. It was under the pressure of events when it could not simply criticise, but must act, and it needed the restraint that comes from a vigilant and critical opposition, for in a government like ours the responsibility of the opposition party to expose relentlessly the errors of a proposed policy is not less than the responsibility for action upon the party in control.

The Democrats at that time unquestionably had the power to force into our title to the Philippines a pledge similar to the Teller Resolution which afterwards stood like a lion in our path when we were licking our jaws for Cuba, and to which Cuba is to-day indebted for her position as an independent nation. But they did not exercise their power. They resisted the treaty just enough to preserve the appearance of an opposition for campaign purposes and supported it just enough to put it through. A sufficient number of their Senators to secure the ratification of the treaty voted for it in response to the solicitation of Mr. Bryan, who was then the leader. That party must, therefore, share the responsibility for the political relations which were es-

tablished between the Philippines and the United States.

Time has not dealt kindly with some of the arguments that were urged in favor of the annexation of the Philippines. Gentlemen who satisfied their judgment by citing the annexation of the contiguous continent of Louisiana, which now forms so splendid a part of the American republic, as a precedent for annexing those "sprinkled isles" upon the other side of the globe, must be convinced by this time that there is a material difference between the two cases. And then the "key to the commerce of the Orient" has not apparently opened those markets to us.

But whatever the errors of the past, the present has a most important problem. The ultimate relation of the archipelago to the United States is yet to be decided. Self-government, which, as Mr. Parker well said, must mean independence, is in harmony not merely with the principles of our own government, but with all that is most glorious in the history of the Republican party. That party came into being upon the announced principle that the Constitution carried freedom into the territories, and that Congress had no power, in defiance of that instrument, to establish slavery there. There is an inconsistency, too palpable to need to be pointed out, between that foundation principle of the party and the principle involved in our government of the Philippines, that Congress may rule over them free from all constitutional restraints. I prefer to believe that the Republican party will ultimately act in harmony with its forty years of unrelenting opposition to the idea of slavery, individual or national, rather than with the policy into which it deviated under the impulse of the war passion. It is certainly making an effort to fit the people of the Philippines for conducting their own affairs. Mr. Roosevelt declared in his first annual message to Congress that it was our purpose to fit them for self-government after the fashion of the really free nations. This could certainly mean nothing less

than that he believed in ultimate independence, for he certainly would not make it a national policy to cultivate in the Philippine people qualities which were to remain unexercised, and to create aspirations which we did not propose to satisfy.

It is yet open to the Republican party to adopt the policy of independence, and there is quite as much probability that the architect of a great policy would modify it, even radically, as that an opposition party would do so. In the architect it would appear to be a perfecting of the policy in the light of subsequent events, and there would be ample scope for the breed of imaginative orators, always ready to unfold the emotions of a situation, to claim that the change was not merely a natural evolution, but a part of the profound original plan. But a radical change by the opposition party would appear like repeal. It would expose itself to that species of effective, but not costly rhetoric which finds its climax in "hauling down the flag," and it would be quite as likely to seek shelter from the performance of an apparently unpopular duty under the guise of recognizing "an accomplished fact."

The least important result of our dominion over the Philippines is the greatly increased cost of our government, but that has reached proportions where it must receive attention from its important relation to our fiscal policy. So long as we retain those islands it would be criminal neglect for us not to provide for their defense. We cannot hold territory upon remote seas and near the theatre of the greatest international conflicts of the age, and not be prepared for attack, unless we intend to invite humiliation and war. Our increased naval and military expenditures are directly due to our possession of the Philippines, and will be necessary without considerable reduction so long as we hold them. The Dingley Act has justified the prophecies of the sagacious economist whose name it bears, and it is now providing ample revenue for the needs of

the government, having reference to the conditions existing at the time of the enactment of the law. But our revenue is insufficient to support us with our colonial appendages. We shall be compelled to choose between reimposing the so-called war stamp taxes and cutting down our expenses. The latter is not possible to any great extent so long as we continue our Philippine policy.

Our treasury has so large a surplus that a deficit might continue for some time with the beneficial result of returning to the people money that had been needlessly taken from them by taxation, only to be hoarded in the banks without interest. But that is an unnatural condition. The revenue must, as a rule, substantially equal the expenditures. When Louis XVI chose to follow "Madame Deficit" rather than Necker, he elected to have the French Revolution. I imagine that the party that proposes to reimpose the stamp taxes in time of peace in order to avoid acting in harmony with the principles of our government will see the handwriting on the wall. We must change our relations with the Philippines or readjust our system of taxation.

The Republican candidate for the Presidency is a man of fine public spirit and of high ideals of government developed by twenty laborious years of important service. That creature of carnage and war, of blood and iron, with which we are diverted, is largely the offspring of the imagination of some of his eulogists. My always eloquent and usually sensible friend, Frank Black, saw fit to present

Mr. Roosevelt to the Chicago Convention as the incarnation of war. Ignoring the real forces of civilization, the forces that sweeten the spirit of man and enormously increase his efficiency, he chose the bludgeon as the emblem of genuine history, and made to breathe again the spirit of the Stone Age, — that epoch of history makers who went about with clubs and "did things" whenever they could get a crack at the skull of a neighbor. According to this view General Grant probably averted a good deal of glorious history, instead of making it, when he established the Geneva arbitration; and, rather than build a home for the Hague tribunal, Mr. Carnegie would better rear a temple of war with ever open gates. The warrant for all this appears to be that during the Spanish war Mr. Roosevelt was the volunteer colonel of a thousand volunteers — an admirable soldiery — who bravely did all the fighting fate permitted them to do, and who, in the entire war, barely lost a score of men killed in battle. Mr. Black has easily struck the climax of the fanfaronade following a war between a cripple and a Colossus. After a half-dozen years of boastful exaggeration and "world power" fustian, which have brought us to the point of bullying and beating our little brothers among nations, the time has come for the republic to resume its serenity and to stand erect again in the majestic spirit of the old America. Or soon our august greatness of soul will be gone, and we shall be but the spirit of a pigmy inhabiting the body of a giant.

THE DEMOCRATIC APPEAL

BY EDWARD M. SHEPARD

THE Democratic appeal in 1904 is in behalf of national administration which fits the industrial democracy of our republic. The Republican appeal is, first, to that love of instant money-getting — that triumphant sense of money-having — which shuts out thought upon the conditions of abiding prosperity. Next it sets before the American people the vision of their dominant power, not as leader of moral and intellectual forces to an end of liberty and law and civic righteousness in the long future of the nations of men, but of selfish power, military and naval and diplomatic, to be secured forthwith. There is, it is plain, involved for those who vote next month, a true choice between ideals, — between rival causes, each far reaching in its results upon national character and career.

It is, first, the power of a party name which the Republican managers invoke in support of Mr. Roosevelt's election and in behalf of the money-making and glory which they say it means. Is it not enough, they ask, for those to whom achievements of their party, when its impulse was humanitarian, seemed precious, to know that, although its doctrine to-day is utterly different, nevertheless the party name is unchanged, and the succession of party managers has been uninterrupted and legitimate? It is, next, that old sophistry of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* which the Republican managers invoke, — that sophistry which has so often, and, for national welfare, so disastrously worn the laurel of partisan success. If, since their party came into power, American wealth and productivity of labor have increased, is not the fact that the increase has come during the continuance of that party power an all sufficient argument why the American people should again entrust their government to Republican hands,

and thus maintain the high protective tariff which the Republican party declares to be its "cardinal policy"? For the body of our fellow citizens whose reason is in harness to their emotions, the President and his party have provided another motive in the glamour of "world power," here taken in that lesser and less worthy sense that, with our diplomacy and our army and navy, we play some great part in the difficulties of foreign nations and races. So the energetic, virile, on-rushing character of the President himself, full of interest to most of us, — full of vivid color and even charm, — that also, like our swift dispatch hither and thither of warships, our sudden marching of armies and marines, the clattering spectacles of armed escorts crossing our own peaceful cities, and the rest of the new splendor the President has brought us, — that, also, has, no doubt, captured a following which, if not so large as it was during his campaign journeys of 1902 and 1903, is still a Republican asset of real value. For most of the constituency, however, which I shall reach in these pages, its first two arguments make the affirmative case of the Republican party of to-day. After all, are not Roosevelt and Fairbanks the candidates of the party of Lincoln? Has not the rule of that party, with its rigorous maintenance of a high protective tariff, brought in our twentieth-century prosperity? Are not, therefore, our conscience and our pocket honorably — ought they not to remain indissolubly — wedded? Are not they who oppose the Republican candidates, of that very Democratic party which stood for the extension of slavery, which opposed Lincoln, which advocated the free coinage of silver, which is ruled here and there by bosses declared to be justly offensive to high-minded Americans?

Such is the Republican case. And with that I shall deal first, leaving until the last the Democratic case in behalf of liberty and of that observance of law and maintenance of order which make liberty a reality, — in behalf of a living and practical belief in the fundamental American doctrine of self-government and equal rights, wherever American sovereignty extends, — the Democratic case against the military temper of Mr. Roosevelt's administration, against its autocratic disregard of public and international right, against the system of special privileges which supports it and which it supports.

Mr. Hay, the Secretary of State, long in advance of the campaign, was, as we may infer, deputed by the President to affirm the identity in motive and beneficent tendency of the party of Roosevelt with that born in 1854; and in his oration entitled *Fifty Years of the Republican Party* he has done this, as all who have enjoyed his literary work knew that he would, with deft and animated eloquence. This, we are told, has been issued in even millions of copies, beautifully printed and upon fine paper, for the persuasion of a body of Republicans who, if they have not yet gone over to the Opposition, are dangerously lukewarm. It was easy for Secretary Hay to recall glories which in the past belonged to moral fervor and patriotism; but it was not easy — it was not even possible — for him truthfully and fitly to unite glories of that kind with the maintenance of a high protective tariff which is the first and controlling doctrine of latter-day Republicans. Nor was it easy or even possible to unite such moral glories with that other doctrine, which for them is second only to the protective tariff, — the doctrine that we are to subdue weaker and inferior peoples and rule them according to our more enlightened rule, — and that we may thus and otherwise become a great — why not, indeed, the greatest — figure in world politics and international affairs. This serves the Republican party as a counter irritant, to distract popular attention and thought

from the actual monopolistic operation of some of the tariff schedules. Neither scholarship nor poetry has helped Mr. Hay to produce a single item of support for these things in the career of his party when it was led by Lincoln and Sumner and Chase. It was hardly, therefore, a worthy flight of rhetoric for him to say that “only those who believe in human rights and . . . *who believe in the American system of protection . . .* have any title to name themselves by the name of Lincoln or to claim a moral kinship with that august and venerated spirit.” Was the protective tariff talked of when South Carolina's batteries rained shot upon Fort Sumter? Did Lincoln deal with it in that senatorial campaign of 1858 from which he came out a defeated candidate and a victorious statesman? Indeed not; nor in his Cooper Union speech of 1859. Nor did the Republican statesmen speak of it or, so far as we know, think of it, at the meetings fifty years ago when the Republican party was organized and the country aflame over the Kansas-Nebraska bill, or in the Fremont campaign, or in either of the Lincoln or Grant campaigns. Something said by Abraham Lincoln in behalf of a high protective tariff like that of to-day would of itself be for the Republican party a campaign argument of the first order. But there is nothing of his to quote. Lincoln did not speak of it in his letters of acceptance of 1860 and 1864, or in his memorable inaugurals of 1861 and 1865. The first Republican platform of 1856 mentioned neither protection nor the tariff, although if it had been then thought that there was anything to condemn in the Walker tariff, — the tariff which the Democrats in 1846 had enacted for revenue and not for protection, — and if the question had been in the public mind, the condemnation would surely have been uttered. The Republican platform of 1860 did, in a relatively obscure clause, contain a vague declaration that duties upon imports imposed to provide revenue should be adjusted “to encour-

age the development of the industrial interests of the whole country;" but this was consistent with low protective duties or even with free trade. In 1864 the Republican platform mentioned neither protection nor the tariff. Three years after the war had ended, the Republican party, when it nominated General Grant in 1868, said not one word in behalf of a protective tariff, but rather demanded "that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit." Secretary Hay pointed out that General Grant, who was then nominated, had been a Democrat, meaning, doubtless, that before the civil war he held to the Democratic creed. Whether it were for that reason or some other, it is certain that in his letter of acceptance he said nothing of a protective tariff.

The plain truth is that the maintenance of a high protective tariff, not merely to establish "infant industries," but as the permanent foundation of our national economic policy, is a modern device, and only in later and worse years of the Republican party has been its "cardinal" doctrine. The new creed was the creature of the partnership established between a few great manufacturing industries on the one side, and, on the other side, the management of the Republican party. The partnership is a sheer bargain well kept. The manufacturers have contributed enormous sums to the party treasury; the party, in return, has given the manufacturers high monopolistic duties, — duties running far beyond justification in any purpose of Hamilton or Clay, or even Greeley, and far, also, beyond compensation for difference in wages between foreign countries and our own. These duties for monopoly have, out of excessive and unfair profits paid by the masses of the American people, built up very many great fortunes, — some of them the greatest the world has known.

If the Republicans in this campaign truly declare the maintenance of the high protective tariff to be their "cardinal policy," they do not deny that next in their

affections comes their "world power" doctrine. And what in support of that suzerainty over South American republics for which, in the President's own phrase, we must "carry a big stick" and be always the "strong man armed," — what in support of the military subjugation of alien and foreign peoples either for "benevolent assimilation" or for our own interest frankly avowed, — what in support of any part of our new imperial policy, can be cited from the declarations, or inferred from the acts, of the Republican party from 1854 to 1896? Under the Pierce and Buchanan administrations there was active in the Democratic party a boastful, aggressive Jingo element which procured the issue of the manifesto from Ostend declaring for our capture of Cuba by force. That element, having helped on the Democratic party to disaster, is now in the Republican party. The restrained and silent amazement with which Lincoln, a few weeks after his inauguration, received Secretary Seward's suggestion that we plunge into a foreign war in order to escape our domestic troubles, accorded with all the responsible statesmanship of the Republican party down to the time when President McKinley, the Spanish war being over, yielded to what he deemed to be the enthusiasm of the Mississippi Valley and the West for more war, this time to be waged against the Philippine people. In 1856, on the other hand, the Republican National Convention declared that "the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions," and that "the highwayman's plea" that "might makes right" would "bring shame and dishonor upon any government or people." In 1860 came the like declaration, upon which Lincoln was first nominated, that the doctrine that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" is "essential to the preservation of our republican institutions." Even in 1868 the

Republican party, still in its conscience stage, declared its "sympathy with all oppressed peoples struggling for their rights," and again repeated its solemn recognition of "the great principles laid down in the immortal Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of democratic government." The truth is that a very apotheosis of physical force — that ravishment from democracy of her humanities and moral power, which forty-four years ago well-nigh wrecked the party which had been organized and inspired by Jefferson — has to-day brought to deserve a like fate the party first inspired by Garrison and John Quincy Adams and Lincoln, but now controlled by a few great monopolistic interests in that economic policy which it declares to be "cardinal" with it.

No independent citizen who chooses to think and is able to reason will be misled by identity of party names or continuity of party organization. It is true history that the two great parties of our country have both materially changed from what they were forty-four years ago. Buchanan, the Democratic President of that time, had once been a Federalist; the doctrine that the Constitution of its own force carried slavery into the territories was essentially Federalist; the great body of pro-slavery Whigs had come into the party and helped commit it to that doctrine. Into the Republican party, on the other hand, had gone a large body of those Van Buren and Silas Wright anti-slavery Democrats who had joined with anti-slavery Whigs to put Charles Sumner and Salmon P. Chase in the Senate. The larger part of highly organized capital and of wealthy manufacturing and commercial interests was hostile to the Republican party; and for the very reason that its espousal of moral causes was deemed "dangerous to business." The same class to-day supports the same party because it no longer endangers business by espousal of moral causes, but thinks to commend itself with business by disparagement and sneers for the moral and democratic causes which

were dear to its founders. Many men to-day survive who vote for Republican candidates from the very same motive which brought their votes to Buchanan or Breckenridge or Bell or Douglas. Judge Parker's campaign is supported not only by Carl Schurz and ex-Governor Boutwell, but by thousands of those who voted for the "rail-splitter" candidate in 1860, and in 1864 for the author of the Emancipation Proclamation, because for them the Democratic cause to-day represents the same ideals of liberty and law and equal rights.

So again I say that the present political campaign is a struggle between tendencies, — between ideals, even more than over specific measures of governmental policy. It is not, in effect, confined to some single, concrete, immediately practical question, like slavery extension in 1856 and 1860, or vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union in 1864, or Southern reconstruction in 1868, or administrative reform in the Tilden-Hayes campaign of 1876 and that of Cleveland-Blaine in 1884, or reform of the tariff in 1888 and 1892, or free silver coinage in 1896. To-day, as truly as in the competition between Jefferson and John Adams in 1800, there is involved the whole purpose of our government, — the very reason and end of our Constitution.

Mr. Root, Senator Lodge, and other chief Republican spokesmen, including the President himself, accordingly offer the general trend of Republican administration since 1897 as the thing to be accepted or rejected. The Republican platform admits only two points — and those minor ones — in which the public service can be bettered. What we have done, they say, that we shall continue to do. We cannot, they say, reduce duties; if we alter the tariff at all, its rigor must be increased. We cannot, they say, reduce public expenditure; there must be no suggestion of economy; on the contrary there must — at least in naval expenditure — be further vast increase. We cannot check our tendency to enter

into foreign difficulties or entanglements; on the contrary, the Republican platform vindicates our military hold in the Philippines for the reason, among others, that it enables us to take a "decisive part in preventing the partition and preserving the integrity of China." Our possession of the Philippines does, indeed, make easier for us foreign intervention on the coast of Asia; or, to put it in another and equally true fashion, that possession invites or provokes us to forcible intervention wherever on the Asiatic coast we think it beneficent. The new doctrine implies that every point convenient for offensive military or naval operations against other countries is definitely a point which we ought, if we can, to control. The Republican policy, upon which the American people is now called upon to pass, is that we shall hereafter — and more and more — use our naval power — so vastly greater and more costly of late — to intervene in the affairs and disputes of foreign nations wherever our trading citizens are thought to have an interest. Since there is no foreign country in which those citizens do not have an interest, the Republicans would, therefore, commit us for all time to the very contrary of that policy commended with signal and abiding wisdom by Washington, of keeping "our peace and prosperity" from "the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice."

In none of these things is change or reform promised by the party in power, but, rather, further and extreme progress on the same lines. The only new proposals which it declares to be worth while are, first, the grant of a subsidy to shipping interests, to be borne by the tax-payers of the nation, and, second, the Federal investigation of suffrage relations between the whites and blacks at the South. In all other things the Republican policy is that christened by the late Senator Hanna as the programme of "stand pat."

A shipping subsidy as a direct bounty to one specially favored interest is of a

piece with the indirect but far more oppressive bounties of artificially higher prices enforced by the protective tariff in favor of certain other special interests. Its proposal is not, therefore, a new departure, but another application of the "stand pat" policy. No doubt, investigation of suffrage at the South would, if it were seriously proposed, present a new question; but that plank of the Republican platform is not serious. It is intended only for the colored vote in New York, Indiana, West Virginia, and other states where that vote may, the Republicans hope, be the balance of power. It is an unworthy electioneering device; for the implied promise is not meant to be carried out. It is probable that the Fifteenth Amendment, having, through the prohibition of disfranchisement by any state on account of race, rendered that disfranchisement legally impossible, and, therefore, never legally to be recognized (whatever the local or personal violations of law), has, in effect, repealed the provision of the Fourteenth Amendment for reduction in Congressional representation wherever a state should practice such disfranchisement. Even if the Fifteenth Amendment had not thus made futile the suggested investigation, it would seem certain that governmental intervention by the North — by arraying the whites against the blacks, and by assuming, and thus tending to make permanent, the disfranchisement of the latter — would prevent the solution of the race problem on the South Atlantic and the Gulf. For that solution is coming surely, though slowly. It comes through the industrial education now promoted by the noble and able men in the Southern and General Education Boards, and by other noble and able men of the South, among them publicists and statesmen, including Booker T. Washington and other men of negro descent. It comes through the vast material interest of the South that its labor, which is so largely negro, shall be developed to intelligent and hopeful productivity. It comes through the certainty

that that labor can be so developed only by assuring the negro full justice and equal civil and industrial rights. Even if these were not sufficient reasons to the Republican party to refrain from an attempt at governmental interference, none the less that party would refrain, and for the reason that the attempt — like the proposal of the Force bill by the Harrison administration — would be certain to alarm the special corporate and business interests upon which depends the life of the Republican party of to-day. Their veto would be certain, and with that party would be conclusive. They do not wish firebrands scattered within our country, although they may find advantage in brandishing them abroad. The two suggestions — and the only ones — of new action in the Republican platform, those upon the ship subsidy and suffrage intervention, do not, therefore, mean new policy. So that the net programme of the Republicans — “standing pat” for the modern *et ceteras*, — on the one hand, to business interests support of protective system as both foundation and crown of our domestic policy, and, on the other hand, offering to the mass of citizens, who bear the burdens of that system, the distracting entertainment and compensating glory of an imperial and militant policy.

The limits of this article prohibit discussion of the theoretic or historic merits of the high protective system. It is well known that President Roosevelt himself once condemned it; and his earlier speeches after he became President showed restlessness under it. But in his speech accepting his present nomination he went fully over to the extreme “stand pat” view of the full rigor of the tariff. He declared that “its minimum rate of duty should be” sufficient to cover the difference “between the labor cost here and abroad.” Here is the President’s own confession that, in general, the rates exceed the supposititious difference in labor cost. But, in no important “protective”

schedule is the duty rate fixed at that minimum. The more important rates run far above it. How insincere is the claim that the duties are based upon the difference in wages-cost was crucially demonstrated when Judge Gray, now of the United States Circuit Court, as Senator from Delaware, offered in July, 1897, an amendment to the Dingley bill (which became the present tariff law), requiring a reduction of rates of duty upon any article which should be “in excess of the entire cost of the wages which were paid or payable on the manufacture of such article,” so that the duty should not exceed such entire cost of wages, the amendment was voted down by the Republican majority (*Congressional Record*, vol. 30, page 2427). It is fit to ask into whose pockets go these increases of prices caused by the tariff, over the asserted differences of labor cost which, we are told, go to labor. Since they are not the pockets of labor, whose pockets are they? And ought they to be filled at the cost of American consumers?

The Republican argument is that the whole edifice of our prosperity depends upon high protective or prohibitive duties, and that to them is due our industrial progress. Is it not, indeed, a disparagement of the self-depending faculties of the American people thus to affirm that, in spite of their marvelous advantages, they would have failed in industrial life unless by force of law they could have prevented the competition with them of other peoples? It is only by the sophistry to which I have referred that this disparagement is justified. It is that old argument of veritable folly that, because event Z follows event W, as it follows events A and B and many besides A, therefore W is the sole cause of Z. Theory or no theory, the Republicans say that we have in fact grown rich by protection, because in our country prosperity and protective duties have existed together. They ignore every inconvenient fact. They would have us forget that each of the industrial depressions of 1873-78 and 1893-96 followed

long operation of a high protective tariff. They ignore the contribution of soil and climate to our prosperity, the vast increase which modern inventions and improved carrying facilities have, the world over, brought to the productivity of labor, and here in the United States have brought more than anywhere else. They ignore the superior skill and alertness of the American workman and the wonderful extent to which he has been stimulated by the conditions and ideals of our democracy. They ignore the freedom of trade, which, since 1789, the Federal Constitution has made operative over our entire country,—by far the most important area of free trade ever known,—and which every one to-day knows to be a prime condition of the prosperity of our forty-five commonwealths. Have not the states, quite as really as if they were foreign nations, wide differences in soil and climate, in cheapness and skill of labor, in density of population, and other industrial conditions, including those differences in age of settlement between the older and the newer states, which, if they were separate nations

tectionists would deem of themselves a justification of tariff prohibitions? The Republicans content themselves with showing from tables of statistics that, while in 1860, just before the enactment of a high protective tariff, our population, wealth, products, exports, were only so much, now, according to the figures of 1900, after three or four decades of such a tariff, they have come to be so much more. How worthless is their argument from statistics, or, rather, how clear it is that statistics point to an opposite conclusion so far as they point to any, may be seen from a comparison of the rates of increases since 1860 with those prevailing before that year, that is to say, before the high protective tariff was enacted,—and especially during the decade from 1850 to 1860, when the Walker tariff for revenue only was in force,—increases made, it ought to be added, in spite of the serious blight of slavery from which the American industry was then suffering. For instance, at this table taken from the *Summary of Commerce and Finance* for May, 1904, issued by the Bureau of Statistics.¹

	Increase 1850-1860.	Rate per decade.	Increase 1860-1900.	Rate per decade.
Total wealth.....	\$7,000,000,000 to \$16,000,000,000	128%	\$16,000,000,000 to \$90,000,000,000	116%
Wealth per capita.....	\$307.69 to \$513.93	67%	\$513.93 to \$1,235.86	35%
Value of farms and farm property.....	\$3,967,000,000 to \$7,980,000,000	100%	\$7,980,000,000 to \$20,514,000,000	39%
Corn crop.....	592,000,000 to 838,000,000 bu.	42%	838,000,000 to 2,105,000,000 bu.	37%
Wheat crop.....	100,000,000 to 173,000,000 bu.	73%	173,000,000 to 552,000,000 bu.	54.8%
Exports of agricultural products.....	\$108,000,000 to \$256,000,000	137%	\$256,000,000 to \$835,000,000	56.5%
Total domestic merchandise exported.....	\$134,900,000 to \$316,000,000	135%	\$316,000,000 to \$1,370,000,000	83.5%
Ship tonnage in foreign trade.....	1,585,000 to 2,546,000	60%	2,546,000 to 826,000,—a decrease	16%
Ship tonnage in domestic trade.....	1,949,000 to 2,807,000	44%	2,807,000 to 4,338,000	13%
Railroad mileage.....	9021 miles to 30,626 miles	239%	30,626 miles to 194,334 miles	136.6% ²

¹ In each case the percentage is computed upon the earlier figures given. For total wealth, and many, if not most, other industrial data before 1850, there are no official figures.

² The increase for the decade from 1890 to 1900, 166,703 miles to 194,334 miles, was at the decade rate of 16.5%.

If the comparison of the 1850-60 decade were made, not, as above, with the *average* of the four decades of 1860-1900, but with the last decade, 1890-1900, the result would be greatly less favorable to the Republican claims. In 1890-1900 the increase in total wealth was 44.6 per cent¹ as against 128 per cent in 1850-60; in wealth per capita 19 per cent² against 67; in value of farms and farm property, 25 per cent³ against 100; in corn crop 41.3 per cent⁴ against 42.4; in wheat crop 30.8 per cent⁵ against 73; in total domestic merchandise exported 62 per cent⁶ against 135; in ship tonnage in foreign trade a *decrease* of 14 per cent⁷ in 1890-1900 against an *increase* of 60 per cent in 1850-60; in tonnage in domestic trade an increase of 24 per cent⁸ in 1890-1900 against 44 per cent in 1850-60.

It is true that the condition of our civil war and the disposition of our affairs, there was, between 1850 and 1890, a sudden and large increase in the manufacturing product at the cost of the countries, some of whose resources were made evident in the financial crisis of 1873-78. But, in the long run, the comparison of manufacturing rates is unfavorable to the Republican claim. For, in the decade from 1850 to 1860, the increase was from \$1,019,000,000 to \$1,885,000,000, or at the decade rate of 84 per cent, while from 1890 to 1900 the increase was from \$9,372,000,000 to \$13,039,000,000, or at the decade rate of only 39.2 per cent. In the highly prosperous years, 1880-90, the increase was from \$5,369,000,000 to \$9,372,000,000, or at the rate of 74 per cent.

If the evidence of statistics, to which the Republican apologists like Mr. Hay

and Mr. Root give the first rank in probative force, be that the Republican administration and the protective tariff, although they may have stimulated some special industries at the expense of others, have, in the net, thus tended to reduce the rates of increase in general prosperity, it is also clear that they have produced other effects for proof of which we do not need to go to statistics. This country, with its vast natural and human resources, would have grown enormously richer, tariff or no tariff, protection or free trade. If the volume of our exports be, as it is, far less — and especially if our exports of manufactured goods be, as they are, far less — than they would be without those protective duties which prevent our accepting pay for our goods in foreign goods, that result is far less harmful than other results. For,

First. The dominant protective policy of the Republican party has introduced into our government and politics that *round corruption* which inevitably in legislatively governed countries opportunities are systematically allotted to some men or some interests to make themselves rich by force of law. It is idle to upbraid steel and iron interests, and all of the others in which great fortunes have been made under monopolistic opportunities created by the tariff, because they avail themselves of those opportunities when created, or because they subsidize that party in consideration that it continue to them those opportunities, or, perhaps, enlarge them. Human nature being what it is, such interests will inevitably so act; and a political party which has been aided with money by special interests will tend to exhibit its gratitude — especially that gratitude which is a lively sense of favors to come — by giving to those interests the legislation which they desire. The result is plain. If some citizens are thus permitted to make great fortunes out of politics, why should not other citizens be permitted to do the same thing? And if the public is to be fleeced in one way, why should it

¹ \$65,037,091,000 to \$94,300,000,000.

² \$1,038.57 to \$1,235.86.

³ \$16,082,267,689 to \$20,514,001,838.

⁴ 1,489,970,000 bushels to 2,105,102,516.

⁵ 399,262,000 to 552,229,505.

⁶ \$845,293,828 to \$1,370,763,571.

⁷ 946,000 tons to 826,000.

⁸ 3,477,802 tons to 4,338,145.

not be fleeced in other ways? The idea has, therefore, run all through American politics, — that that field of public life which ought to be one for noble and patriotic competition is one chiefly for the making of money by the use of governmental power. The corrupting effect of this is far deeper and more serious than of all the bosses and municipal wrongdoings of our country put together.

Second. The Republican party has enormously increased the burden of taxation. The total expenditure in President Roosevelt's last fiscal year, ending July 1, 1904, was \$582,000,000, or, if the \$50,000,000 paid on account of the Panama Canal and the \$4,000,000 paid to the St. Louis Exposition be deducted, the total expense was \$528,000,000, or at a per capita rate, in time of profound peace, of \$6.57, the highest rate ever known in the history of our government, except only the expenditure in 1863, 1864, and 1865, when we had a million men under arms, — an expenditure measured in the depreciated paper currency of the civil war, — and the expenditure in 1899 during the worst of the Philippine war. Without the Panama and St. Louis Exposition payments, the expenditure during Mr. Roosevelt's first three fiscal years, 1902, 1903, and 1904, has been \$1,559,692,185.99 as against \$778,340,119.60 for 1886, 1887, and 1888, the first three years of Mr. Cleveland's first term, and against \$1,075,900,024.29 for 1894, 1895, and 1896, the first three years of Mr. Cleveland's second term, when he had to bear the enormous increases by permanent legislation enacted by Republicans under President Harrison. Although since 1902 the Philippine war expense and interest on the public debt have been reduced, and although industrial conditions have grown less favorable, the expenditure, omitting the exceptional Panama and St. Louis payments, has increased from \$471,000,000 in 1902 to \$506,000,000 in 1903, and thence to \$528,000,000 in 1904. The figures since the first of the present fiscal year, that is to say, for the

months of July and August, are just published; and I observe that expenditures exceed receipts by \$17,000,000 as against a corresponding excess of \$869,000 in 1903. Of the \$17,000,000 deficit of this year, \$12,000,000 is increased expenditure for the army and navy.

It is inevitable that protected interests do not use their control of the Republican majorities in Congress to reduce governmental expenditure. They are always in favor of a surplus raised by taxation. Therefore they encourage and do not discourage the extraordinary increase in military and naval expense which has been so agreeable to the ardent temper of President Roosevelt. In his last year our expenditure upon the War Department, not including pensions, and without any excuse of war, was \$115,000,000 as against \$44,000,000 in the last year of President Cleveland's first term, or \$48,000,000 in the last year of his second term. In the last year of Mr. Cleveland's second term, our expenditure for the army and navy was \$102,000,000 as against \$34,000,000 in the last year of Mr. Cleveland's first term. Our total military and naval expense, excluding pensions, for the past year was \$217,000,000, or far more than the like expenditure of either France or Germany, compelled, as they are, to watch their powerful and jealous nearby neighbors. This is wasteful barbarism. It is only within the last few Republican years that American statesmen in power have dared to deny the glory, which Americans were once all agreed, of our freedom from that burden of Europe. This reversal of an old and almost sacred policy is a detestable achievement of the Republican party and one of the most lamentable results of the politically atavistic propensities of the President.

The Republicans in effect declare that it is for American administration to "do things," — lawfully and righteously if convenient, but, whether lawfully or righteously, still to "do things." It has been said that corruption in public administra-

tion is as bad as open lawlessness. But that is not true. Lawlessness inevitably comes to include the worst of corruption, and brings other and farther reaching evils of its own. Order is Heaven's first law. Even in a time of corruption the observance of law aids every fight for purer administration. I do not hold the Republican party or the majority of its statesmen responsible — at least I do not hold them primarily responsible — for the sudden growth of a temper of lawlessness and recklessness in public administration under President Roosevelt. They, however, stand for this when they ask us to elect him to the presidency. The violation of international law and international right in the obvious and humiliating collusion between the representatives of our government and the vulgar and sham insurrection on the Isthmus, promoted from Wall Street, — the astounding enlargement of pension rates by executive order (a disbursement of public moneys by the President on the eve of his appeal for the votes of those who were to receive the largess), — the demoralization of the Civil Service administration at Washington by the device of temporary appointments to an extent which has gone far, practically, to abolish the law, — all these are a serious menace to the future of American law and order; very serious, indeed, if they shall be affirmed by the people at the polls. The President since he came to the White House has uttered sound doctrine upon the subject of lynch law. The Democrats point out that in one, at least, of his literary works, he treated lynch law with respect; but I accept the sincerity of his later view. No sensible man, however, can fail to see that lynch law, enforced by a rough, back-country population, represents precisely the "Rough Rider" temper shown in the Panama episode or in the presidential praise of the adages, "Never draw unless you mean to shoot," and "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

The result, whether intended or not,

of this policy of the Republican party, is the diversion of popular interest in our country from the solution of the vast industrial, economic, and educational problems which make peremptory calls upon the noblest statesmanship of which our race is capable.

I do remember the thousand homilies of the President about honor and truth and manliness, and about civic and official courage. I cannot forget, however, that after some part of the post office scandals were out, and to this day, Mr. Payne, the Postmaster General, has held his place; that the late Senator Quay was a chief power at the White House until his death, and that Mr. Addicks is still a power there; that after the President's earnest talk in 1902 about bad corporations, and after conducting the Northern Securities prosecution to a decree as yet futile for the practical arrest of monopoly, he has openly made his peace with trust magnates, has promised not to "run amuck" in proceedings against those he had denounced, and has transferred his cabinet minister, who had been in charge of Federal supervision of corporations, to that place in the conduct of his own campaign where a principal part of the work is the collections of campaign funds from those corporations; and that after the President's earnest talk in 1902 about reciprocity and an undoing of tariff abuses, he has, under party stress, come to oppose any reform. I concede the President's sincerity in all his homilies, but am compelled to believe that, in politics, like the poet Savage in Dr. Johnson's biography, he mistakes the love, for the practice, of virtue.

There needs hardly to be made any further argument in behalf of the election of Judge Parker. For, in thus dealing with the Republican case, the Democratic case has been well-nigh sufficiently stated. The public necessity is to reverse the tendency which the Republican party has of late promoted, and which — constituted as it is — it will promote more and more if it succeed in November. If there

is to be such a reversal, it must be effected by an opposition; and the Democratic party *is* the Opposition. Nor can the reversal be had unless very many who of late have voted against that party shall now vote with it. Nor is it possible that those who have been voting against it — even if they now find themselves driven to use its agency — can so far escape their predilections as not to dislike much in its history and *personnel*, present and past. They are, however, to remember what sort of administration the Democratic party, in spite of its shortcomings, has in our day given when it has been in power, and when its shortcomings were no less than they are.

The Democratic Houses of Representatives we have known since the civil war, beginning with that chosen in 1874, have in honorable and economic regard for the public welfare surpassed the Republican Houses. Their speakers, Kerr and Randall and Carlisle and Crisp, have rightly enjoyed public confidence. From 1885 to 1889, and from 1893 to 1897, we had a Democratic President whom Judge Parker resembles in many and essential traits. The latter has done well to remind us that the false and insolent charges against Democratic competence are in reality aimed at Thomas F. Bayard and Charles S. Fairchild and Walter Q. Gresham and Richard Olney and John G. Carlisle. No administration since the civil war has surpassed either of the Cleveland administrations in sobriety, honor, economy, force, or dignity. Of no administration is the proof more clear than it is of them, that they were favorable to prosperity. President Cleveland in 1889 transferred to his Republican successor a large surplus in the treasury and an annual expense account for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1899 (excluding premiums on bonds purchased), of \$281,996,605.60; and the country was prosperous, very prosperous. President Harrison in 1893 retransferred the administration to President Cleveland with a treasury deficit, with an annual expense account, for the

fiscal year ending July 1, 1893 (still including no premiums), increased by a hundred millions and more to \$383,477,954.49, — with an enormously increased pension roll, and with the Sherman Silver Law carrying the country swiftly to the silver standard already close at hand; and the country was on the eve of an industrial and financial crisis almost as serious as that of 1873-78, upon which the country had entered twelve years after the Republican party first came into power. President Cleveland, having borne the burden of the crisis thus bequeathed to him, transferred the administration in 1897 to another Republican successor, with the Sherman Law repealed, with the gold standard safe, with the deficiency in revenue to meet expenses reduced from \$69,803,260.58 in Mr. Cleveland's first year (ending July 1, 1894), to \$18,052,454.41 for his last year; and there was breaking upon the country that era of splendid prosperity the headway of which has not even yet been lost. Assuming that effects follow and do not precede causes, surely neither the national honor nor its pocket is in much danger from a Democratic administration.

If the Democratic advocacy of free silver coinage in 1896 and the subordinate and irrelevant affirmation of the doctrine at Kansas City in 1900 daunt the independent voter, he has not only to remember Judge Parker's declaration of irrevocable devotion to the gold standard and the approval of it in the Democratic Convention by a vote of 774 to 191, but also to remember other things. Was not the silver heresy powerful in both parties? Did not many Republican conventions and statesmen declare for it? Did not President McKinley himself support it, and condemn President Cleveland's hostility to it? Not until several weeks after he was nominated in 1896 did President McKinley think it wise to refer to the "gold" standard. In 1896 Mr. Roosevelt himself declared the advocacy of the single gold standard to be a "folly only less acute" than that of the single silver stan-

dard.¹ A large section of the Democratic party has always opposed free silver coinage, and it is now in control. The most powerful opponent of the heresy was the last Democratic President; and the most conclusive condemnation of it has been made by the present Democratic candidate. For this very opposition of his he is to-day opposed by a considerable body of voters; and Mr. Roosevelt is warmly supported by Senator Stewart and other most strenuous silver advocates. The silver question is not in politics. It ought not to take from Judge Parker a single vote more than the Know-Nothing heresy of a half century ago should take from Mr. Roosevelt.

If independents, whose votes are thus essential to Democratic success, dislike some Democratic politicians or leaders, they have to remember that in this respect the Republican campaign has no advantage. Is there any influence with Judge Parker so unwholesome and so effective as that which the late Senator Quay exercised upon Mr. Roosevelt's administration, or which Mr. Addicks of Delaware, or Postmaster General Payne now exercises upon it?

The Democratic party, if far from a perfect instrument for public good, is, nevertheless, to-day a safe and sufficient instrument. The candidate it proposes for the Presidency is fit for his work; no one doubts that Alton B. Parker may be thoroughly trusted. His personal honor, his high standard of official duty, his great ability, — all are sufficiently demonstrated by the tribute paid him by the public sentiment of his state for his long, exalted, conspicuous service at the head of its judiciary, and especially, and without distinction of party, by the members of that jealous and critical profession which in our country to-day, as when De Tocqueville wrote, takes the chief part in public affairs. If it be said that he has the habits of a judge, the answer is that for the next four years we do not need the

habits and the temper of a Nimrod or a warrior. The further answer is that although, at the Republican Convention, it was made a chief commendation of President Roosevelt that he does not "grope in the past," the presidency requires to-day as much as ever in our history a knowledge of the past and a respect for its lessons such as a chief judge may well be expected to bring. It is the serious, thoughtful, law-abiding, scrupulous temper of the bench which the master of the White House should have for the next four years. Mr. Roosevelt, I rejoice to say, is far more than a "Rough Rider;" and Mr. Parker, I rejoice to say, is far more than a judge. But no antithesis in American politics of to-day is more relevant or instructive.

The Democrats propose, therefore, and Messrs. Parker and Davis, if they are chosen, will enforce,

First. A respect for law, a condemnation of executive orders whether for pensions issued just before a presidential election, or for any other largess. A condemnation of lawless spoliations like that of Panama, however beneficent the purpose, and of the lawless and truly "lynch law" despotism which we have seen in Colorado. It is well to "do things;" but in Europe even highwaymen — some in places of great political or military power, and some roaming in the forests of Robin Hood — were known to "do things." That is not praise, either fit or sufficient, for a President of the United States. Let the things which are done be righteous. Let them better establish — let them not undermine — that law-abiding, honest sense of *meum* and *tuum* upon which civilization depends. Our republic in its government ought to have

"Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious."

Second. A withdrawal of all menace and overlordship like that which the President would have us exercise against the South American republics in favor of European creditors. A return to the old rule of friendship with all nations and en-

¹ His article in the *Century* for November, 1895, entitled "The Issues of 1896."

tanglement with none. A refusal to undertake the vast problems of Asiatic politics as we have refused to undertake those of the politics of Europe. The performance of our full share in every work of peace and humanity; but the assumption of no share in those brute struggles of foreign nations and foreign peoples when our concern with them is no more than that we would peaceably and profitably trade with all nations of the earth.

Third. The reform of the tariff and especially the reduction or abolition of those duties which create monopolies. The President, after all the vigor of his suggestion two years ago that tariff injustices should be righted, and that we should develop our trade by the reciprocities urged by President McKinley a few days before his death, has now joined with those who control great manufacturing and mining monopolies in the determination that the tariff shall not even be discussed, that not an item of it shall be reformed until those who profit by it are willing to give up their monopoly. So the Democrats would oppose that subsidy to the shipping industry which the Republican platform tells us is the only change for the better that can be made in the economic policy of our nation.

Fourth. The destruction of the control of our public affairs by a few great corporations of the country through subsidies to the Republican party. Is there anything in this campaign more cynical or unfit than the confidence with which the President has taken Mr. Cortelyou from the head of the department where he had for a year been in charge of the Federal supervision of corporations, and assigned to him the duty of collecting from those very corporations the funds for the Republican campaign?

Fifth. A return to public economy and to the doctrine that, instead of bearing military and naval burdens like those of Europe, we shall spend only what is necessary for an army and navy completely ample for defense and for that purpose reaching the highest standard, but not

enough for purposes of imperialistic aggression.

Sixth. A drastic investigation of governmental administration. It was President Roosevelt's misfortune or, at least, the misfortune of his constituents, that when, as Governor of New York, he had to deal with criminal waste in the canal expenditure of millions of dollars in that state, he felt compelled to refrain from prosecution of Republican wrong-doers because the statute of limitations had run. So it has been his misfortune since he came to the presidency to learn that delay of a Republican administration to investigate and prosecute had interposed the same shield of statutory limitation between justice and the wrong-doers. The Republican Congress has refused investigation. It will be had only if the Democratic party succeed in November.

Seventh. The grant of independence to the Philippine people as soon as they can maintain a government of their own. That government, it is to be remembered, is not to be one after our ideals, but only to be a sufficient government. There need be no fear that any obligation to Spain or other international obligation, or any special duty we owe any part of the Philippine people, or any fit convenience for our naval power, or any other interest of the American people, would not be safeguarded in the treaty which a Democratic President would make with the Philippine people and lay before our Republican Senate for its ratification. Democrats will be neither less righteous nor less prudent in dealing with those Asiatic Islands than we were in dealing with Cuba.

Is not a programme like this necessary for the honor and for the prosperity as well of the American people? Do not its items truly represent the wholesome tendencies and just ideals dear to Americans? Does it not surely deserve the respect of the readers of the *Atlantic*? Many of them here used to read a generation ago the stirring appeals, in prose or in rhythm, for liberty and justice and righteousness,

of Lowell and Whittier and Longfellow and their associates. Of what matters momentous to the American common-wealth are those older readers and the later coming members of their constituency chiefly thinking to-day?

Is the public problem for you only how our country — now shutting its eyes to the future — shall heap up more treasure, and how we shall make seem grand in the eyes and ears of foreigners our share in their politics of force? Do you never wonder whether some part of industrial liberty is to perish in this land? Do you rejoice at the disparagement of independent producers and consumers, — at the Republican policy of artificially building up monopolies which, by higher prices, make fixed incomes and wages less and less sufficient to the necessities of life? Have you no fear that — if we do not return to the earlier and truer ideal of democratic government — American industrial civilization may come to be a mere interplay between the forces of Trusts on one side and the Trades - Unions on the

other, — an interplay in which the great body of independent small producers will cease to be independent? No doubt great combinations both of capital and of labor are necessary and oftentimes wholesome. But do you not remember that it was upon that body of citizenship made up of independent small producers, and upon the faith that that body would in our land continue the dominant power, that our democratic government of freedom and law and order was established? Do you not see that the Democratic party of to-day stands for that body of citizenship no less than it stands and must always stand for the masses of laboring men? Do you not know that President Roosevelt would have, if the American people should permit him, a strident, soldier-like government, appealing to the rigorous compacted organizations of capital and labor, while Judge Parker would, without any disparagement of those organizations, hold us to the truly noble career of a free and industrial democracy?

THE WORLD'S LOVER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

INTO a world of loveliness —

Into a world of wonder sent

(Which one by loving shall possess),

No loveless moment have I spent :

If Life but failed when Love went by,

Then never, never should I die !

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CLOTHES PAST AND PRESENT

THE sordidness and anxious concern of the autumnal refurbishing of my wardrobe have this year been diverted into the pleasant ways of philosophy and sentiment. The September *Atlantic* furnishes me an essay with mettle to stiffen any lady's back for "this business of dressing." And on my desk lie two fat green volumes gay with picture, flaunting rags and tags and velvet gowns in my eyes until I am compelled to acknowledge "the shaping destiny of dress," historically considered, at least.

The essayist of "My Clothes" and the historian of *Two Centuries of Costume in America*¹ have both approached their subject with a reverent and respectful enthusiasm genially transmitting itself to the reader, but I fancy that of the two Mrs. Earle is the more deeply moved; Mrs. Earle does not say that dress is *the* person, rather it is *a* person. I am particularly pleased by those illustrations that represent the waistcoat, the breeches, the bodice, or the bonnet, quite unadorned by wearers, — these empty garments stalk and strut and pirouette from page to page with an indescribable charm. Mrs. Earle's language enhances the spell.

But I hardly know whether to be grateful to Mrs. Earle for the new light she has thrown on certain cherished misconceptions. There is mockery to me now in the family portrait. Did you know that they borrowed their clothes to be painted in, those naughty, deceiving old sitters? That they cajoled the artist into plastering them with jewels and gold? Such a wanton deception of a guileless posterity I find it hard to forgive.

But the vanity of our respected first

¹ *Two Centuries of Costume in America*. By ALICE MOISE EARLE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

settlers is the most surprising. I have always regarded them as godly and grim, going soberly about their delving and praying, making themselves log-houses and a nation, planting and spinning, ear and flintlock alike ever cocked against the war-whoop and the tomahawk. Dress? *vanitas vanitatum* — what are they to do with the art of breeks and bodices? But what is it that they were really up to, the sly old codgers? Why, it would seem that immediately on landing they plumped right down on Plymouth Rock and began scribbling for their lives lists of the fashionable garments they would need in the wilderness, lists to go back by return Mayflower. And busily enough they kept on sending, sending, sending back to that old England they had spurned, for fashions and for fashionable attire, both male and female. Little America was not to be behind, not she! Indians, starvation, sickness, cruel weather, — still our Puritan ancestors had their shoes of "damson-colored Spanish leather," their "gold-fringed gloves," their petticoats and waistcoats embroidered and brocaded. Fashion flew over seas so fast as can hardly be believed, and it was the Puritans, those same up-and-coming Puritans lately handled in the Contributors' Club, who brought it about that their seventeenth-century cis-Atlantic portraits are as fresh and fashionable in costume as those of contemporary England and France.

To return to last month's *Atlantic* and to read "My Clothes" in the larger light of the history of the national costume, I am struck by certain differences between the national wardrobe and the private one. Nowadays how we are ridden by our underwear! In earlier days how light a care it was! It is not only embittered infancy swathed in hot flannels that utters complaint, but youth and middle life and age must go stiffly in the invisible armor

against pneumonia, neuralgia, rheumatism; yet how bravely our forbears laughed at the wildness of winter, — our gay grandfathers making a leg in thinnest satin, our diaphanous Empire grandmothers off for the sleigh-ride, only a silken shawl comforting their shoulders. There was no Dr. Yaeger then, no poulticing of woolens, yet they snuffled not, and were ever gay at heart and airy to look upon.

In one regard this examination into the nature and history of costume puzzles me greatly. Just when, just why, did gentlemen abjure their birthright of color and splendor and variety of dress? For two centuries the sexes sought to out-flame each other in glory of silk and satin and velvet and gold, then in an instant away goes half the brightness, and one sex walks dim and dull and uniformed forever! Why? It is not because they did not once love it, these poor, sober-feathered fowls, — what eager, earnest, painstaking shopping lists the gentlemen of our earlier America sent over the sea! Close concern with the width of the trimming, the pattern of the lace! Their zeal overflows their own wardrobe; they scrutinize every article of dress worn by the females of their household. Husbands or brothers gone abroad send home studied accounts of the new whimsies of fashion in London. George Washington, recently become a stepfather, is as solicitous for little Nellie Custis's hose as he is for his infant country's welfare. How they revel and are glad in the London periwig or proud inflated waistcoat! How undaunted they meet discomfort! Cries one gay blade to his tailor, as he orders his small-clothes, "If I can get into them, I won't pay for them!" And what of the ears half severed by the collar, the neck enfolded by yard upon yard of lawn? There was certainly once a day when men spent a goodly portion of a lifetime in attending to the cut of their sleeves, yet I would remind last month's essayist that in this same day men were playing pretty effectively with scholarship and politics. Regard those much-millinered men of

Elizabeth's time. Look at the portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh on an early page of Mrs. Earle's book. See him all puffed and slashed and padded and ruffled and gartered, yet somehow he managed to be bigger than his toggery, had time for elaborate costume, and also for the varied career of poet, courtier, street-cleaner, colonist, statesman, and tobacco-conist. No, men would seem to be something more than their raiment, and it would take something more than short hair and an overcoat to boost women into the high and happy places of politics.

In those older days people must have been much less sensitive to the stigma of the second-hand. Mrs. Earle traces the descent of hood or petticoat from generation to generation, and neither garment nor recipient seems to have suffered any loss of prestige in the process. This obtuseness of sentiment in our ancestors reaches an extreme in that bygone custom that allowed the hangman's lady to regard the clothes of executed females as her rightful perquisite. I own I can more readily forgive Mary Queen of Scots certain sportive little peccadillos than I can the unromantic thrift and promptness with which she makes over the murdered Darnley's wardrobe to Bothwell. This is another bit of sidelight information on history for which I am indebted to Mrs. Earle.

The last chapter of *Two Centuries of Costume* is named "The Romance of Old Clothes," a title well befitting the entire work, breathing delightfully, as it does all through, our old childish joy in attic trunks and forgotten finery. Why is there no such romantic aroma in "My Clothes"? There I read a philosophic pluck in dealing with a problem not self-imposed, but I detect more protest than pleasure in this "dressing, dressing, dressing to the end." Why no Romance of New Clothes? Am I to infer that when our ancestors and their wardrobes were new, costume was just as much a matter of fret and fuss and fit and misfit as it is to-day? For example, my new autumn

frock is to me to-day far more trouble than it is worth; but when gown and wearer and dressmaker have been laid away for a century in their several chests, some great-granddaughter will draw out the ancient dress, grow sentimental, and extract poetry from the silk and stuff that was most sordid prose to me. Why should she? It is not fair. It is but one more instance of the impertinence of upstart posterity, which is always popping in to snatch away our prerogatives from under our very noses.

THE FETICH OF EARLY RISING

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning" is a text which I have never yet heard expounded from any pulpit. On the contrary, I have heard and read many exhortations to early rising as one of the most wholesome and remunerative of the virtues. It is invariably recommended to young men as essential to success, and its obligation is enforced by a long list of examples. Not only is the millionaire business man, like the late P. D. Armour, wont to be an early riser, but even those embodiments of otherworldliness, the novelists, have been accustomed, from Scott's day to Mr. Crockett's, to do their best work before breakfast. A character otherwise wrecked is not considered utterly graceless if this one trait survives. The popular scale of values was correctly understood by the clergyman who, having to officiate at the funeral of a notoriously wicked citizen, followed up his biographical sketch of the deceased with the tribute: "Our dead friend had one noble virtue. He always got up early in the morning."

This virtue, too, serves as a criterion in the judgment of nations as well as individuals. Many tests have been suggested, at one time and another, for estimating the comparative civilization and prosperity of different countries, — their consumption of soap, their expenditure on automobiles, their proportion of Ph. D.'s to the general population, etc. It has not

escaped the keen insight of the modern journalist that the future progress of the world may be predicted by looking at the clock. If one nation is in the street while another is still in bed, no resources of intelligence or wealth can save the second nation from going under. Not long ago I read a sober article in which an elaborate proof of England's decadence was clinched by the crowning argument that Englishmen do not get up so early in the morning as Americans.

To disparage this revered quality must appear very much like running atilt at the wisdom of the ages. It is surprising that the very people who claim to be the most practical and the most independent of mere tradition are in this matter regulated by ancient convention. Strangely enough, it is precisely the up-to-date twentieth-century "hustler," eager for the reputation of no longer doing things in the old way, who is most ready to accept the rustiest maxims as his guide in the solution of new problems. When we begin to ask what advantage the early riser actually has over the late riser, the answer is not very prompt, and it usually shows a confusion between two cases that need to be kept carefully apart.

The first form of the problem is presented when the early and the late riser, though getting up at different times, work the same number of hours daily. This is how the matter stands as between the English and the American practice. The latitude of London is ten degrees north of that of New York, with the result of a far greater variation in the hour of sunrise throughout the year. The darkness of winter mornings in England is sufficient to explain why it is found desirable to begin the day's work rather later there than is usual here. But you cannot say that one bank, for instance, must needs be an effete and crumbling institution because it is open from ten to four, and that another must be a flourishing and vigorous concern because it is open from nine to three. It may be argued, of course, that the earlier the

hour the better the quality of the work. This applies, however, only when freedom from interruption and disturbance is an important consideration. One may certainly study to greater profit before the noises begin about the house. Yet this advantage would be destroyed, *ex hypothesi*, in proportion as early rising became a general practice, for in a house full of early risers the quiet of the dawn would disappear. And most people's work is, in the main, of such a kind that it can only be done when the rest of the world is awake. Even the business that is transacted through the telephone requires a man at the other end. Where, then, the total working day is of the same length, it cannot reasonably be alleged that the early riser is *ipso facto* more industrious than the late riser, or that early rising attains to the rank of a virtue.

There remains to be investigated a second situation, — where the early riser has a longer working day than the late riser. This is the condition most commonly in mind in discussions of the subject. It is taken for granted that the longer period of activity implies proportionately greater diligence and greater results. Enthusiastic advocates of early rising sometimes talk as though an hour added to one's working day meant a distinct addition to one's total assets of energy. The belief that one may become stronger by getting up early is fostered by instances of the longevity of early risers. The fact should be stated the other way about; what happens is not that early risers live long, but that persons who live long have been early risers. If a physical constitution is so much sounder than the average that it takes its possessor to eighty or ninety, it is likely also to be able to stand the strain of an exceptional expenditure of energy day by day throughout life. It is absurd to suppose that there can be any physical benefit in the exercise of either body or mind beyond what is required for health. The early riser can have no greater resources to draw upon than the late riser.

Let us now watch what occurs in the case of an early riser who, starting with the same physical and mental equipment, attempts to gain upon a rival by working an hour longer daily. Assume, first, that in lengthening his day he tries to work at the same pressure as before. After a while he discovers that the continued effort tells both upon his own capacity and upon the efficiency of his work. In short, he runs up against the Law of Diminishing Returns, which, long familiar in agriculture, is now found to be a sovereign authority in other provinces also. This law is to-day so clearly recognized in education that research has collected many warning statistics as to the point of fatigue. An excellent illustration of its operation is given in the following extract from a young man's diary: "Got up at five to study; had a headache all day, must n't waste time like this again." An equally sensible conclusion was that of Archbishop Whately. Only once in his life, he said, had he risen early; and then he felt so conceited all the morning and so sleepy all the afternoon that he never repeated the experiment. The mischief of a programme which tempts a man to a greater output of energy than his constitution can afford is understood when the calculation deals with larger spaces of time. We all admit the necessity of the annual holiday. We agree with the lawyer who said that he could do a year's work in eleven months but not in twelve. We can appreciate, too, the value of a weekly rest-day. We need also to apply the same considerations on a smaller scale, when we shall discover that a too prolonged exercise of activity may be disastrous both to the worker and to his work.

But it is possible that, when the day is lengthened, the pressure is not kept up to the same level. This happens in many instances where a man begins with a tremendous spurt, finds himself after a while in sight of a breakdown, and slackens to an easier pace. We have, therefore, now to examine the case of the man who, as a re-

sult of earlier rising, works an hour a day longer than his rival, but accomplishes in his $x+1$ hours no more than the other gets through in x . When this happens, early rising, so far from being a virtue, is obviously a vice. It promotes the demoralizing habit of dawdling, and makes it more and more difficult to concentrate the attention. It leads to a slovenly fashion of thinking and acting, and impairs one's capacity of doing quick, clean work. In this situation it is the early, not the late, riser who "loses" or "wastes" his time. He loses one full hour daily, which the late riser can devote to recreation or some other wholesome purpose. And it is to the early riser — the dawdler — that should be addressed the warnings by which the sages, from time immemorial, have endeavored to reform the sluggard.

But it is time to return to my text. The passage from Isaiah with which I headed this little homily is perhaps unfamiliar to many of my readers, and they will probably have looked it up in the Concordance, only to declare me guilty of the offense of garbling my quotations. "The words are actually in the Bible," they will say, "but they should not be torn away from their context." Very well: let us have the whole passage, for it aptly enforces my next point. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink." This denunciation emphasizes the fact that the moral quality of early rising is profoundly affected by its object. Early rising, at its utmost, is only a means to an end, and if the end is evil the use of the means must be blameworthy. This is so evident a truth that it can scarcely escape being called a truism, yet every eulogy of early rising, as in itself a proof of merit, overlooks it. A student of ethics might easily compile a list of variations of the prophetic "Woe," as adapted to the peculiar temptations of twentieth-century America, and his code would startle those who believe that the secret of an upright life lies in the regulation of the alarum-clock.

On the whole, then, early rising is a

practice that will not stand unbiased analysis. When it is adopted for the sake of some good end, its advantages are largely illusory, to say the least; and when it is an instrument in the hands of the evil-doer there is reflected upon it something of the immorality of the deed. Yet proverbial philosophy is not utterly to be condemned. The adage which declares eight hours' sleep to be the proper allowance for a fool is wholly commendable. That man must indeed be a fool who is content with eight when he can get nine.

HANDS ACROSS THE FENCE

No orthodox American reader, brought up in the fear of the English novel, can fail to possess a fine healthy set of secondary prejudices in favor of England and the English point of view. He does not quite forget Bunker Hill, and cocks his ear at any rumor of menace to the Monroe Doctrine. Moreover, he prefers wheat and cotton kings to the other kind, and thinks it quite as decent to guess as to fancy. But this is in his daily walk and conversation; he forgets it all when he enters the realm of English fiction. At once his mind contrives a shift of gear, his sympathies automatically adjust themselves to a new set of conditions, and the trick is done. He feels an amiable contempt for Dissent. His judgment is not surprised to find itself coinciding with that of the Lady Alicia, who refuses to let her daughter dance with John Brown because his grandfather was a tradesman. It is not possible to feel that much can be said for such a grandfather. Nor can one fail to sympathize with Lady Alicia's objection to an alliance between her daughter and Algernon, who is only the youngest son of the Earl of Brumleigh. As for Algernon, it is clear that his only course is to take orders, since he has not the figure for a red coat, and stutters too much for a parliamentary career. Moreover the Earl (who, everybody knows, has a record) owns the particu-

larly valuable living of Brumleigh-cum-Castor. The elder brother, to be sure, has disgraced the name by falling in love with the daughter of a Radical, and the Earl has been forced to forbid him the house. But the property is entailed and goes with the title, so that Algernon is no better off for this. He has our sympathy; but we readily agree that entail is a family bulwark which must be protected at any cost to the individual.

It is extraordinary that the brothers should have fared so ill, for we know that they had the best possible bringing up. The first ten years of their lives were spent, with their eight brothers and sisters (most of them fated to be younger children), in the edifying society of nurses, tutors, governesses, and grooms. Not infrequently the good Earl would meet them in the halls or about the stables, when he was inclined to pat them on the heads, to ask them how they got on with their Latin grammar and Euclid, and to end by giving them half-a-crown apiece, or promising them a new pony. As for their lady mother, she sometimes visited them in the schoolroom, when she would question the governess (but not more sharply than she deserved) upon the children's progress and deportment. Once Algernon even woke to find her bending over him, a glorious vision in lace and jewels, such as any boy might be proud to have for a mother. Their second decade was of course spent at public school and university. Young Lord Brumleigh fagged at Eton for the son of a mere baronet, which shows how democratic a place England really is. Algernon's select wine-parties were famous at Oxford; the Earl always insisted on furnishing the wine from his own cellars.

How easily we have slipped into an arm's length sympathy with all this! I for one had come to believe in it devoutly, until our neighbors, the Burden-Smiths, brought the question to close quarters. It is a new experience for us to know an Englishman whose back yard is contiguous. His children and ours quarrel and make

up daily, so far as the fence, an indisputable boundary line, will permit. When there is a high wind, his clothes-reel is inclined to impinge upon ours, calling for the international hands-across-the-fence activity of a neat lady in a white cap, whom her mistress calls Hawkins, and our own plain Mary Ann. Mary Ann does not especially care for Hawkins. She thinks her absurdly stuck-up for one who evidently has no share in the family councils; and who reserves her nose for other than conversational purposes. Mary Ann has been with us for seven years, knows all our secrets, and discusses them with us. We can never forget how thoughtful she was when John was born, or her presence of mind when William fell into the water-tank: "Accoutred as she was, she plunged in." She is not precisely the mould of form. One is thankful if she wears any hair on her head; it has not seemed worth while to raise the issue of caps. But we prefer her to a Hawkins.

As for the Burden-Smiths themselves, we do not like their buttery way of speech, or their way of managing servants and children, or their too too affable manner toward the native, or their perambulator. In short, after a year of propinquity, the two families continue to live under two flags. We pay calls, but we do not commune. They think us improbable, and we think them impossible. And we owe them a specific grudge for having reduced a cherished abstraction to the concrete. They have alienated us from a society in which we had long borne a fancied part, exiled us from the land of Thackeray and George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward. I foresee too clearly how we are going to be affected in the future by the disenchanting insularity of Lady Alicia and the Earl of Brumleigh.

OF MARKING BOOKS

Society is curiously organized. I may not force my friendship upon an acquaintance; yet, forsooth, I may without a qualm intrude myself in a far more seri-

ous way upon an utter stranger. If I were to go, day in and day out, to the home of a man I barely knew, I should see but the surface of him, should annoy him doubtless, but only annoy him; while if I mark a library book it were as if I pulled its reader from the very depths of thought, and forced him to regard me, — little trivial me. When one reads Meredith he would not commune with John Smith, — yet here, turning up every few pages, is the indefatigable Smith, with perchance a little comment on the style, or a neatly worded phrase on how much Meredith reminds him of Kipling, with now a correction of spelling in *Diana* and now a pregnant exclamation mark at a typographical error in *Bhauavar the Beautiful*. Oh, the deep-dyed soul of a man that could observe a misspelled word in a fairy tale! Indeed, I often wonder what manner of creature John Smith may be. I picture him as a kind of ghoul, wandering at his red-mouthed leisure through a book, ferreting out dead words, wounded sentences. Methinks I almost hear the cries of the disabled phrases as he pounces ogrelike upon them. Clearly he seeks little flaws (I have not misjudged him in that) for otherwise he would read, not Meredith, but Tarbell's *English Grammar*.

Religiously I erase Mr. John Smith — for he is pretty much always in pencil; still I read only two or three books a week, and there are upwards of half a million volumes in the Boston Public Library!

But, indeed, why mark books at all — even one's own? Mark your books of science all you please; they are chill, lifeless things; but not your own books that you love, for I tell you they have souls, and a vast deal nobler than yours or mine, most likely. After all, what is the use of it? Marking prose is ridiculous; one does not look through a novel for passages he has marked, unless out of sheer pedantry, that he may quote them brilliantly to his friends; for honest quotations are those that stick in your mind willy-nilly, not those that are learned by rote, like *Horatius at the Bridge*. And as for marking verse, is not that equally inane? Surely there is no line or word in your most sacred poems that you cannot turn to instantly without the vulgar aid of pencil-marks?

Alas, I fear that we do not mark books for ourselves, but for others. One marks books, as, were he a bit more naïve in character, he might leave the Bible lying open on the table when the minister called.